

Dragons Whispered Your Name

Professor Steiner's
1937 Hobo Tour

Emil



smile



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Herr Steiner was not your average professor turn treasure hunter and no one would have mistaken him as being the role model for Hollywood's Indiana Jones but, what is (now) lost to history was that he was far more famous in his days

BEFORE THE WAR

He was an aging product of the Victorian Age of Privilege and Class Rank that he had been born into in the waning days of the 19th Century and still, he still wore the same threadbare tweed jacket in





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1917 as he had worn when I first met him in Paris.*

*A rather long story would be needed to explain as to how or why a young German Professor would be freely roaming the wild streets of the grotos of Paris in the middle of a World War and as such, I will leave that for another day and time to explain all that.

He was sort of short man that (at first glance) looked to be much proper but, a rather sheepish gentleman and came across as a soft-spoken professor that better fit

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in at the reading rooms of the Natural History Museum... rather than drinking hard here in a downtrodden, dive bar far from what you would imagine was much better match for a man of his status over at any of the numerously more proper, downtown gentleman's clubs of Paris.

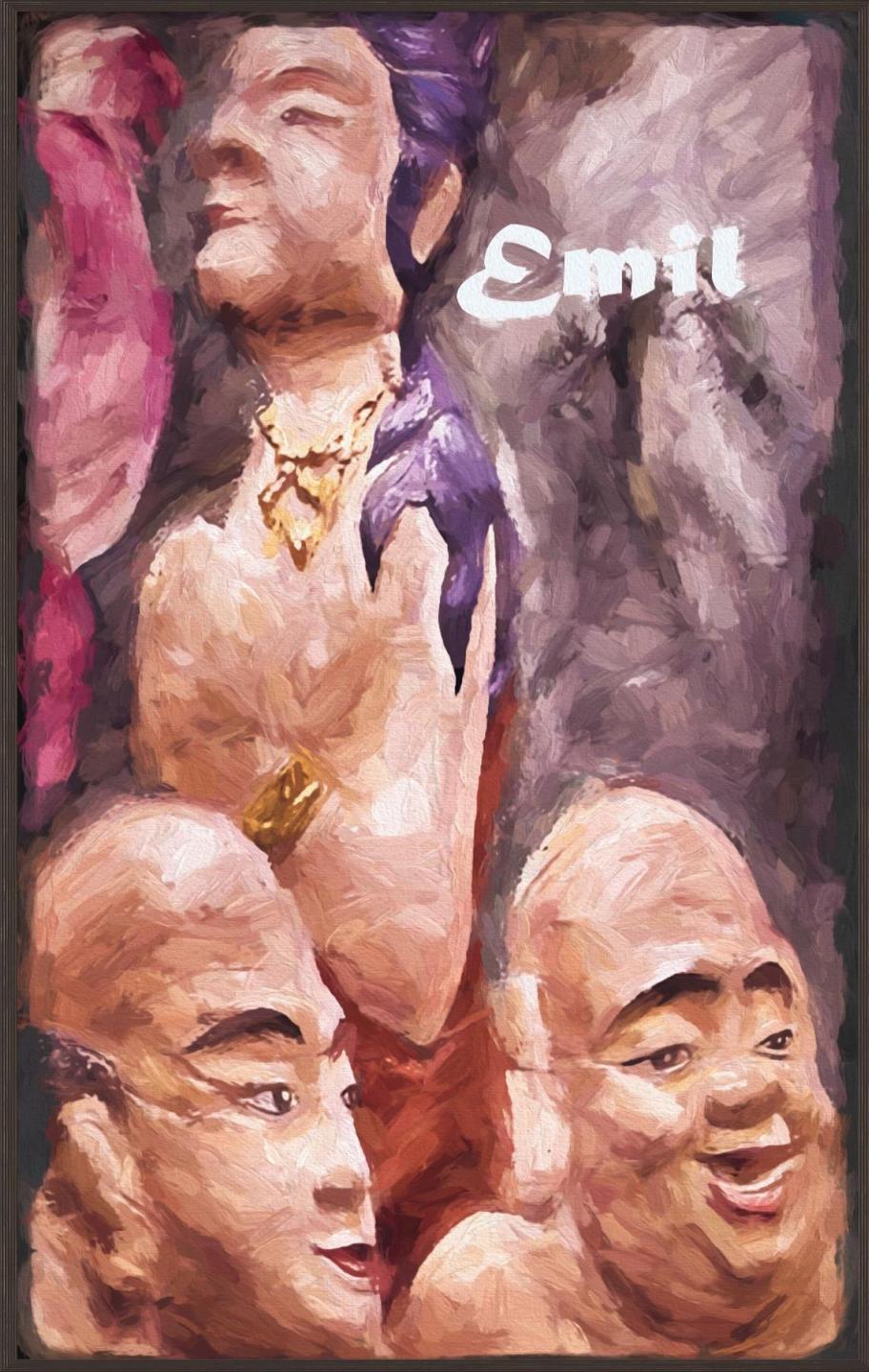
STILL, HERE HE WAS?

We were drawn to him (much as we had been to Seine) with his wild stories weaved out from behind his half empty bottle of imported American Whiskey (one of his few more noted social weaknesses) and



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A painting of a woman's face with flowers. The word "Smile" is written in white script across the middle of the flowers.

GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

by the (at the time) more important fact that he was freely willing to share that American whiskey with his listening audience...Nice guy! With our time in Paris being cut rather rudely short by

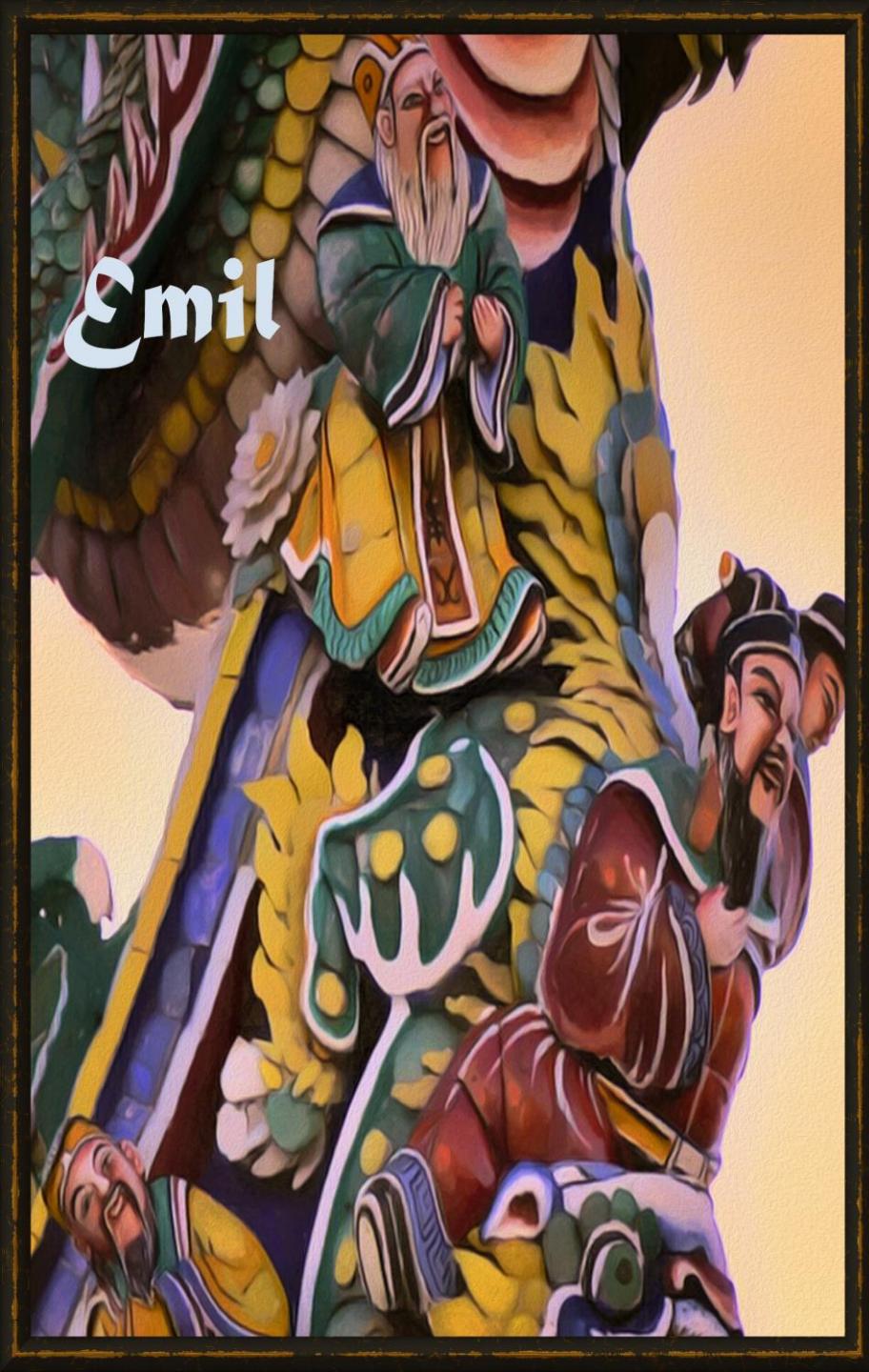
FRENCH CONSTABLES

being upset that we had made a separate peace with the German Nation and that we lived semi-high profile in our one-room apartment in the back street slums of Paris. Seems that they looked upon us as we were unacceptable role models for those who still foolishly haunted the



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ragged trenches at the edge
of the Great Industrialized
Slaughter of Humanity.
On a moonless night in 1917
with the French Military
Police just half-a-heartbeat
behind our brilliant escape
from Paris; we lost contact
with the (then) young
professor and for many a
year, our paths never brought
us back together although,
I did read in the newspapers
and magazines quite often
of some of his less than
fully, academically approved
expeditions and other stories
of grand adventure out in the

smil





GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

far wilds of the earth in which (many times) the story usually centered around our professor friend and/or some of the less than gentlemanly crowd that he seemed to so freely associate himself.

Then again, he was our adopted drinking buddy back in Paris...so, where am I to raise judgement or concern? By the early days of the new year (1937) we had finally accrued transit from the international zone of Shanghai and had just set up shop when, a familiar looking character came walking into

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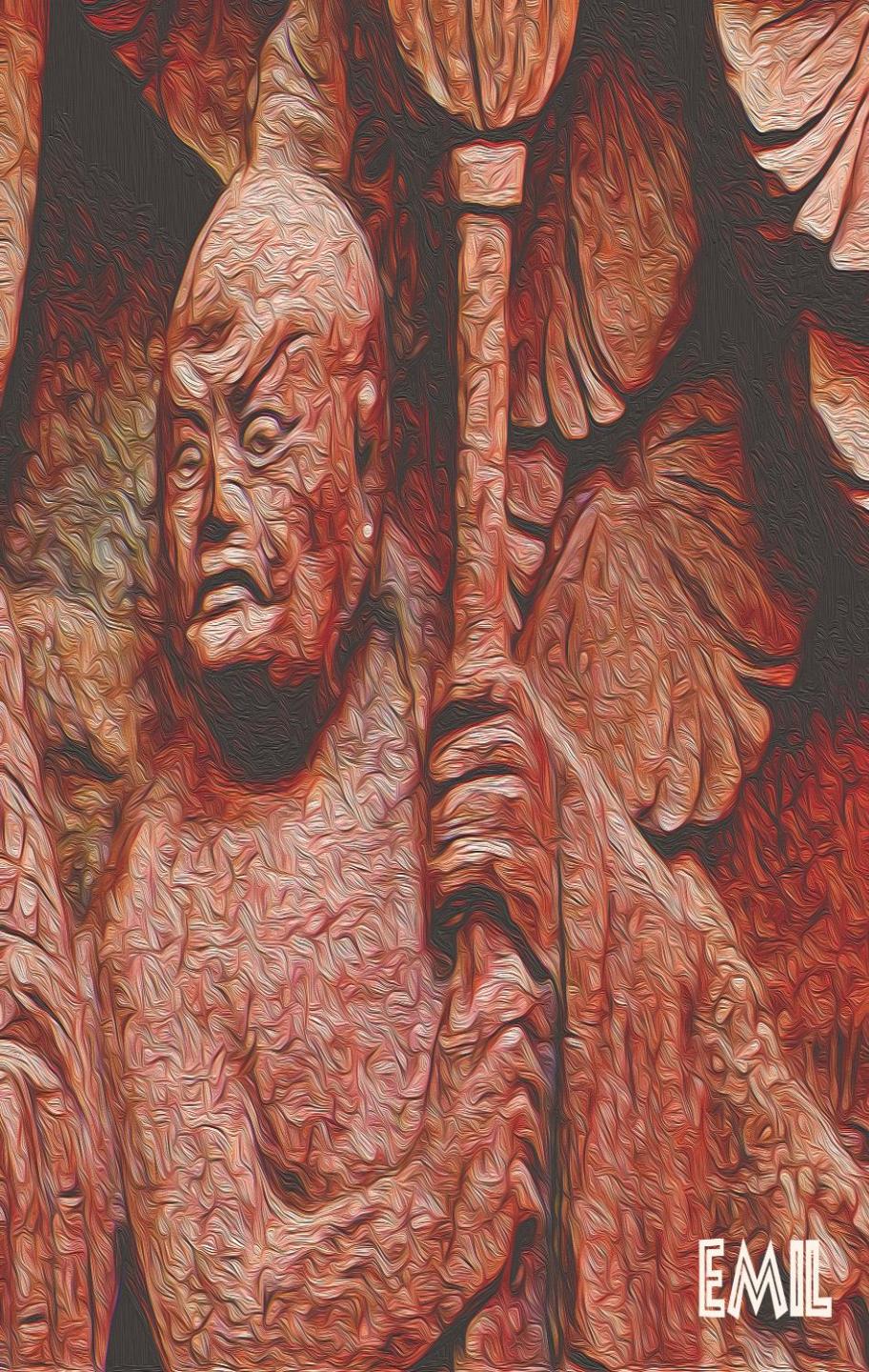
the gentleman's club (where I was making a king's ransom 5-8 Francs to do my doddles for the grinning girlfriend's /mistresses of a long string of wealth Taipans, a cadre of international businessmen and more than a few of the Grand Republic's Generals) and I immediately remembered him – he was wearing that same old, worn jacket he had back in our Paris Days.

早早就逃無踪
在兔豹色狼
假如西天









GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

“As spiritually aware individuals you must find a path through these turbulent times.

You are just at the beginning of what is to occur, unless it is mitigated by the elevation of the collective consciousness.

Again, we return to the simplicity of appreciation and ecstasy as a means to ride through the storm...and carrying a loaded pistol don't hurt neither..”

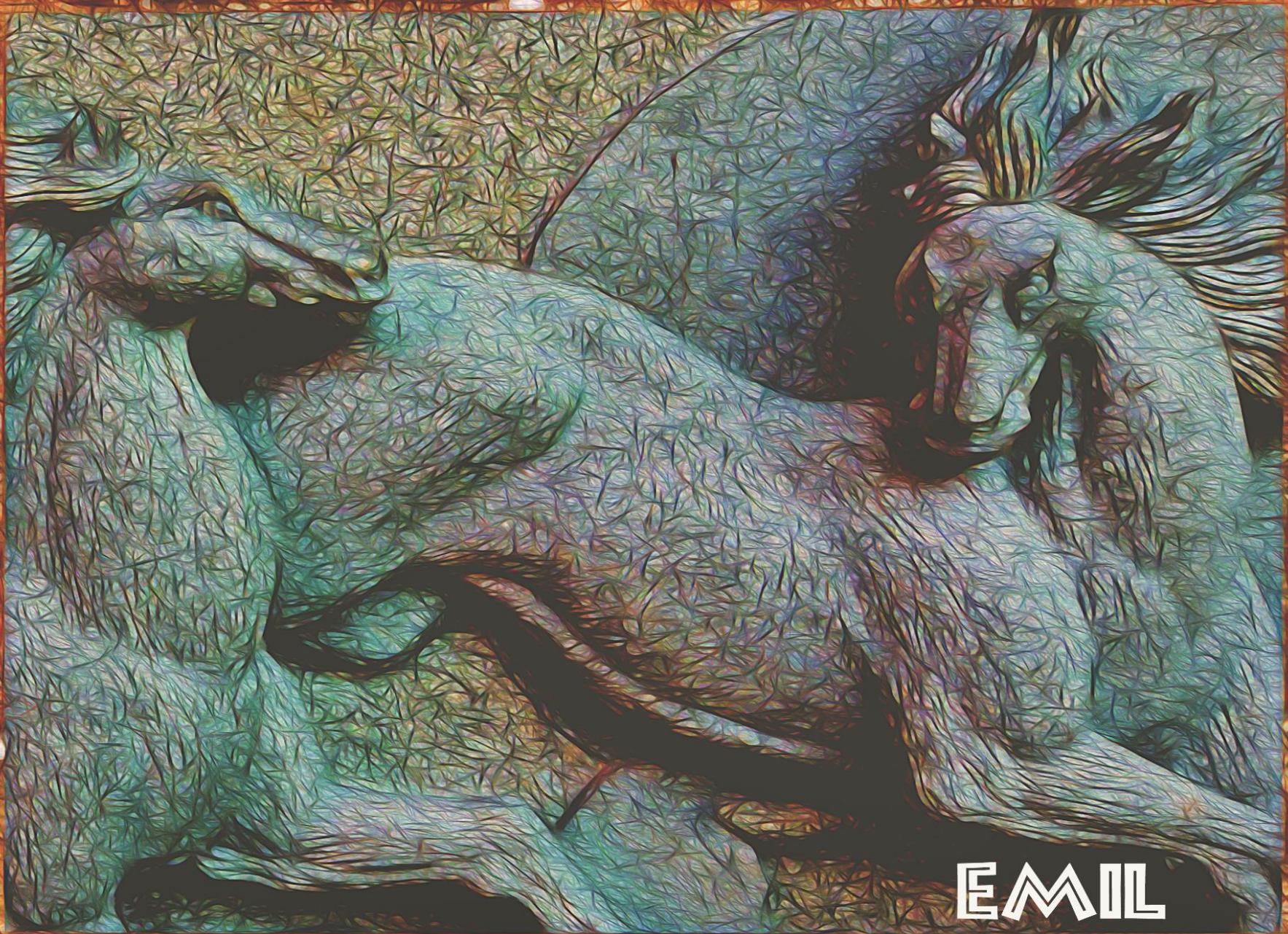
-Big Jimmy Brown, East St. Louis 1878

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There is something about her smile that will forever be etched, hollowed and buried deep down into my brain... Even at two in the morning, I will suddenly wake not much unlike most elderly gents of my advanced age - who do so (mostly) in an urgent quest of the nearest bathroom facility...This has never been my situation (truly!) as it seems that my bladder must be pickled or well preserved by a generation of good Cuban Rum that I have constantly fed it most lovingly...I am usually (constantly) awaken



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GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

with a fresh memory, a vivid remembrance of her warn-hearted smile and I am awaken by (what I would swear on my grandmother's bible) is her voice calling my name as if she had just walked in the door and had a need to let me know some important message.

NO! I AM NOT CRAZY

nor do (somedays) I secretly fear that my mind might be aging at a faster clip than my seemingly exceptional bladder and I openly accept the reality that she (and her smile) are a very long time



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

gone...lost to fragments of
memories that I have freely
accepted (for going on for
more than a generation now)
her as part of a past that is
stone cold, graveyard dead,

GONE TO WIND

SEE, I UNDERSTAND THAT!
Regardless of what most
think, I am not “*precious*”
nor have I fancied myself as
some Upper Class lingering,
Victorian Romantic!
Still these memories do stand
the test of time and are
never very far off the front
page of my thoughts.



EMAIL



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

I am totally amazed by the richness in the detail, the flowing and blending of the technicolor colors as these memories seem to run amok, trashing, looting what little remains of the gasp of the sanity that my daily deeds try so hard to sustain.

MAN, I NEED SOME SLEEP
this hot Tropics Day's dawn,
it's sky arises a deep
veined, blood red, dripping
and bleed down on to

THE AWAITING LAND...

Too many times have
I stood witnessed to all
this and can I stand in



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

proclaiming testimony that
I have stood here in this
exact place for too many
times and dare I admit to
this fruitless, lonely deed
without fear of being cast
down, exiled off to the East
out from the Great Gates that
bares us from the Eden...from a
smile that won't let me be...

WHAT'S LEFT TO DO?

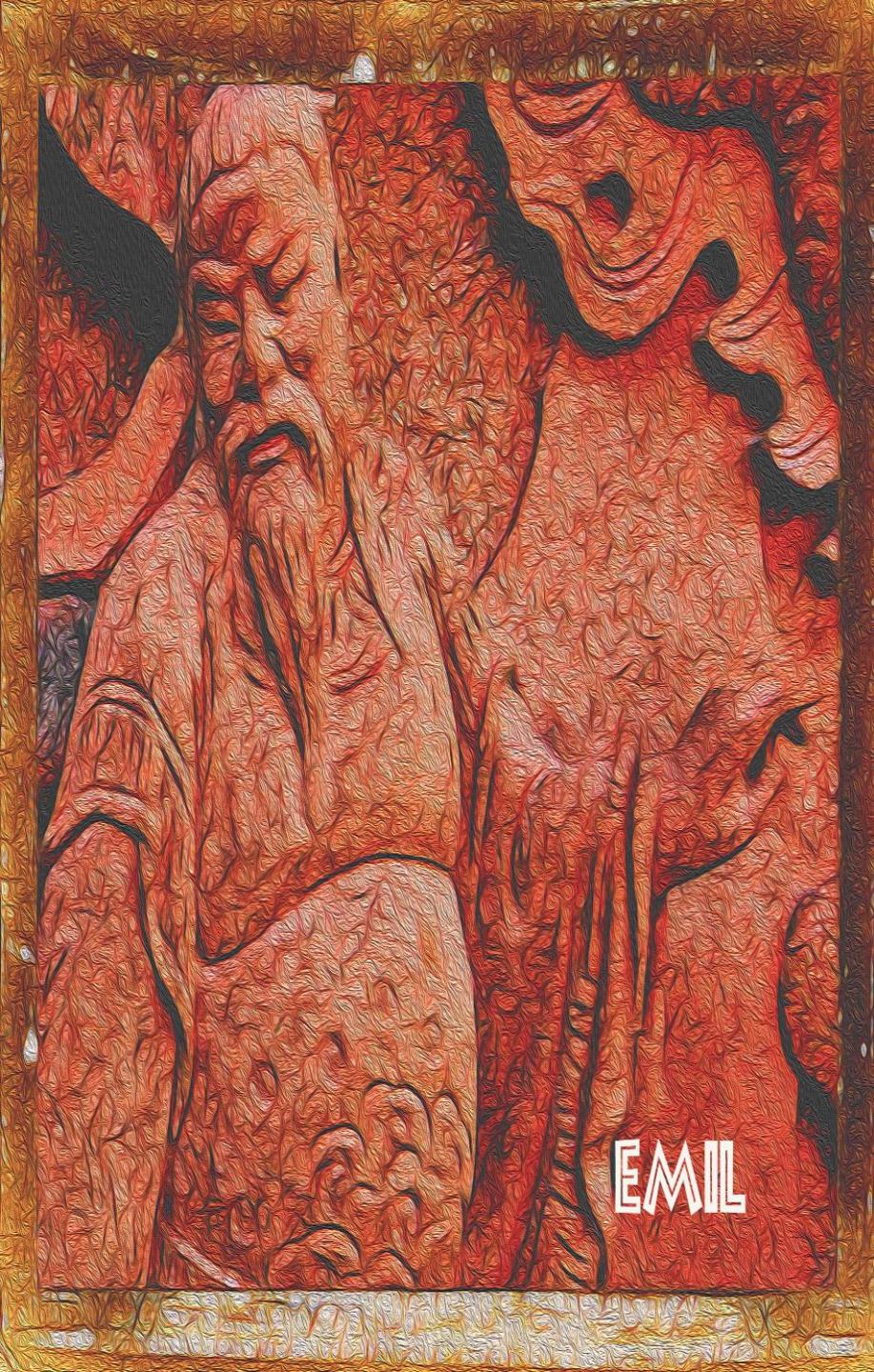
So, I raise my now empty
glass...I salute these first
few rays of yet another day
removed from a time when the

SMILE WAS REAL

and the world was different

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and we stood together but,
then in an instant, a mere
blink of an eye, you were
gone and I was left with only
a hazy, out of focused memory
of the smile that I can

STILL RECALL

There is something here that
would make any normal person
stop and question, it would
make them worry as to their
declining mental health...

I SO WISH

it would rain...maybe it
will...I remember that old



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

sailor's song about red skies
in the morning and how it
foretells, better than

MADAM CLEO

the short term future...it was
the guru who use to teach me
that rain comes from God and
it is sent to wash away so
many of our deepest sins and
within the freshness of rain
we can find redemption,
forgiveness and we can still
get yet another chance to
restore our own universe and
built up towards a much

BETTER TOMORROW



EMAIL



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Sometimes, I buy into this
and other times, it goes
right over my head.

There is something here that
I have yet been able to say
or try to do in order to
restore my universe back to
the cadence of my

ZOMBIE LIFE

outside the great, eastern
gates of Eden...and now the
old AM radio plays an old
Stevie Nicks' song...

*“...Can I sail through
the chance?”*



EMIL



EMIL



EMIL





GUTEN TAG CAMPERS! HERR STEINER?

Late one night in a nameless back street pub deep in the grotto of South Paris but, right down the pathway from the flat that Minnie and shared; Herr Steiner was well into his bottle and lamented with a side order of sadness about his current life as a college professor (and French National Treasure for his research that Seine later remarked was several generations ahead of the rest of the Scientific World). He said that his town was



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

pretty in the late spring...
The year now betray me but
if I recall it correctly:
I think it was what we call
in America a “State College”
(nothing really fancy?) right
outside Paris or something
not on the normal bus route...
So, I never made the trip.

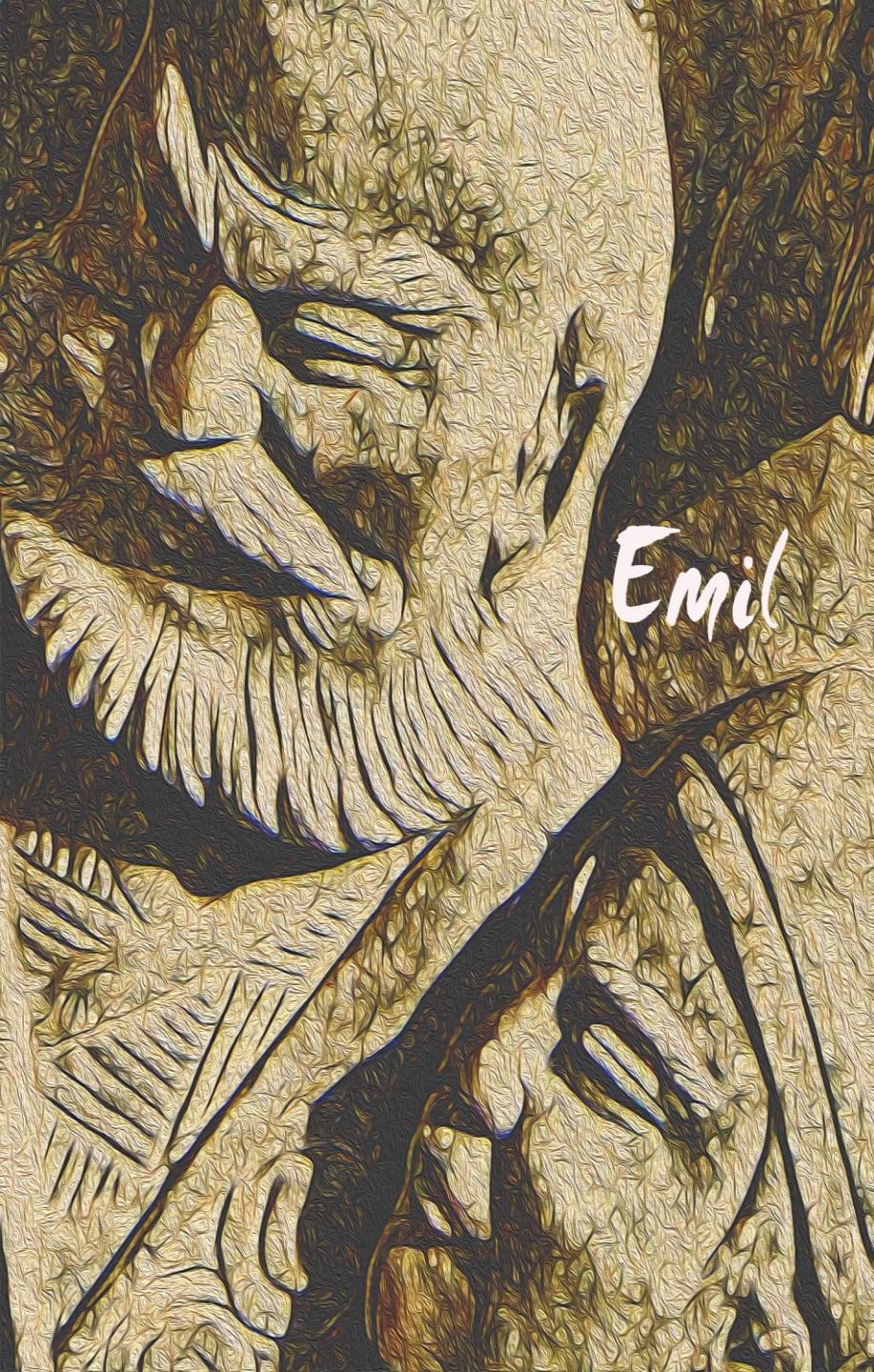
We parted but shared
addresses and said that he
would like to send me some
more information about
something dealing with
the old fable of

“MEDUSA’ S BONES”

if I would send him the story
I told about the witch who



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GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

turned a kingdom to stone in the predawn of what we know as history...between the “Fall” (banishment from Eden) and the time of the first Emperor’s “Cao Ni Zu Zhong Shi Ba Dai” on all recorded history as he tried to actually restart the

COSMIC CLOCK

without passing go or getting rewarded \$500 bucks for doing that. Luckily, he never totally succeeded in rooting out the secret catches lost in caves and caverns like



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with the Uyghurs in what we now call the Gobi Desert. Didn't give it much thought and seriously never felt a need to ponder or research if any or all that he said that night from the bottom of his multiple American Whiskey bottles that littered the floor around our street-view window booth for its worth of etching into my

LONG-TERM MEMORY

Given the hectic events that transpired in the coming days leading to our urgent, late night sea passage; this had

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GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

put my promise on the back burner and by the time, I remembered, there was the immediate trouble of finding his address and after a long search of my old streamer trunks, it seemed faithed that I would never be able to honor my drunken pledge to sent him the following story...as promised:

“THE WITCH INCANTATION”

This is the old Indian Myth of a brave, honorable and righteous King who had his soul drove deep into a mighty stone rock and for a thousand years he has hung in between



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

worlds and the terrible cost of living in this state of limbo had slowly eaten away at him, shredded him of what little remained of his

ANCIENT HUMANITY

For a thousand years he has awaited rescue from his khan with the arising of the prophesized a guru who would

VANQUISH THE WITCH

along with minions of evil hoard of untouchable cadre of hell's worst demons to ever ride out from the dead forests to the Far East of



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what had been Eden and who have ruled this world for the past 1000 years...

EDITOR NOTE:

There is no legal evidence that WWWG will take any responsibility for what Emil writes nor supports the conclusions that Emil comes up with.

ALSO...

Emil I speak Chinese...I know what you meant by “Cao Ni Zu Zhong Shi Ba Dai.”

SHAME ON YOU!



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Mimmie's cousin, Auntie Meriva was always a personal favorite cousin/aunt of mine...having relatives on opposite sides during a world war made

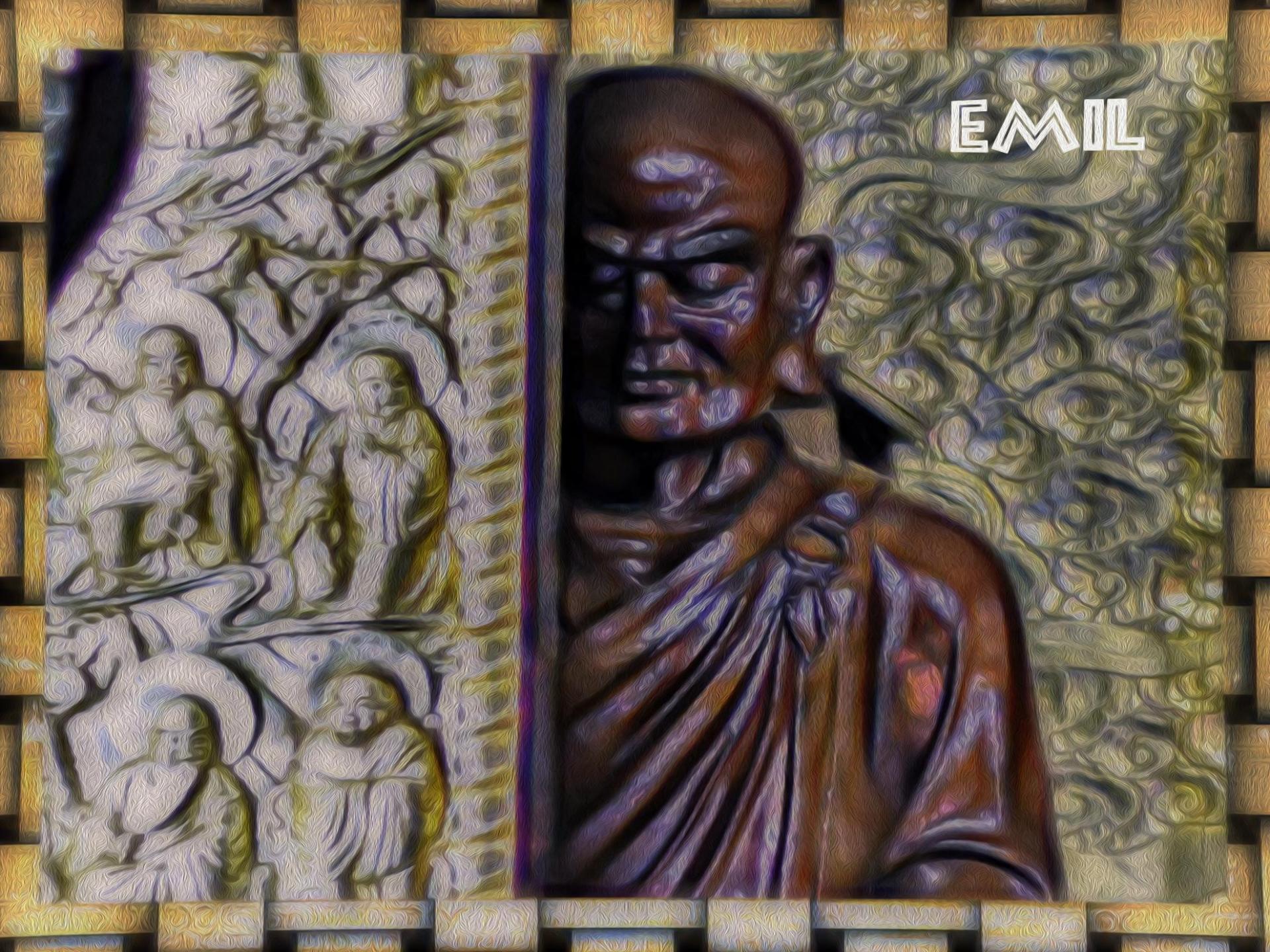
INTERESTING HOLIDAYS

...when Auntie would spit on the ground every time she spoke of the Germans...

Especially, when you understood that she had

27 CONFIRMED KILLS

two troop trains and a cow (who had the misfortune to get in the way...wrong place, wrong time...) to her war



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GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

record as a French Spy far behind the German Front Lines up near Rotterdam...anyone asking her about women being fit for combat would have got a boot up their ass, if she was around...she was a liberated woman long before it became popular...

JUST THOUGHT OF HER

in passing, as I was writing this to you. Funny how our minds randomly access lost, disregarded memories and how they are put on to the turntable of living and served up as a delight or maybe as a warning...time to



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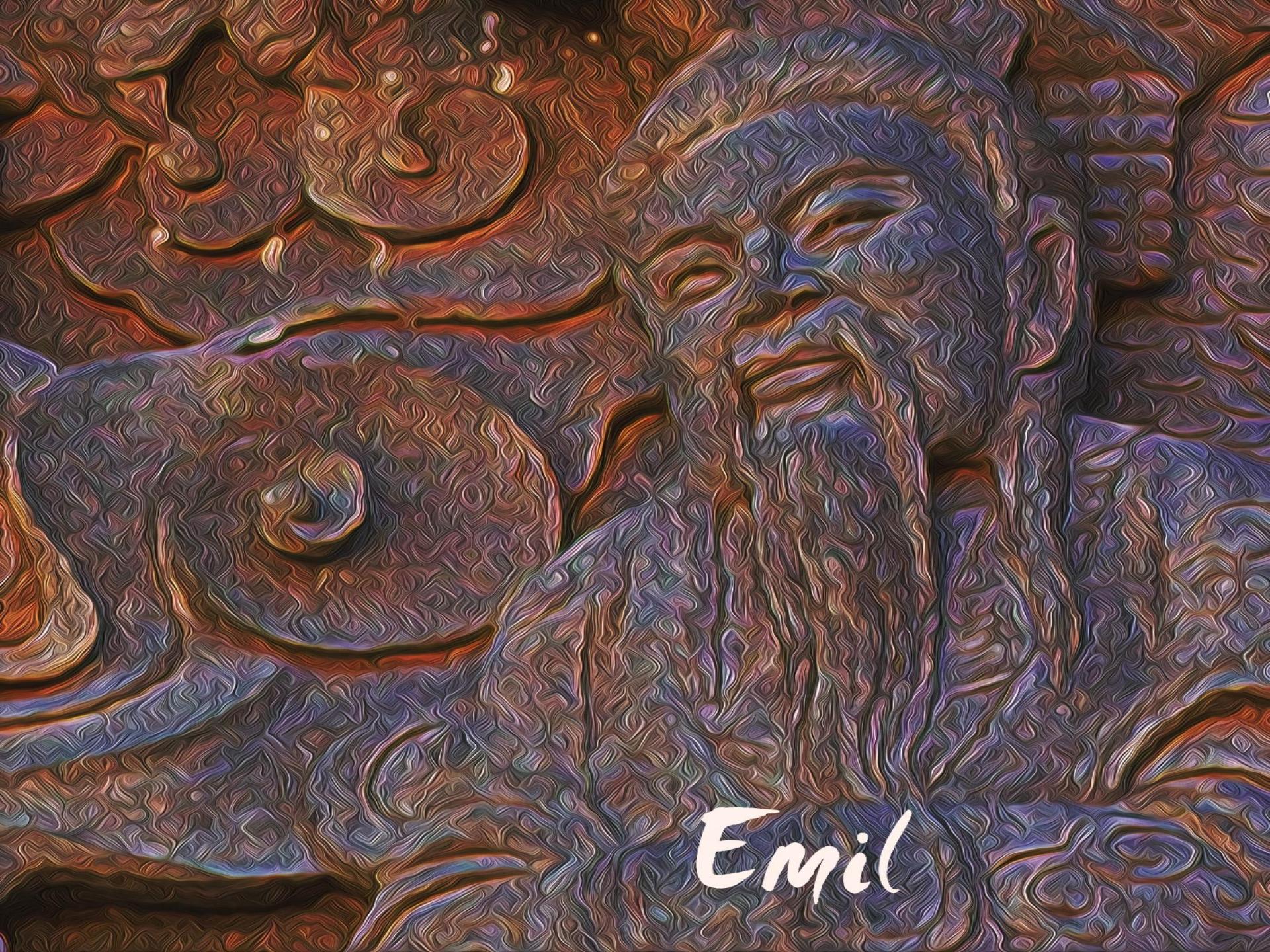
back off or take flight.

Our great Guru James would (if he was still here) surely explain that nothing is random...the brain...

THE UNIVERSE

just doesn't work that way. While we imagine and delude ourselves into believing in free will and random, luck...

chance... there is no such thing. Guru James believed that everything was scripted and scored at the dawn of time and what we assume was our decision based upon our mantra of free while was in fact, we are on the path we

The background of the image is a highly abstract, organic pattern. It consists of swirling, wavy lines in a variety of colors, primarily shades of orange, red, and purple, with some darker tones of brown and black. The patterns are dense and fluid, creating a sense of movement and depth. The overall effect is reminiscent of a microscopic view of a biological tissue or a complex, turbulent flow.

Emil



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

were destined to follow...too much was at risk given that everything interlocks like an expensive Swiss Watch...like the guy who wrote in his warning about the dangers of

TIME TRAVEL

...one wrong step, step on that stupid bug or swat the damn butterfly and we are all living in an alternative universe where Seine is alive and touring the warzones with

THE GERMAN VOLKS

Entertainment in Yonkers...or we might be up to our necks



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

in National Socialist Zombies
wearing spiked helmets...can't
kill them buggers...the helmet
gets in the way...or who knows
what kind of creek we would
collectively be up.

“National Socialist Zombies?”

OK! GURU JAMES!

So, just maybe, my thoughts
of Meriva come from deep in
my internal warning system to
walk away from contacting

PROFESSOR STEINER

I have not always understood
or have (especially) I been
able to live by the code Guru



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James left us with before he departed to an undisclosed, monastery...somewhere in the upper mid-west...Minnesota...??

I THINK?

The bottom line was that he was very smart and everything he ever told me has proven true...even when, I really wanted him to be wrong.

DAMN GURU!

He never was!
We are now almost a year in communications and I have



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

shared most of the pictures here in this book with him regarding the

KINGDOM OF STONE

What I haven't shared with him or with any that were not with us on the day that we stumbled upon the secluded, hidden valley deep in the Himalaya hills with

COLONEL CHURCHWARD

and his fellow Yogis in late 1906. In fact, none of us have ever spoke of this event and how we stumbled upon what the Yogis and our porters



Emil



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

were calling the
“**LOST KINGDOM OF STONE...**”

The original story that
never having sent to the
professor was a vailed
attempt to tell the story by
hiding it in most ancient
times before the Flood...

RIGHT STORY

but, wrong time and location.
Maybe it was the headiness...
being into a second bottle of
twelve-year-old scotch or the
flavor of good conversation
or just bonding with a fellow
traveler here at the Nanking
Gentleman's Club.



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

*“The Colonel knew...
the Yogis too!”*

I took a deep breath and proceeded to explain within that single breathe that they written that for thousands of years which man had search for the mysteries of this

KINGDOM OF STONE

...for within its secrets was a most powerful of weapons of mass destruction.

It is said that Alexander came to India seeking what the Greek Historians and soothsayers called “Medusa’s Bones” and lost most of his



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GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

invading army before he could reach the valley. Colonel Churchward said that the people of India so feared that the secrets of the kingdom would wreak

GLOBAL DESTRUCTION

on a world fragile with war and rumors of yet new wars and they claimed that in a world just recovering from a previous end time of humanity it was understandable why they fought to the death to protect access to the valley.



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

It was wildly rumored by those who you would think were in the know or who at least had some skin in this game...to a person, they gladly

DEGRADED THIS

whole story back into a

BADLY TRANSLATED

legend and then, disregarded it all the way to just a fancy fable and today, few if any of the new generation's WOKE Scholars even know of why Alexander crossed the earth to acquire the Bones of Medusa.



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The remarkable story that was also cast upon the dustbin of fancied fable...Still, the story lives in oral tradition passed from generation down to the next and seems not likely to disappear no matter

HOW MANY TIMES

the establishment scholars decry it as ancient Sci-Fi through the ancient campsites and villages scattered about (usually at the still edge of our known world) and throughout the Himalayas that the Lords of the Lowlands



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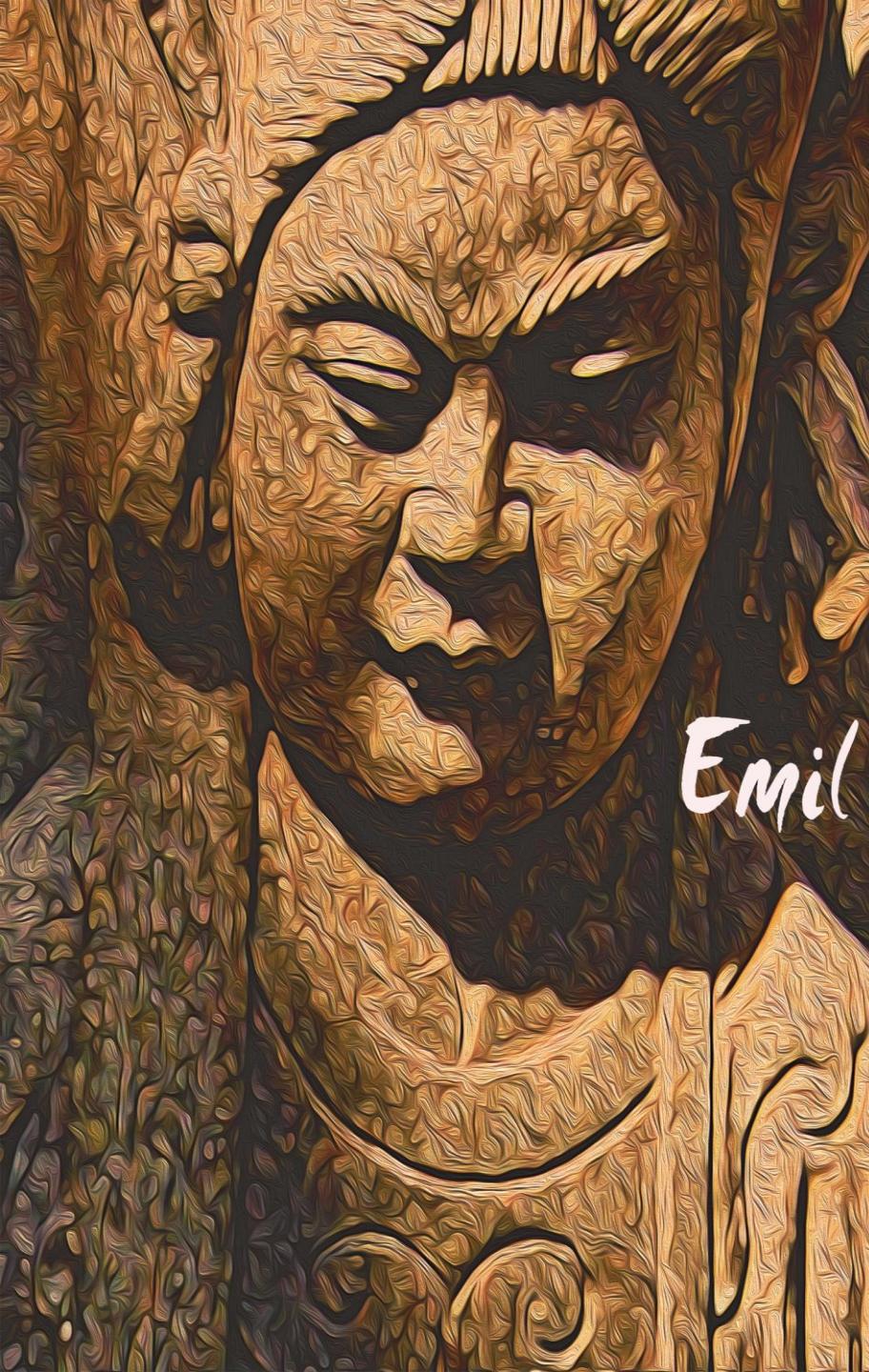
(Indian) gave Alexander what he desired and he was long gone before he ever returned to Persian in closed coach...turned to stone...forever locked away...to await the day when we would welcome the return of the prophet to free him and the rest of the poor citizens trapped in the

KINGDOM OF STONE

The great generals who served Alexander so well, knowing that no one could handle such power without losing control and destroying the whole of the world, they destroyed all



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personal records, lit fire to Alexander's many journals and all of his personal effects... India was saved and by Lords of the Lowlands courage, so it was believed that the

WORLD WAS TOO

To this day, Alexander's body has yet to be found...in fact it was and it rests in a museum still awaiting the day that the prophet returns and he will be set free

FROM THE STONE

We would not have the story had not one of Alexander's



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closest associates and it was said that this favorite of Alexander's many generals was the original keeper of Alexander's Statue...had he not left instructions to his children to care for the old statue and explaining as to

ITS GREAT VALUE

and importance. 800 years later the Chinese came and then later, it was their new masters,

THE MONGOLS

who sought entrance into the valley. All their efforts



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were in vain and they
returned home without

THEIR TREASURE

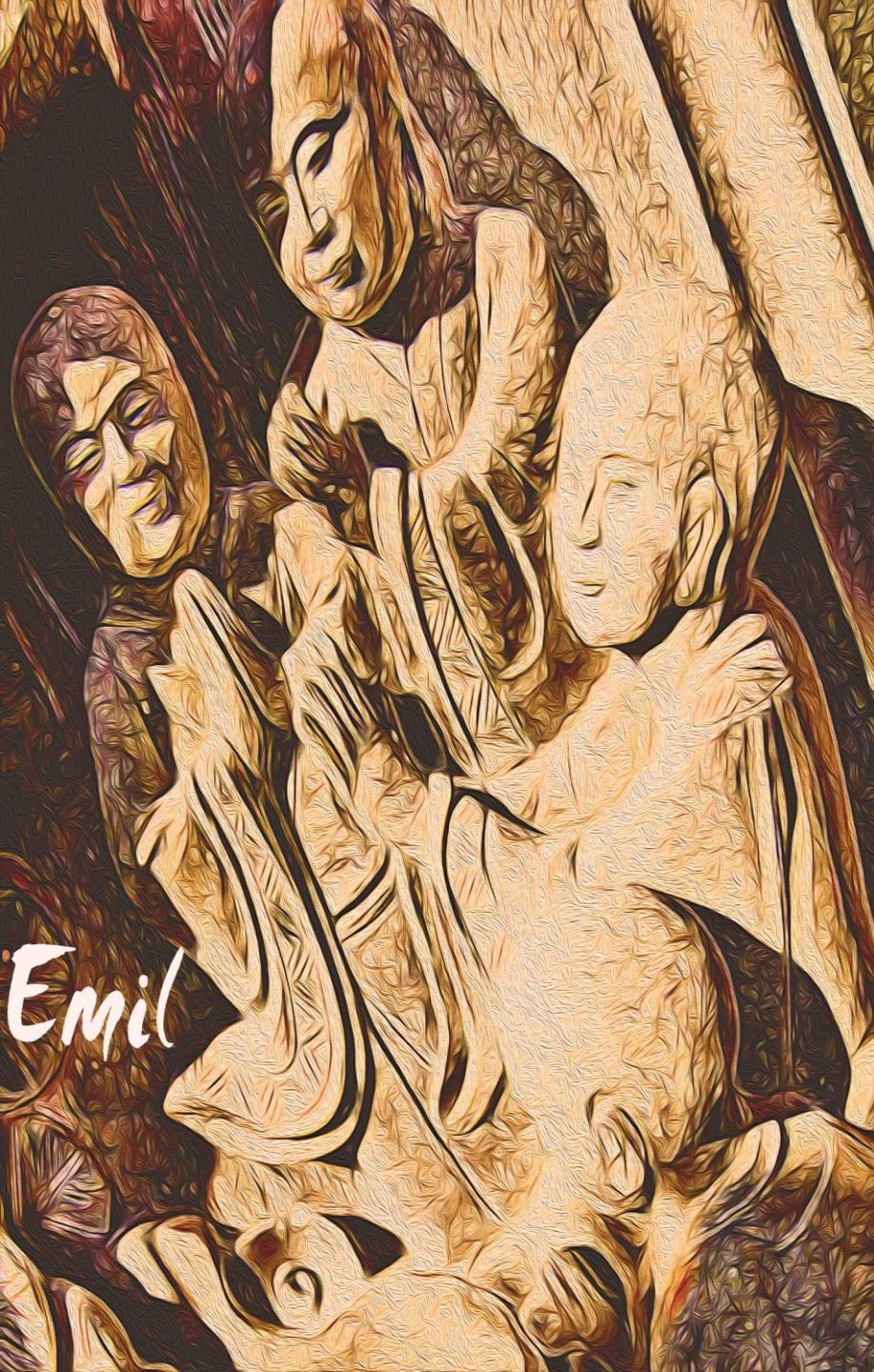
Even later, it was said that
the English built the
railways deep into the
Himalayas to support massive
adventures to discover, the

LOST VALLEY

By privateer or by some short
of unofficial sanction of the

COLONIAL ARMY

Administration; most of the
adventures were lost as are
their names and their stories



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of searching for the

LOST STONE VALLEY

In the early parts of this new decade...here in the 1930's the Nazis came in mass with more than a few well-funded archeological expeditions seek power of Alexander's

“BONES OF MEDUSA”

amongst the other relics and
ANCIENT TECHNOLOGY

The Nazis have for the most part gone north and focused the majority of their efforts in Tibet sighting an ancient chronicle that their research



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had uncovered that spoke of the secrets of the

LOST VALLEY

being scattered to the winds and that they were rested now in a series of well-hidden caves and monasteries all through the high plateau of the Tibet Homelands.

I HAVE SEEN

copies of this same tenth century journal of a Chinese, Buddhist Monk where he claimed that was what he had been told all of this by a



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High Lama during his travels
into the western wilds that
we now know as Tibet.

Had they only known?
Had anyone really

KNOWN THE TRUTH?

It is all well...the world
wasn't ready nor will it ever
be ready for such a

TERRIBLE WEAPON

*“If this is so terrible a
weapon...why would I tell
you this story?”*

Why would I risk that this
falls into the hands of any
government, army or angry



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GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

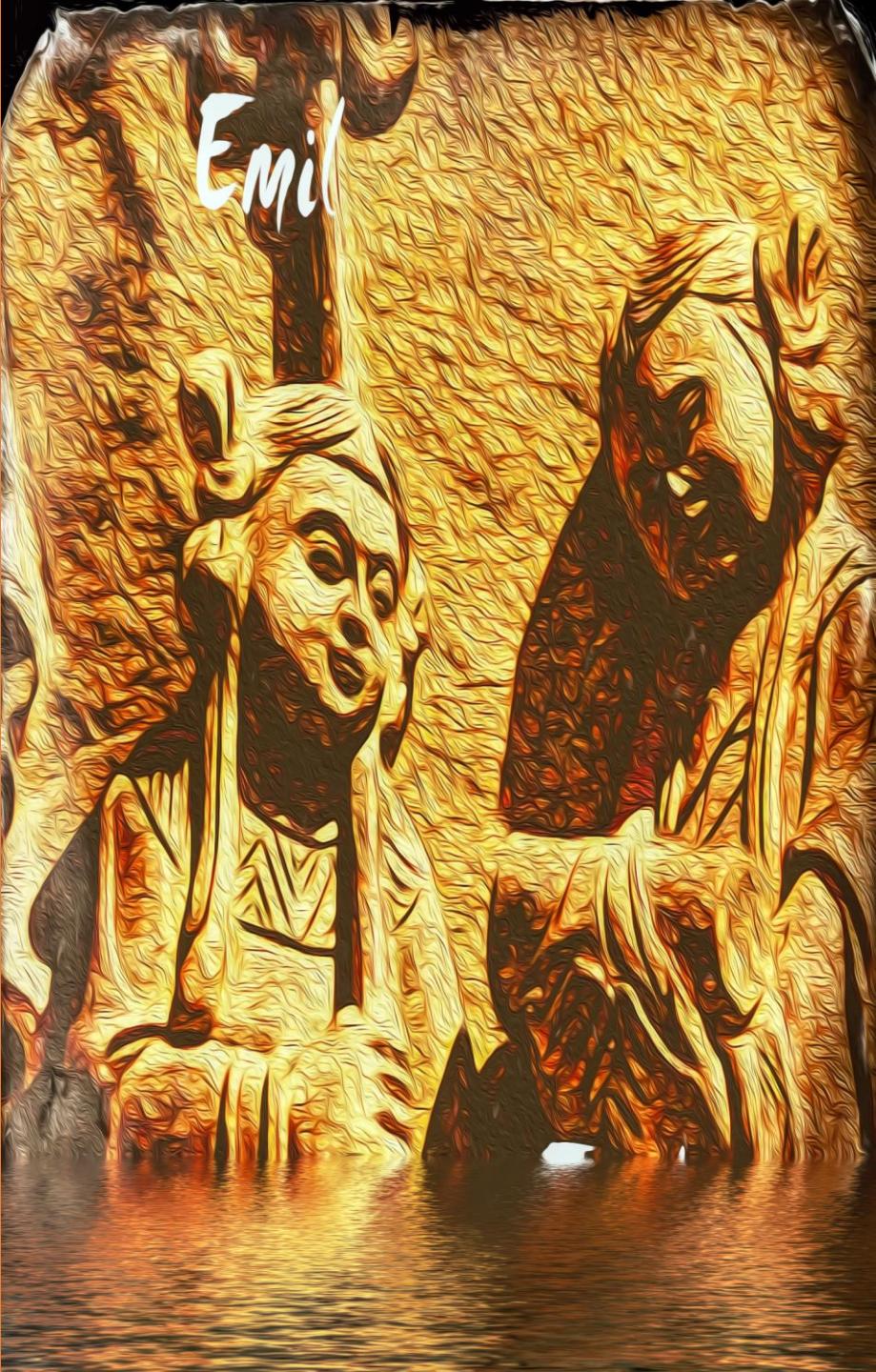
clan bent to use its
powers for evil?

WHAT'S MY ANGLE?

My angle is that I will not tell you in full details and key parts of my tale will confirm that the fables are

INDEED TRUE

but...see...it doesn't matter...as the yogis and Colonel Churchward with helpful support of local abbots have taken care, that the secrets that the lost valley once held will never be found...



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

They no longer exist...

They do but,

THEY DON'T!

“Weird answer?”

IT IS INDEED

As my old buddy Larry Nichols
use to teach us in his
Political Activist Boot Camp...

*“Want to hide something where
it will never be found?
Don't! Leave it in plain
sight! That is the one place
no one will ever look!”*



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So the secrets of the lost valley lie unhidden but, you would never imagine that you just walked by an ancient relic ten times and you

NEVER SEE IT

The valley still exists but, it has not been lost since ancient times, it is scattered with farms and small cities that stretch all the way across the valley. It never was hidden, not ever

SINCE THE TIMES

of Alexander...that's why no one found the lost valley... It never was!



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

As Guru James and my dear Auntie Meriva were trying to warning me...my spider senses tingled but, I still think that the Herr Steiner is a nice guy and maybe, not the least important was the mere fact that he is not here with all of the rich cadres of Nazis tracing about

THE REGION

One look at him was enough to confirm this as wasn't with them was the fact that he still wore the same jack that he was back in 1917?



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If he would have been with those well-dressed Nazis they would have burnt his jacket and he would be prancing about in more trendy explorer outfits, pit helmet and

INDIAN COOLIE

Thugs in tow.
Was our meeting by chance?
It is fair to say, both Auntie Meriva and Guru James would be having a belly laugh

AT THAT SUGGESTION

The dead give-a-way was how “**Medusa’s Bones**” worked its way into an introductory conversation...



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

More deeply troubled was the fact(s) that I was that easy to find, I think more importantly in the whys and when's of that rather than

LOST RELICS

What's my angle?

My angle is to put all the information out in the public domain so that those interested will see that following me is not worth the effort or time considering you are dealing with me... Ask those who know me best...

ASK SEINE!



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The reality is that we stumbled upon the actual site quite by accident, while we were actually looking for a new smuggler's path

INTO TIBET

as the border duties were not of our liking and it drove down, drastically our otherwise desire for a

PROFITABLE RETAIL

organization that we had established in markets right across from the border. It was a gig that Claudie and I fell into...



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GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Seine walked away and in after thought; that should have been the clear sign to bail on these corrupt English Raj Guys...their Supply Sergeants buddies from the

COLONIAL SERVICES

I believe...they had an unbelievable discount rate of basic goods...it was

LIKE FREE!

Those where the heydays of the flights out of India and into the few remaining free zones left in China... Materials were coming up the



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GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

rail lines from the coast
but, the bottleneck had
become the Tibet and

NATIONALIST TROOPS

that ran the border crossing...
they were getting greedy and
our clients (the English
Guys) wanted to have a less
restrict path to getting
their goods into the markets.

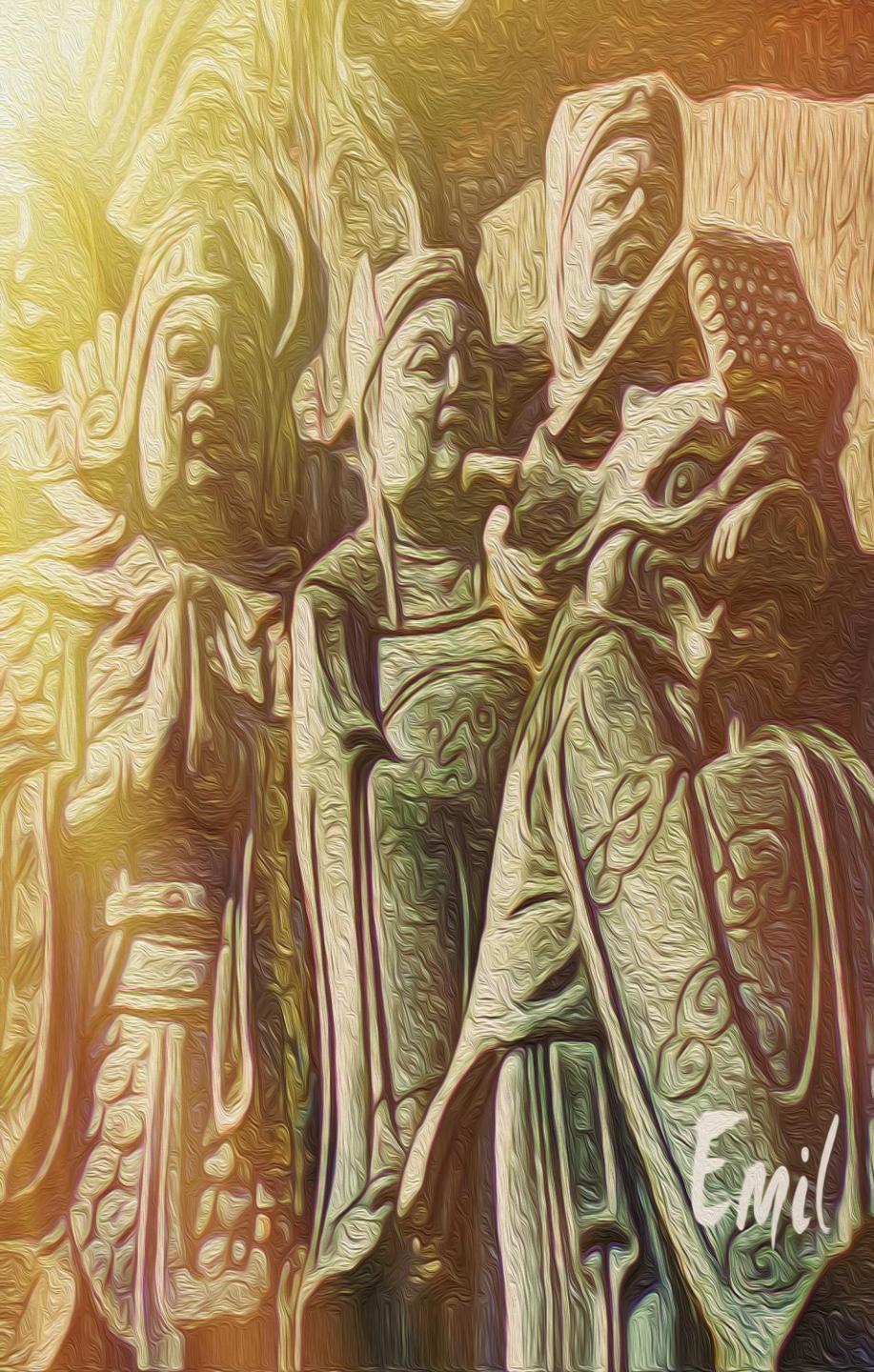
THIS REQUIRED

a new route and path through
the mountains.

Who else to call than my

DEAR OLD FRIENDS

(Colonel Churchward and the



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Yogis who had been bypassed by those smug, military careerists down in Delhi and had set out out the war in

SILENT RETIREMENT

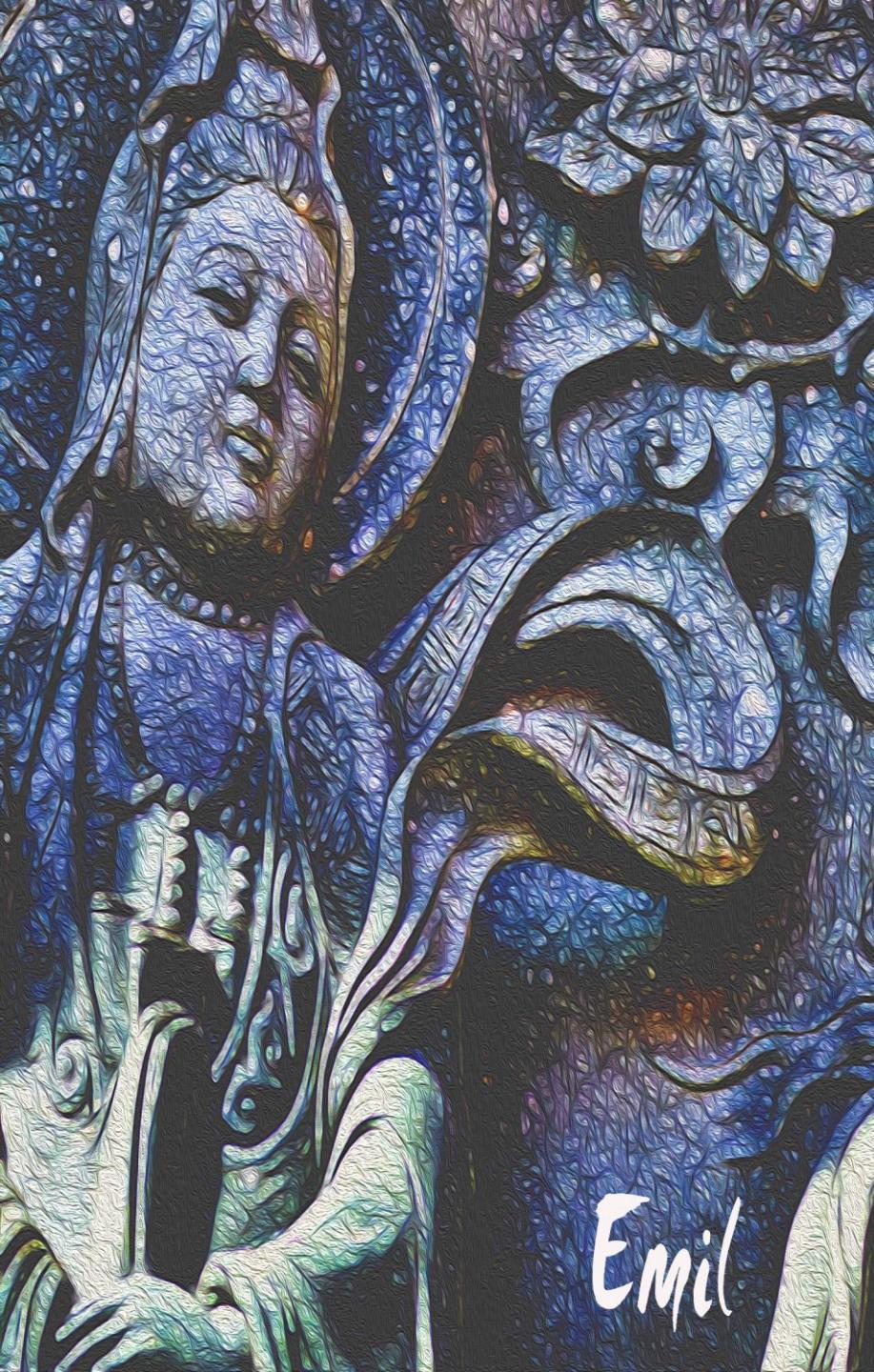
– Taking all this into account and seems I quite rightly figured he needed a series of new challenge and more importantly it did come down to the money, which I knew, wouldn't hurt him either)...offer them a

PIECE OF THE ACTION?

They nibbled and so we went exploring through the forest and that is when we stumbled into the lost valley.



EMAIL



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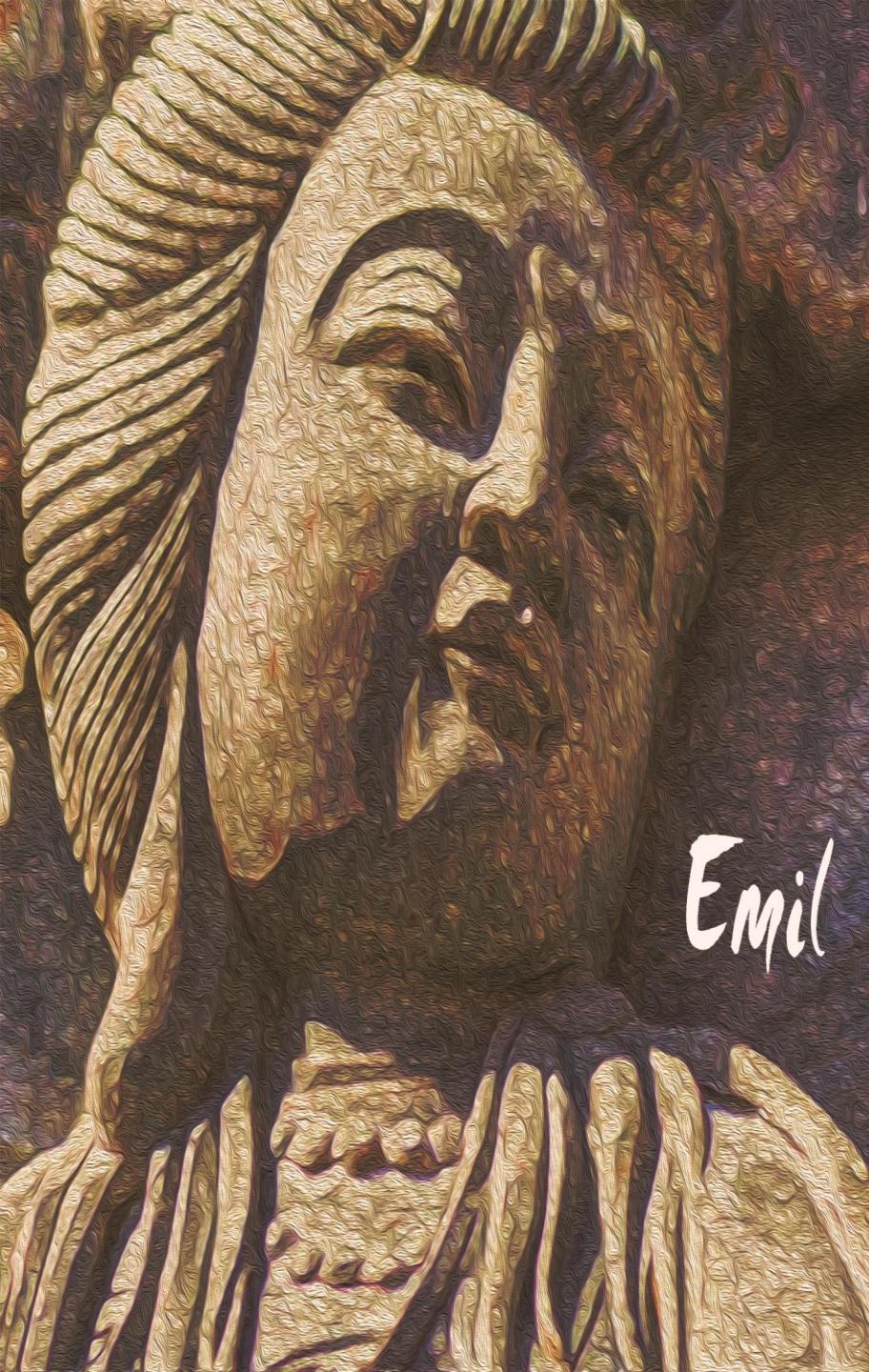
Lost Valley is kind of a misnomer as it wasn't lost and had not been for a thousand years but, the Yogis knew directly what we had

STUMBLED UPON

This was a time when many of the relics were still scattered about the center of the valley with several shrines caretaken by a multi-generational grouping of monks who understood

THEIR CHARGE

The work here is a result of the photos that I was allowed



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

to take (back then) with the understanding that I could never relevel what they were or to their true nature. Of course, I was quick to

GIVE MY WORD

and to double down on it with a double dare not to spill

THE BEANS

Figure now...what the hell! All those who I promised are more than likely dead, long turned to dust...Maybe?

Now, I believe that it is

A highly stylized, abstract painting. The right side of the image features a woman's face with a serene expression, her eyes closed. Her hair is rendered in thick, swirling brushstrokes of blue, green, and yellow. The left side of the image depicts a landscape with rolling hills and a body of water, also using a similar expressive, textured style. The overall composition is a融 (yōng) or 'blending' of figure and landscape.

Emil



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

better to come clean and tell the story rather than turning up dead or disappeared.

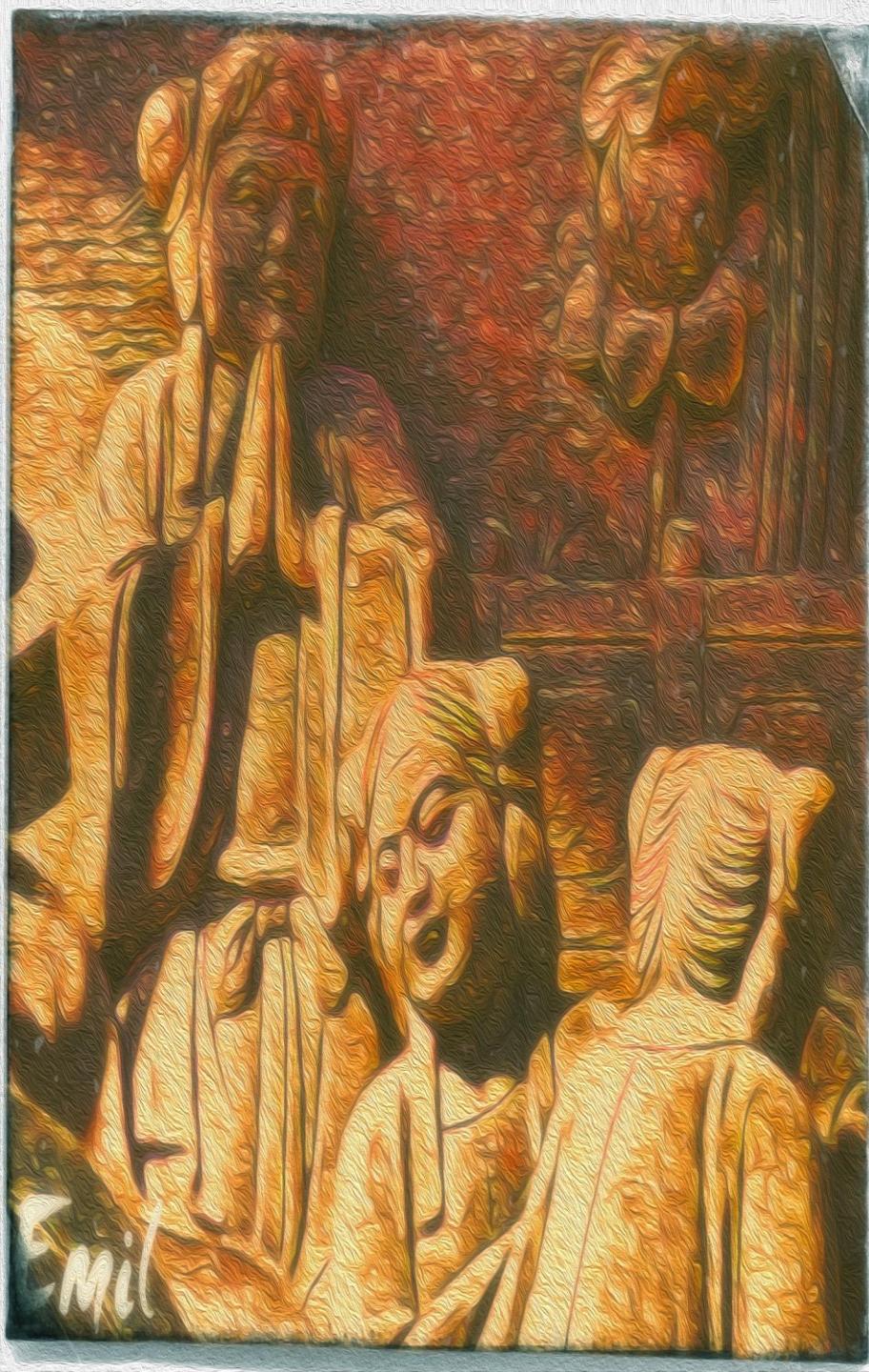
So, here is what I know... I have had many conversations with Herr Steiner and it became necessary to explain

IN MORE MODERN

scientific terminologies to lift this fable out of

MYTHICAL FANTASY

by explaining to him that the concept of turning people to stone was a mistranslation of the original Sanskrit and was more that they were turned



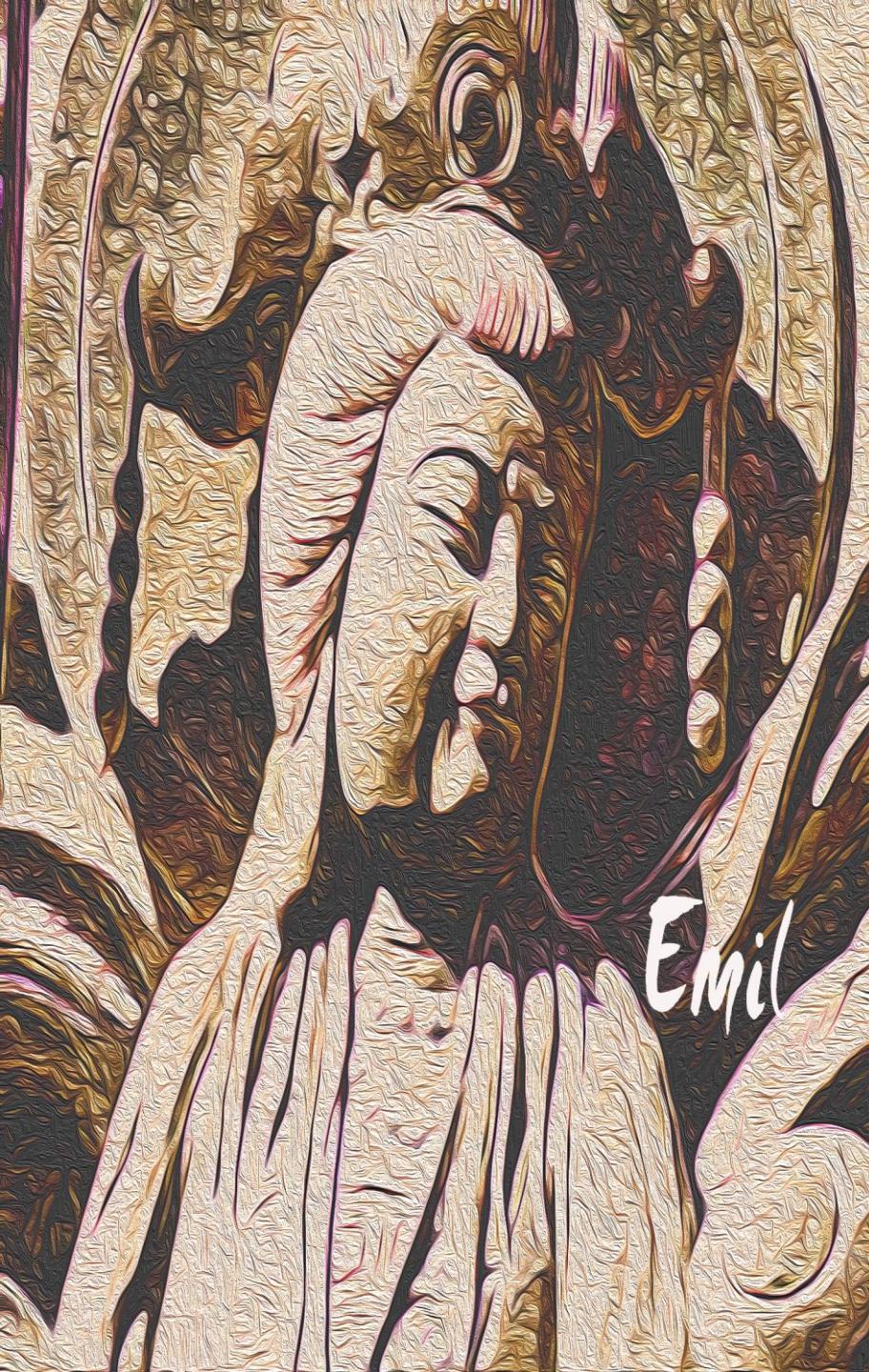
GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

into solid,
CARBONATED MINERALS
For the people of the time,
the concept of stone was
easier for them
TO UNDERSTAND

from a distance, it does look
like people turned to stone
and for the longest time, no
one entered the valley out of
fear that whatever cause this
calamity might still linger
and then later on, new
generations just believed
that the kingdom had been
cursed by a witch who had



EMIL



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

rode with her army out of

THE EASTERN LANDS

The Yogis who were very knowledgeable on forgotten technologies and sciences, explained in detail the history of the kingdom.

It had once been a very great city...a kingdom that many respected, some feared and most of the surrounding

PEOPLE LUSTED

for their lands and
their knowledge.

There came new people from
both the north and the south



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

lands and they began to settle on the edges of the great valley...as with any

REAL ESTATE GRAB

...the civilized talking degenerated quickly to fighting and fighting declined even more so into a deadly war in which all sides did unspeakable things to insure them

A VICTORY

In the before times, there was science and technologies that have now been lost,



Emil



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

buried or hidden away because
they were too great of
power...too destructive for...it
was not meant for mankind...it
was not, reasonable to ask
greedy and power

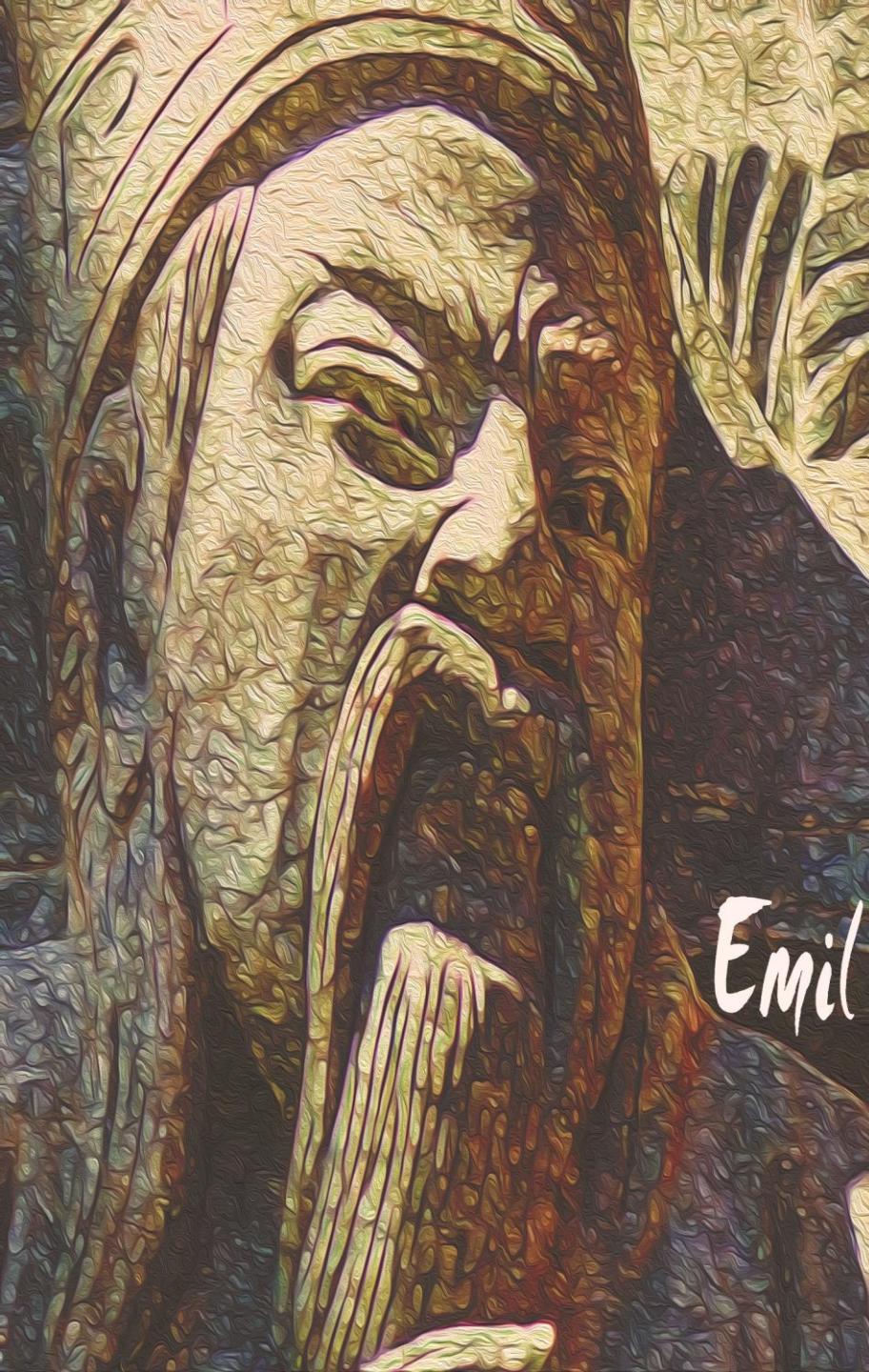
MADDEN RULERS

to respect and wisely use
these powers for good...

So the selected have hidden
them...secure from misuse and
reserved for a time when
mankind become

MORE ENLIGHTENED

“It is all in the Verdi
Scriptures...” the Yogi said to



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

us assembled about the camp fire that last night in the valley and then he opened the ancient scroll and read to us of the ancient history of

THIS LOST VALLEY

What caused the people to turn to stone?

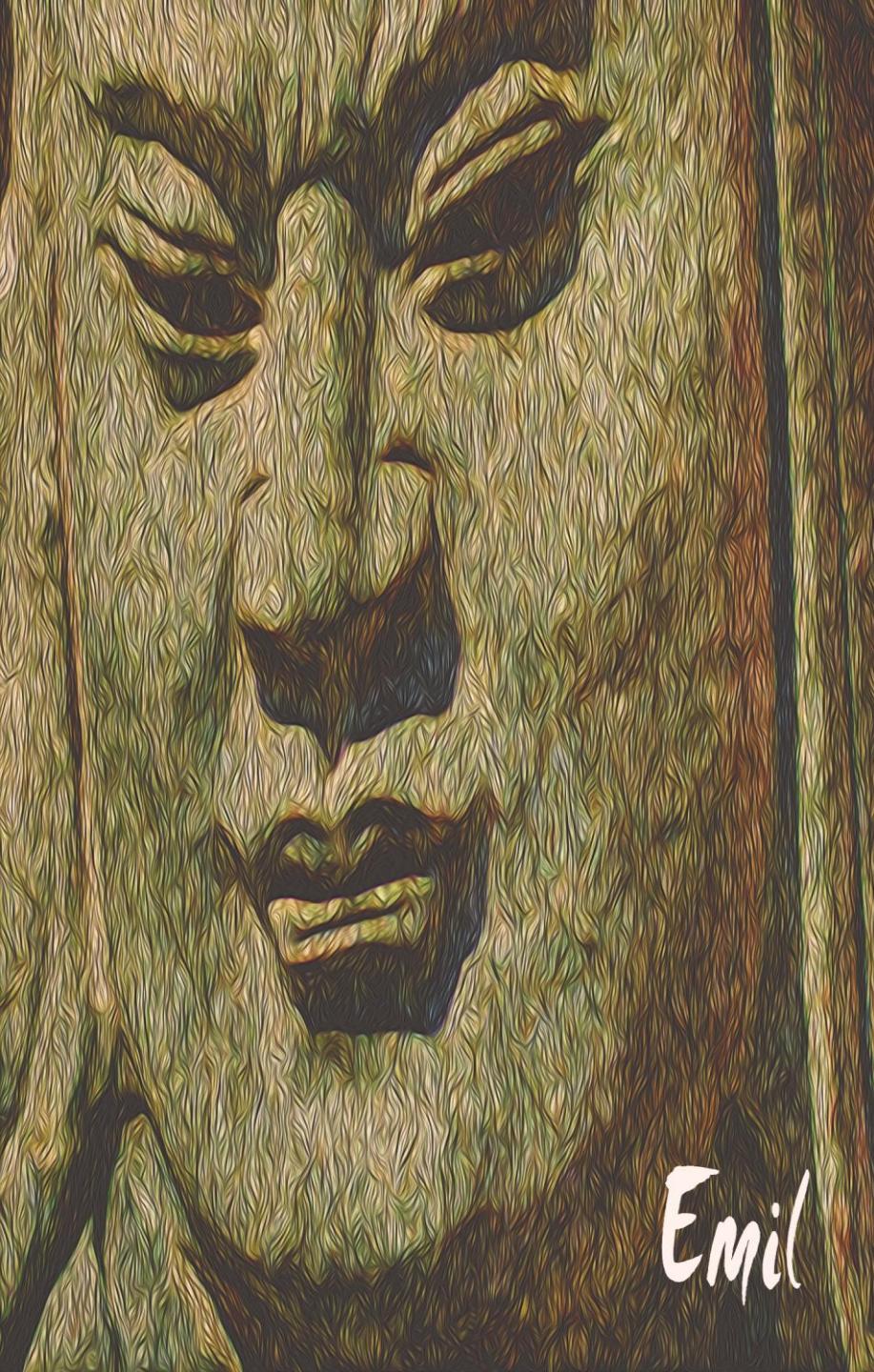
The accepted story was the one of the witches who cast

A SPELL

but, the Yogi read further from the ancient scroll and told us that there had been



EMIL



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

a war...there had been a great woman warrior (witch?) but, it was science that she used...

NOT MAGIC!

It was a most terrible weapon of their advanced science

THAT SHE USED

The weapon was either a spray or an aerial vapor-airborne?

The great warrior "sprayed" a mixture of chemical and the people covered were

FROZE IN PLACE

One of the Yogis, later in



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

life (as he had devoted himself to further study this event), sent me a letter where he had found the formula for the spray in a series of long-

LOST BOOKS

that were carefully guarded by fellow monks in the inner mountain caves of

NORTHERN TIBET

“The spray was a liquid rather than a gas as was previously thought”

and that he wrote that he had



Emil



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

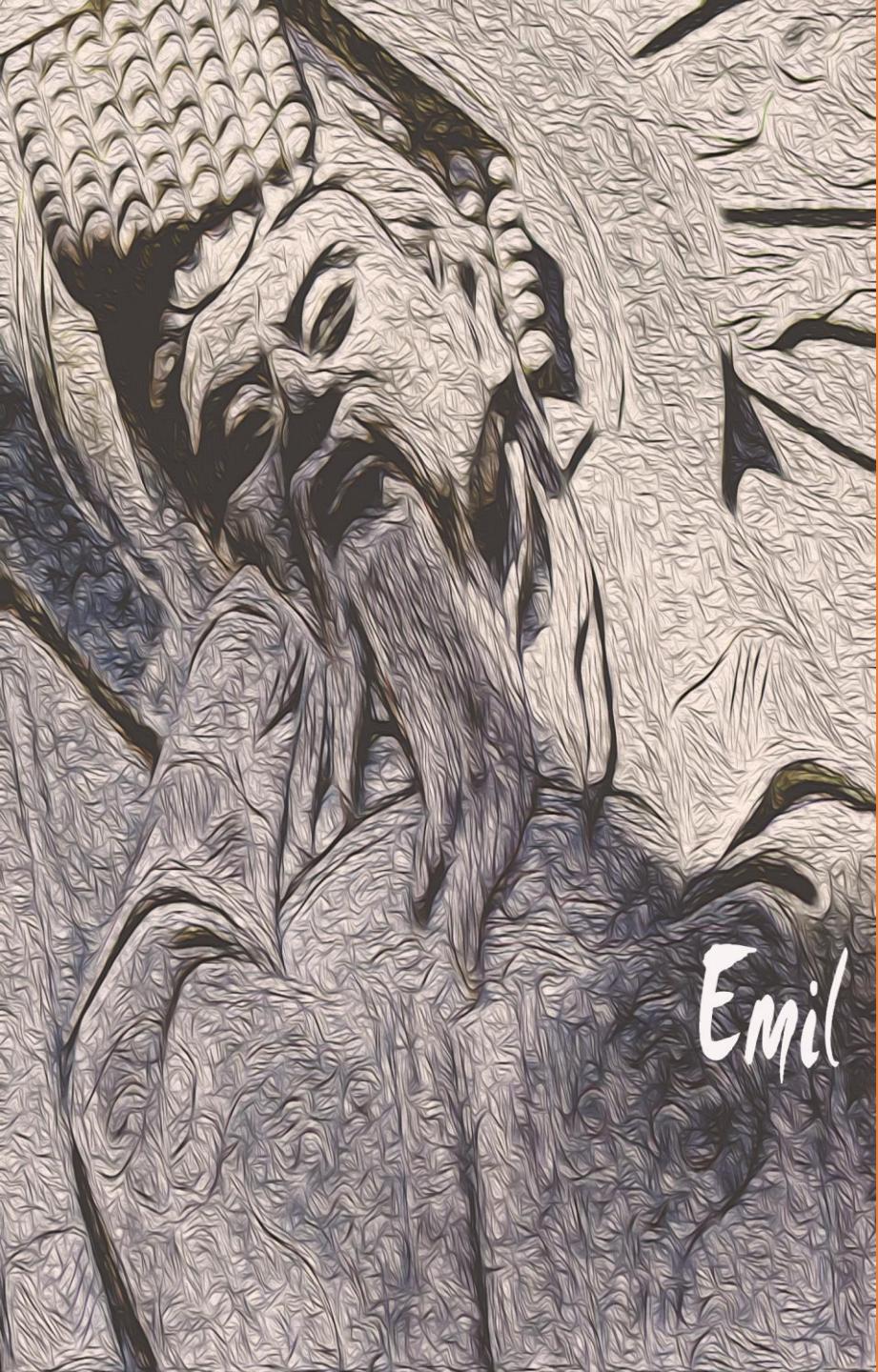
destroyed the scrolls that contained the actual formula as even now (the 1930s), mankind could not be trusted with such great power...

I KNOW THAT

it was very hard for a man who had devoted his life to finding and protecting lost knowledge and technologies for some future time when mankind had properly evolved...

I CAN IMAGINE

the pain he felt as he put the scrolls into the camp



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

fire and then scattered the
ashes upon the chilly,
evening winds that blew off
the surrounding mountains and

THEIR GLACIERS

So...as I told the professor
and I hope he would abandon
his quest and report back to
his current patrons - who are
not Germany (Nazi) but seem
to be somehow associated with
something call the Tularemia
Research Center or the

VECTOR INSTITUTE

as it is better known in
these waning days of 1937...



EMAIL



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Although the formula is lost to time and the actual formula would be impossible to recreate given our current level of science and not knowing what rare elements that they used or in

WHAT VOLUME

To all who seek...here is its basics as I know them:
The base is CO₂ liquidities at a temperature of below 40 degrees below zero mixed with a specially engineered cocktail of hydrogen sulfide and other rare element gasses



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

that when mixed, formed a fizzy-like soda paste that attached to any surface and created a quick drying coating of hard carbonate - which would mode itself to the shapes of whatever

IT COVERED

I very much question the rest of the tale, especially the Alexander's part as I can't not believe that one could survive such a coating for any length of time...

more so, given its very rapid drying time...you will see that



EMAIL



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

each victim seems frozen

IN MID-MOTION

I must update you to say that Herr Steiner seems to be a rather good sport about all this and I think he will be able to dissuade his people to further his quest has they must (now) understand how impractical such a weapon would be even in a futuristic

20ST CENTURY BATTLEFIELD

And, I will end this tale with the standing offer of

HERR STEINER

to a rematch here at our



Emil

GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Gentleman's Club here in
Nanking but, on his dime

NOT MINE, PLEASE?

It seems that right thing to
do, due to sad fact that
right after this chance
meeting with the professor,
my official line of credit
(bar tab) quit working...

OPPS ! ! !

Sorry Mister Waiter!
Somehow it is funny but still
rather a sad and telling
truism about human nature.
For almost 2,000 years', men



EMIL



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

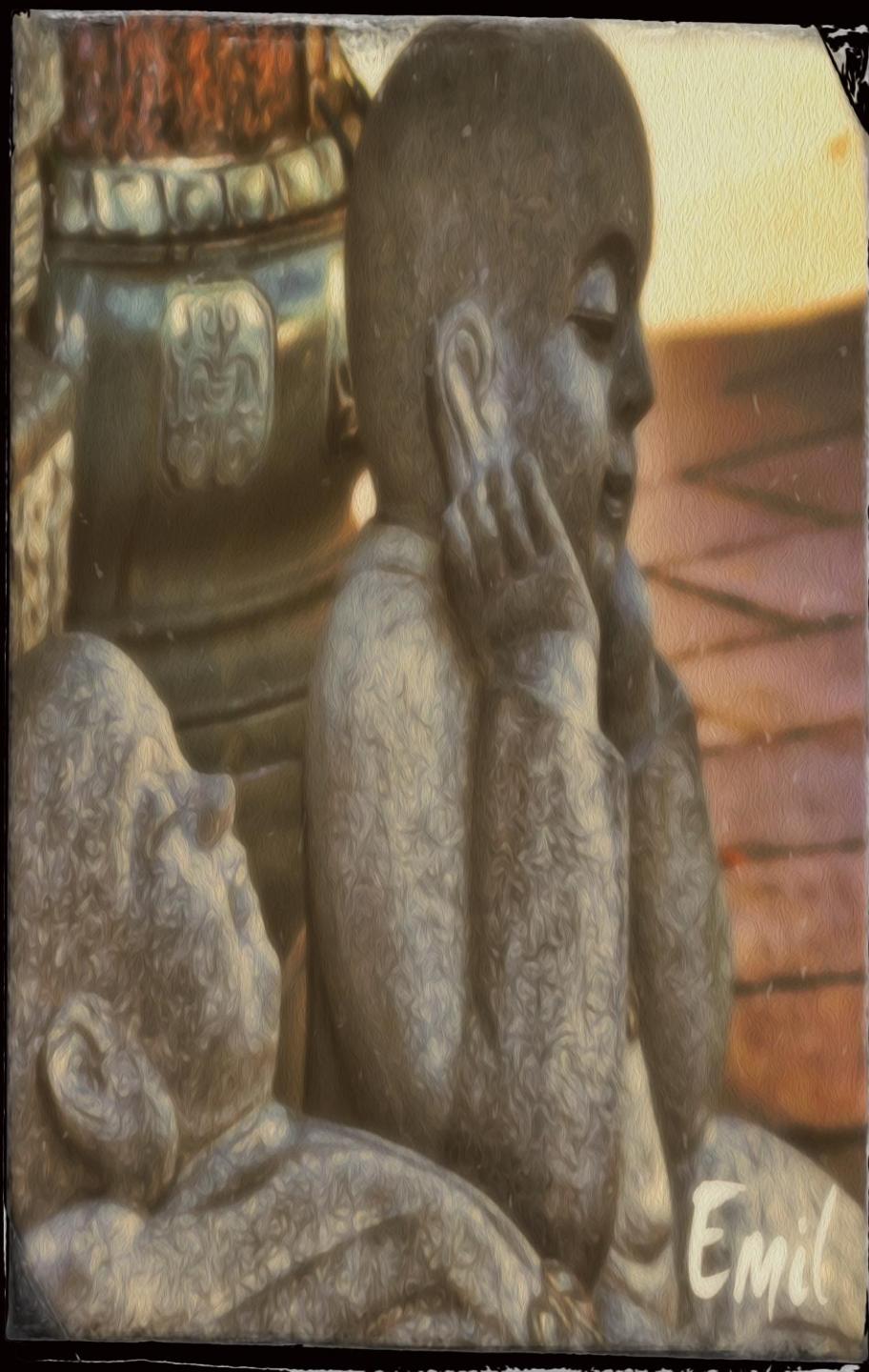
have fought, killed and died for what (in the end) turns out to be a rather useless piece of ancient technology that they could never use to

RULE THE WORLD

Almost the entire crew are gone, vanished to the winds of time as I lost contact with them for what seems more than just the several years that have (if fact) actually

TRANSPIRED NOW

It is only Seine and me who are still walking upright and



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

to be truthful after our
recent adventures...

SORRY SEINE!

You are getting long-in-tooth
also. I think Milton once
said something to the effect
*“We come into this world and
unless we are a serial
killer, mass murderer...we will
leave alone...”*

Then, there was what F. Scott
Fitzgerald once yelled

“TRUTH! ”

In the end, all the efforts,



Emil



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

the costs and deaths...they
were all fraught with
ultimate failure...as it is
with all relics...in the modern
world, they are (at best)
curiosities and nothing else.

See, they have value and
purpose in their times...not
now!

Hopefully, there will not be
yet another new generation
wasting a lifetime searching
for these evil weapons.

Although, I am still
interested in what museum
Alexander is in?

Maybe, Herr Steiner knows?
New search? Think?



EMIL



EMAIL



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

This tale began where most of the best tales do...in a seedy little bar on the wrong side of the tracks...in this case, it was the seedy little bar in Nanking where I worked doing portraits of

TAI PAN MISTRESSES

at five francs per picture... always get paid in a good foreign currency instead the toilet paper, script that the

NATIONAL GOVERNMENT

was trying to pass off as real money...why francs?

I know that the franc still has worth regardless of all the non-sense going on in





GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

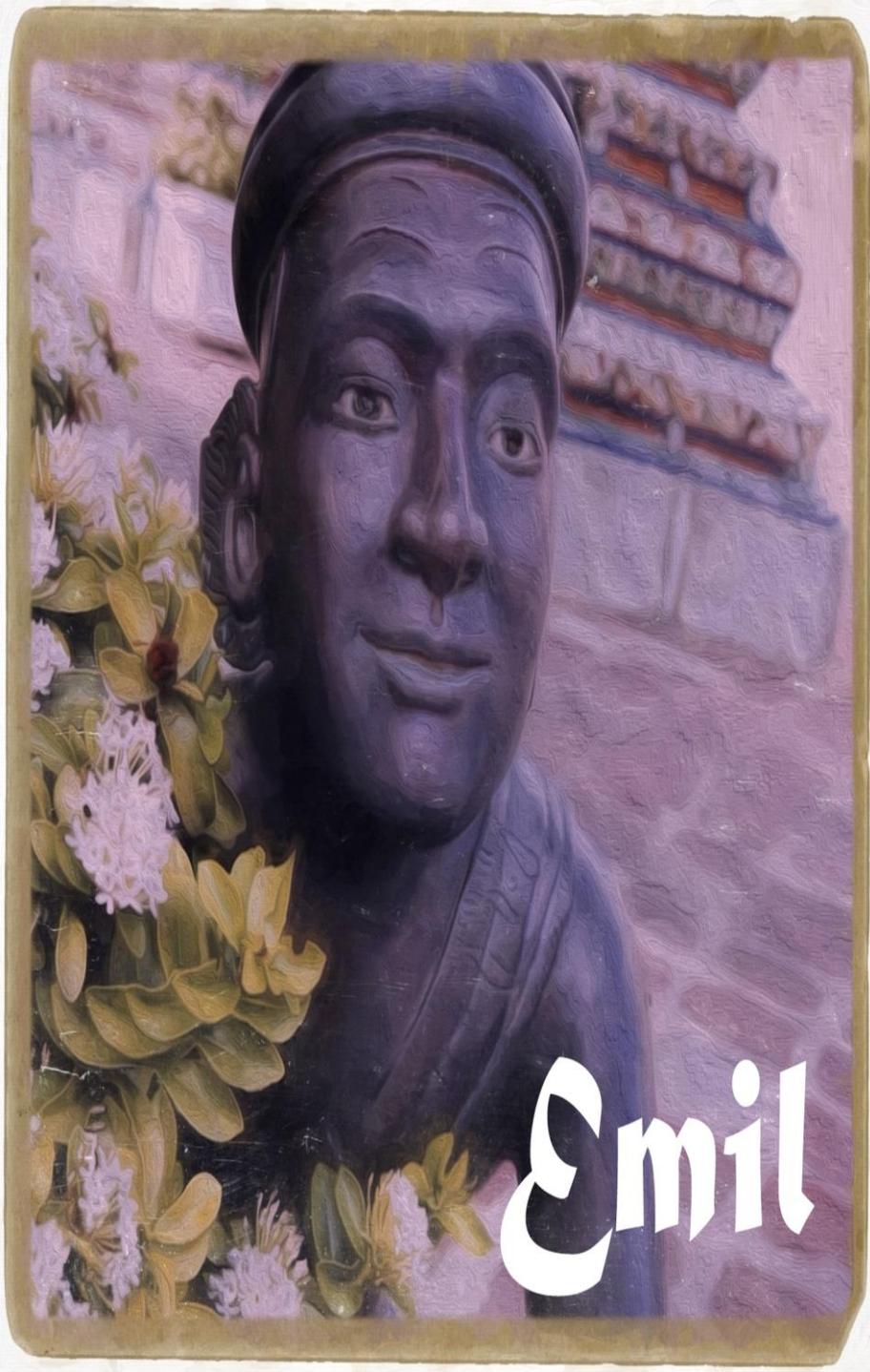
Europa these days...anyway,
it was the coin of choice
just south of us, there
in French Indo-China...

THAT'S SAFE!

It's safe there because the
Japs have no beef with

THE FRENCH

in fact, it is starting to
look like they have already
chewed off more than they can
handle here in China...
technology and better guns
will get you only so far...
How many bullets do you have?
The Chinese have ten times



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

that in people that these
Nationalist political,

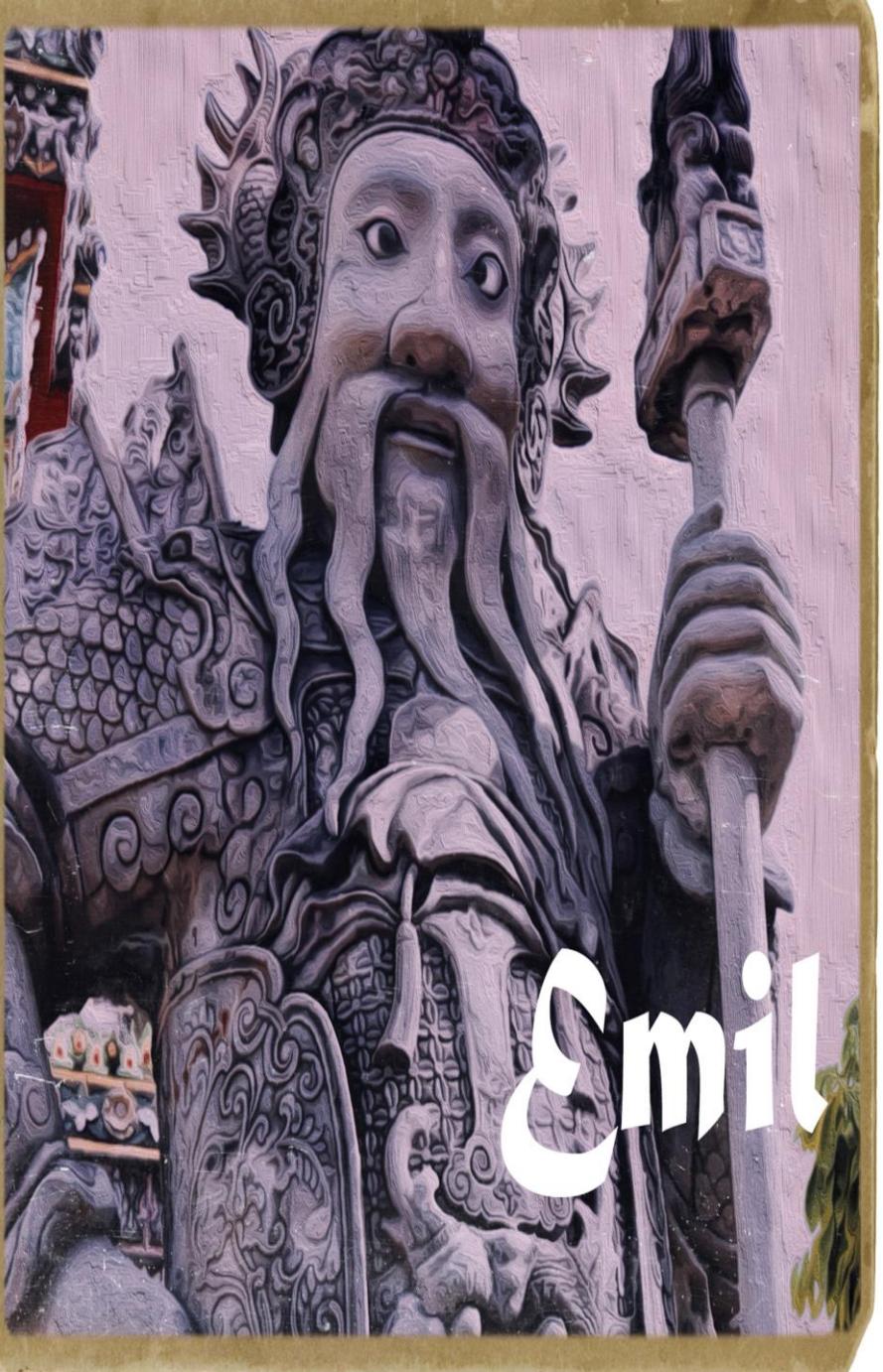
TAI PANS

don't mind throwing all of
them into the meat grinder of
what they are already calling

WORLD WAR 2

Personally, I had my fill of
World War in the first one
and only by some sheer
chance...a wink from old lady
luck, a node from my cut-rate
protective angel or that
half-ass bet with someone who
might-or-might-not have been
the devil in that blood





GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

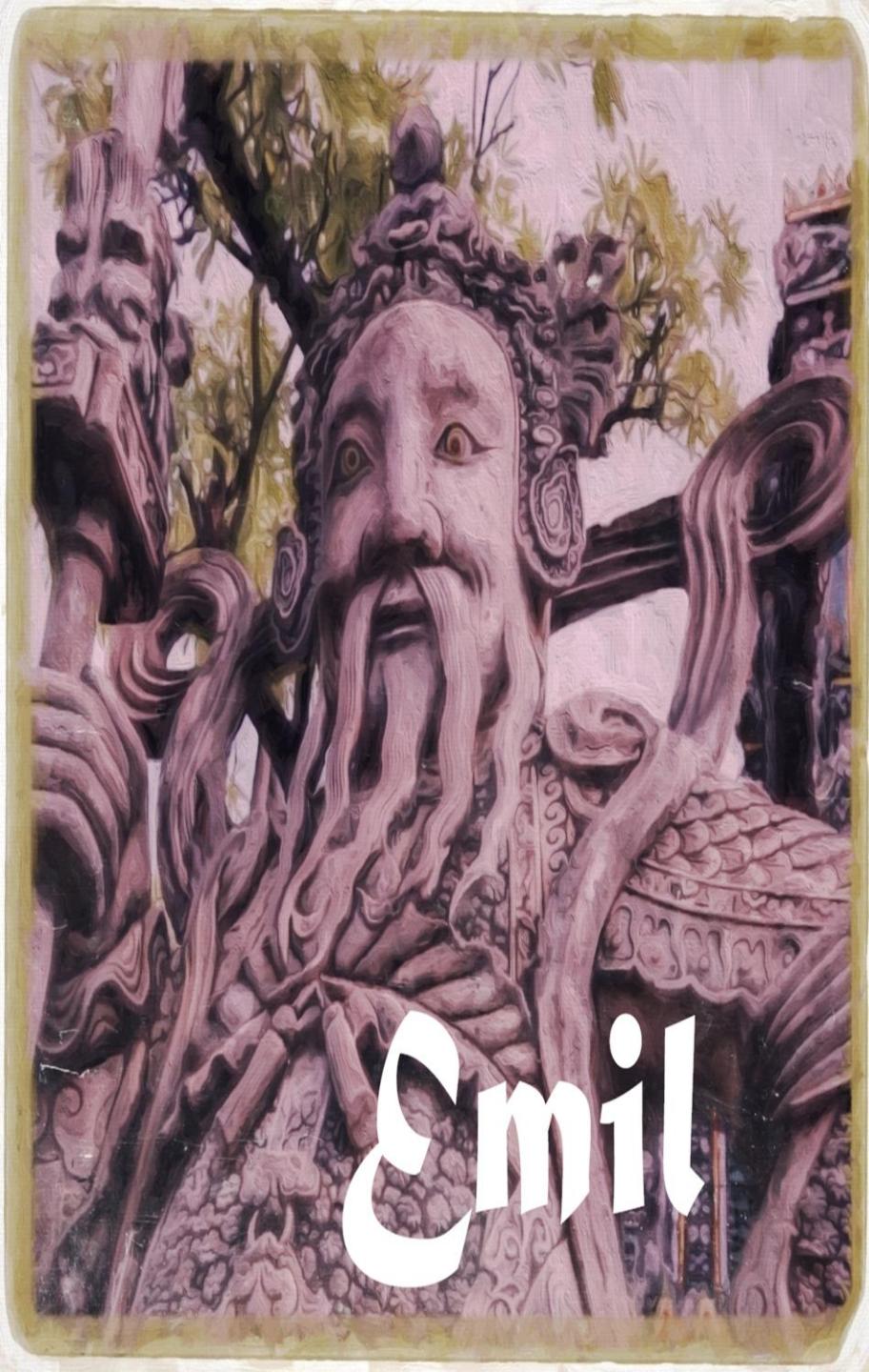
drenched trench in Northern France...and, I survived more or less in one piece...

SORRY FOR VENTING

I still wake some nights and can hear that damn Colonel's whistle (which meant we were going over the top of the trench and out into the certain death of no-man's land...) but, that isn't what I meant to write you about.

AS I SAID...

I wished that I had made up this story as it is the best that I have heard in recent times and it appears to be



Emil

GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

true or as true as any such tales could be.

Given the parties involved,

I WOULD VENTURE

that it is more true than not and I should know as Claudio and I made a good living in old Siam (for quite a while) coning rubes fresh off the boat with these tales of

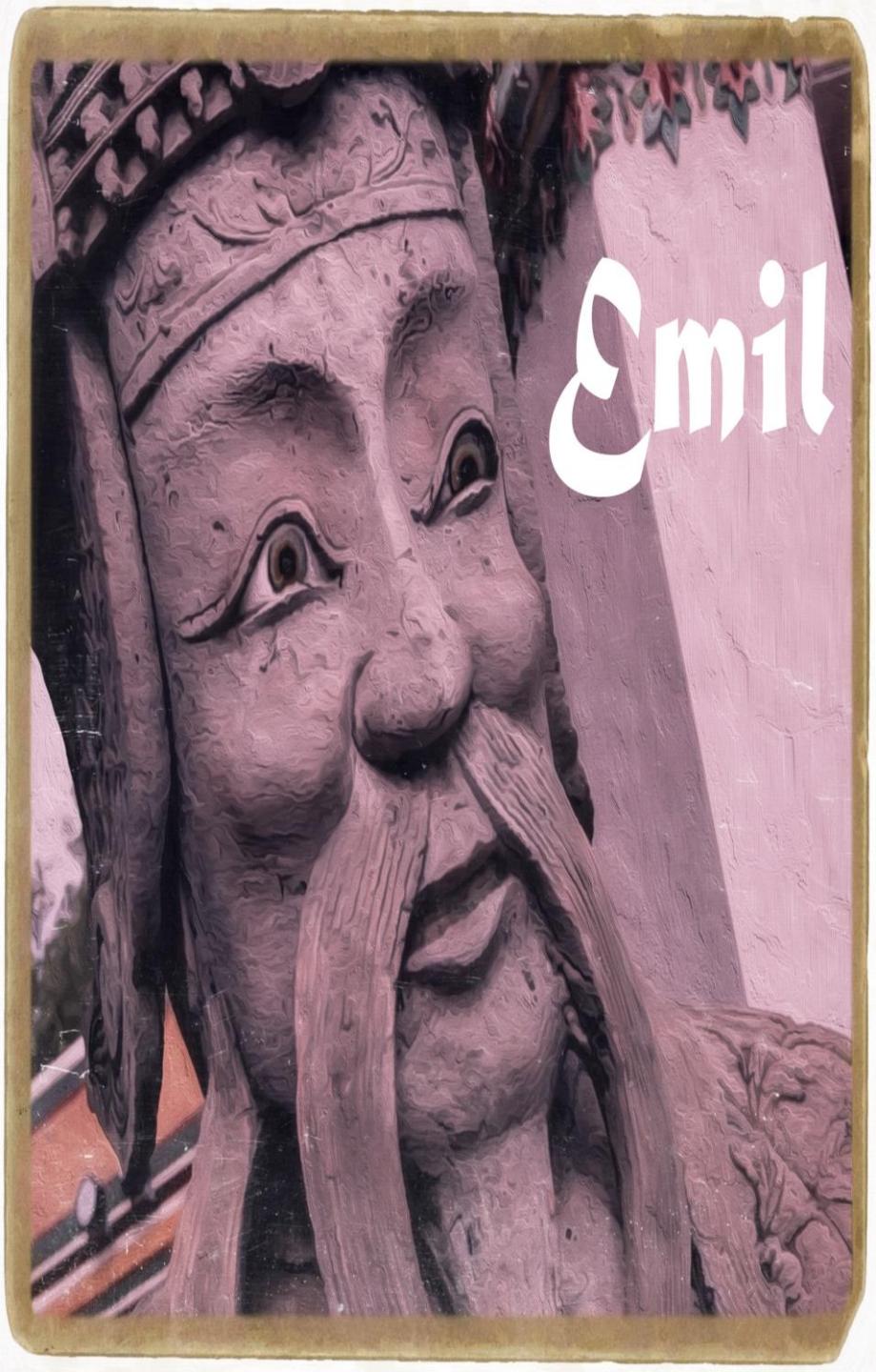
LOST TREASURE

hidden far out in some secret jungle location that only we and a handful of other knew about.

Given all this, humbly, I do submit to you that:

红孩儿
他是牛魔王
的孩子
三





GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

*“Yes, I am a great judge
of these tales!”*

What was different is that
there is no con, no

LOST TREASURE

but what seems to be nothing
more than honest-to-god
archeology passing through
our city has it has become
due to our still functioning

INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

Nanking still remains a major
dropping off point for all
those high-rolling (current)

NAZIS EXPEDITIONS

who filter in and out of here
on their way to or from Tibet



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Remember, I told you about how those guys are a strange lot, real secretive and totally lacking what my English Chums calls a “Civilized Sense of Humor.”

I caught pieces of the original conversation, they were talking about pyramids and underground caverns out in the wilds of

THE GOBI DESERT

in what that called the lands of the “Uyghurs” or something like this.

PYRAMIDS?

This isn't Egypt!



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

So I tried to get a booth close enough to hear more. The conversation was heated as their voices raised on certain disagreements and

from that you know that people are usually talking the truth in such cases.

They were debating on how to go further and how to secure the correct digging permits from the local

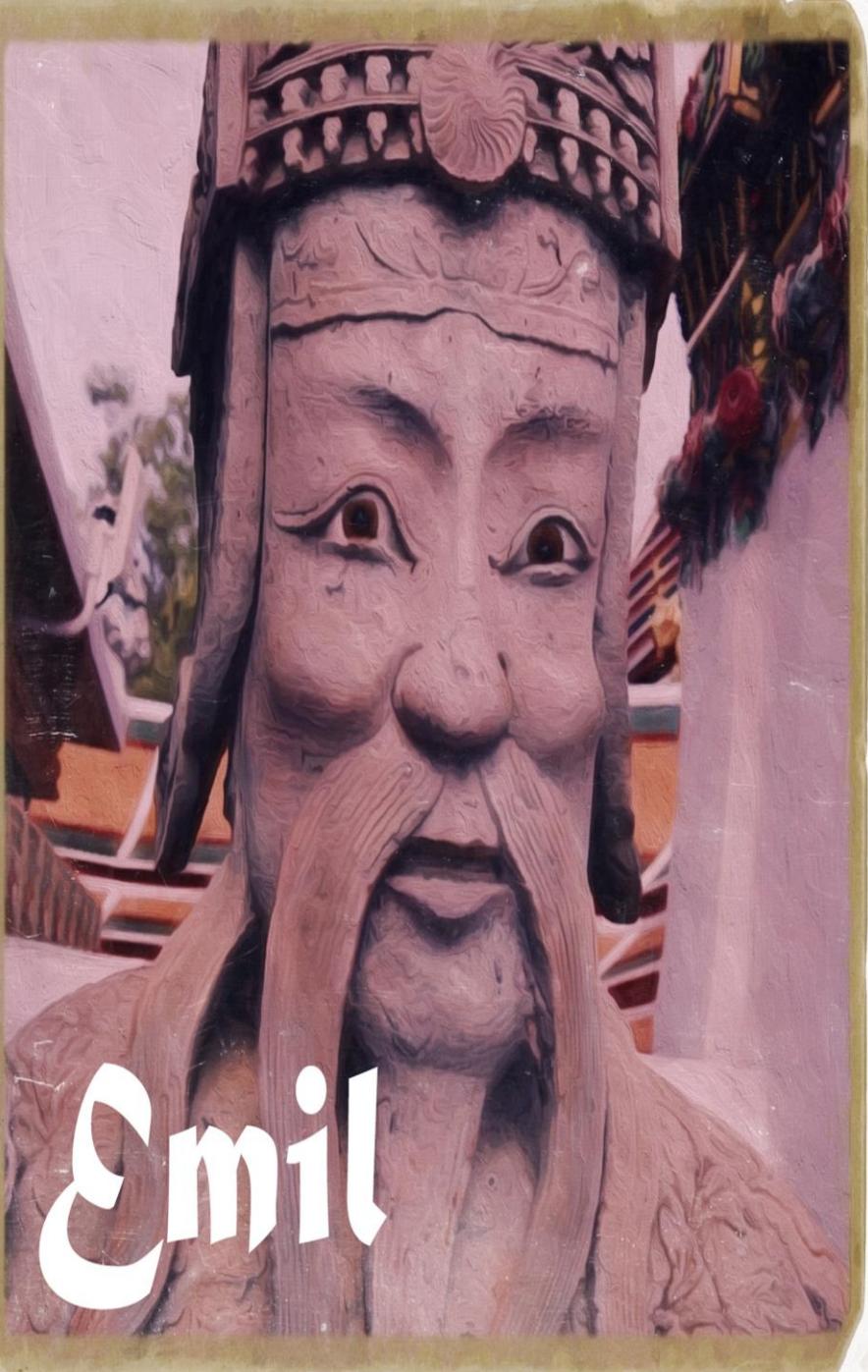
NATIONALIST GOVERNMENT

(or what little of there was left of it in Nanking).

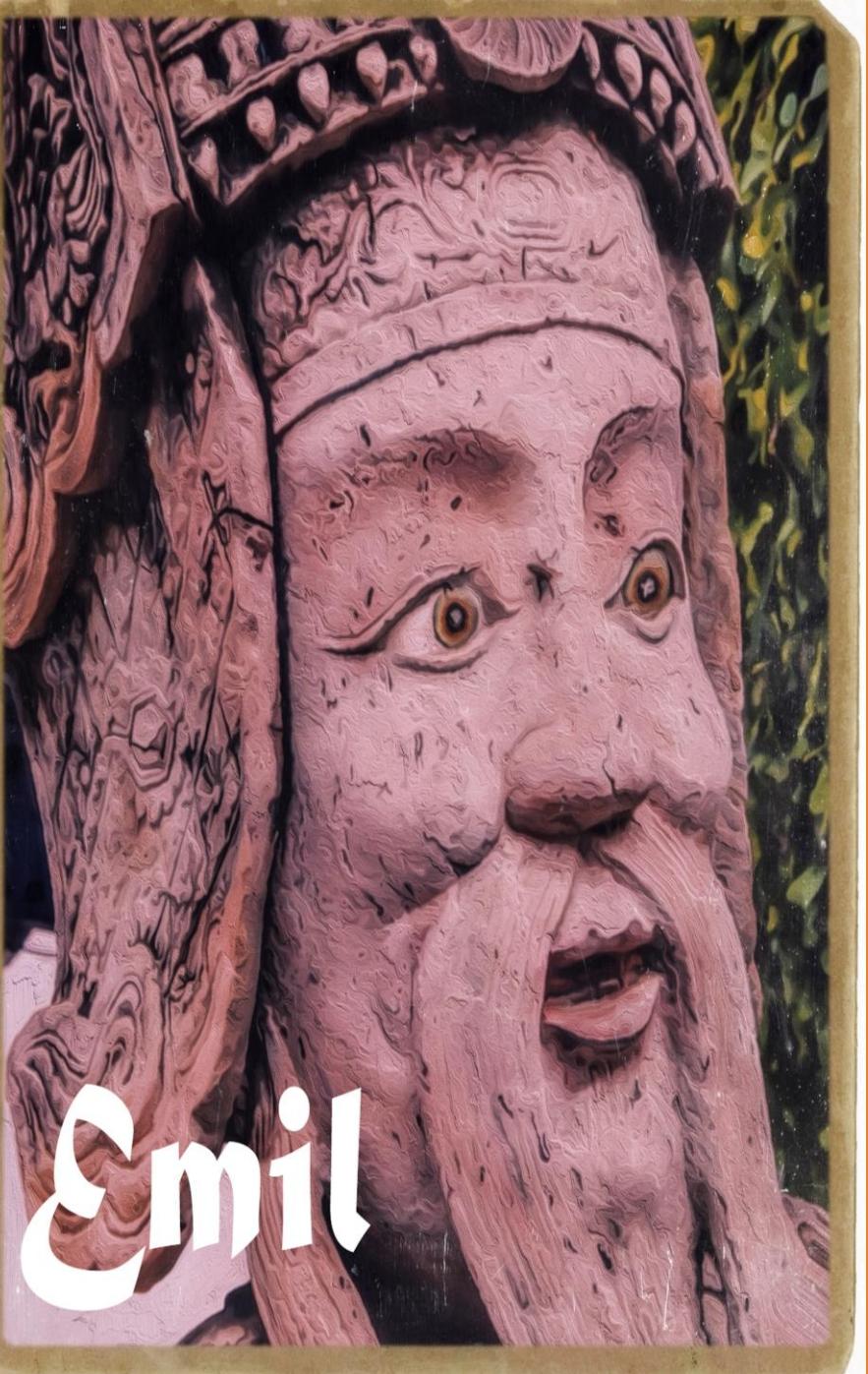
I was fascinated by the conversation but, smartly

I HUNG BACK

just in case this was some



Emil



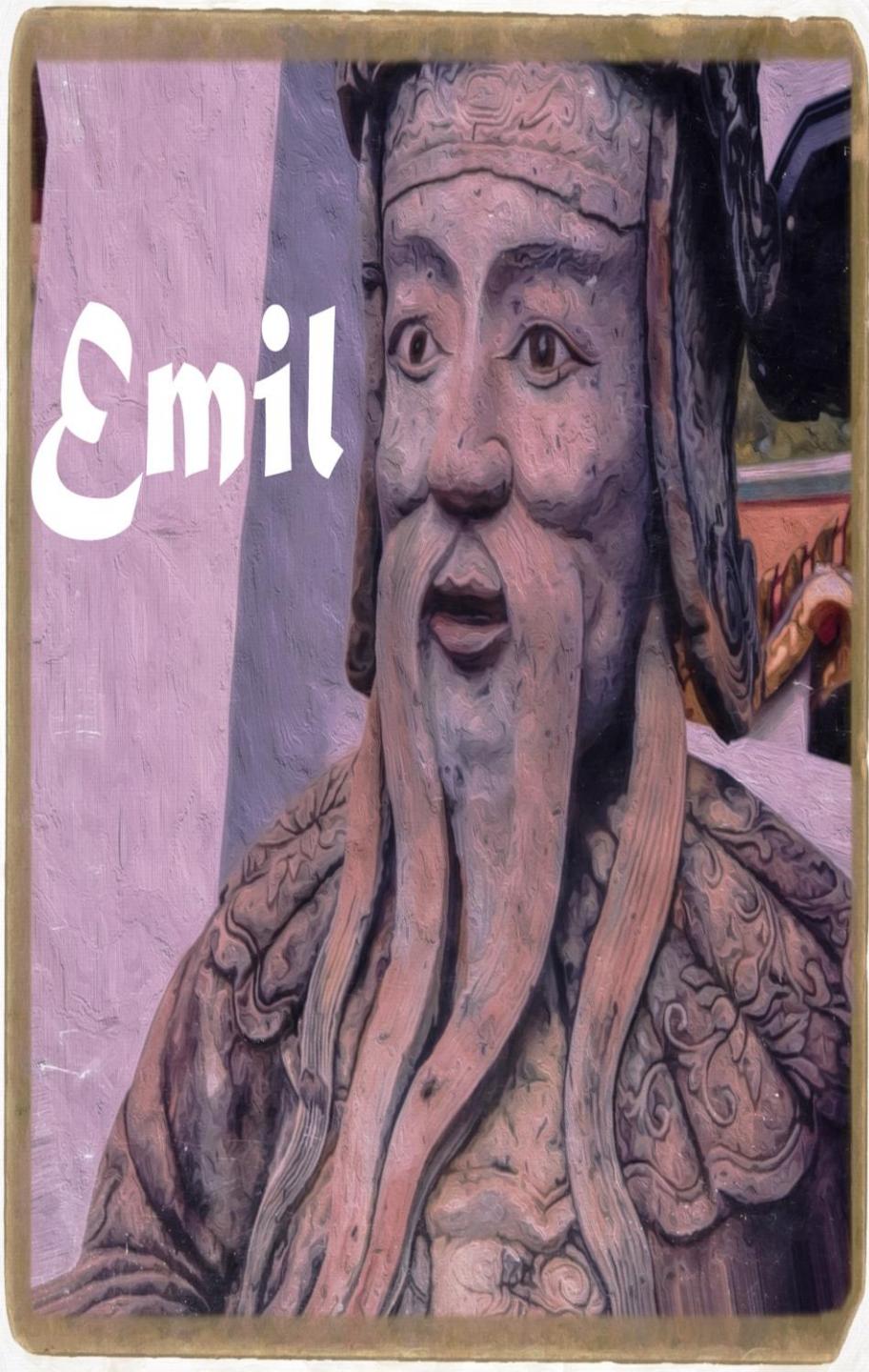
GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

scam and that did cross my mind...so I said nothing or even gave them a clue that I had heard anything. Still it was a great story that sparked my interest on many different levels...even if it was a con...it was a great con and one that I should commit to memory...

FUTURE REFERENCE

NO! We (Claudie, Seine or me) are not getting back into that business...besides, it doesn't normally work here cause everything in ancient...everything from the buildings to the trains and





GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

not to mention what they humorously call electrical power here in Nanking.

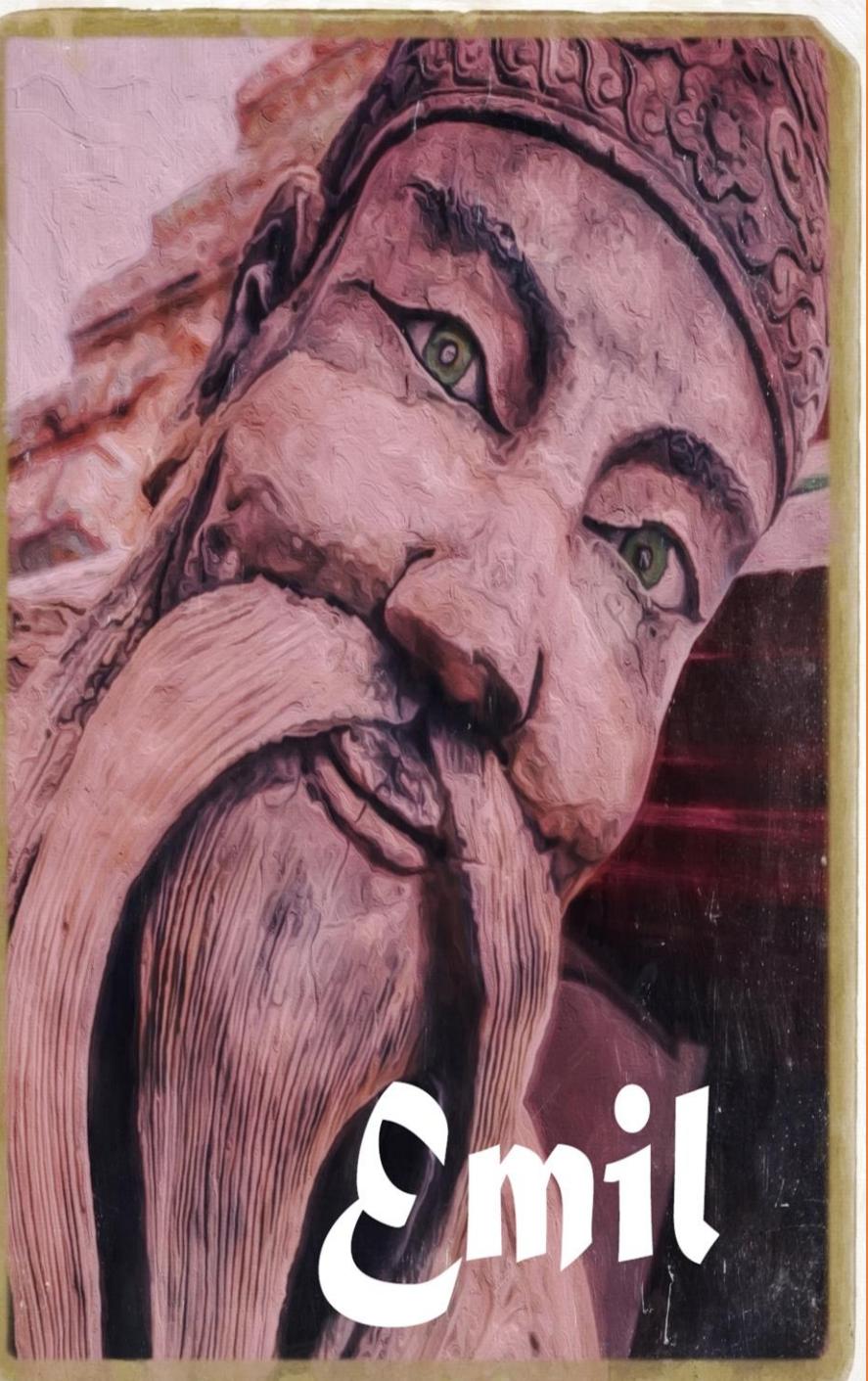
I followed the conversation on or off for about thirty minutes and would have continued till that old

TAI PAN GENERAL

brought all three of his mistresses into the club and was commanding that I do a portrait of each of them.

GOT TO MAKE MONEY!

By the time I got back, they had packed it in and had left the club. You know how truly crazy I am about lost cities and forgotten history.



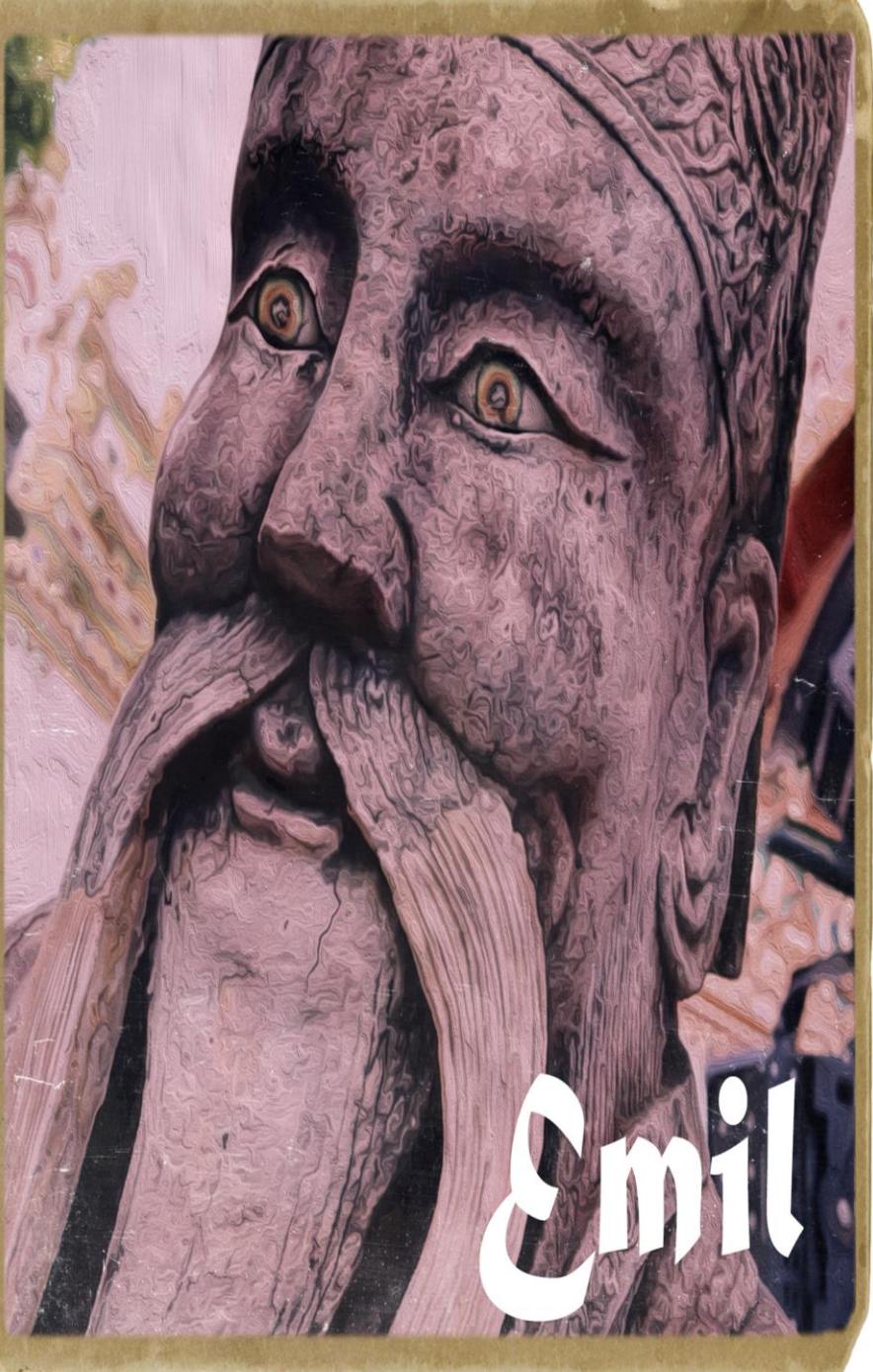
GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Remember that book you bought me in the flea market...there in Paris?...the one about Atlantis by that American Congressman who wrote about how close the Egyptian and Mayan Languages were...I must have read that book ten times in the passing year...besides the very success

RAT RACES

that Claudie and I ran in the trenches, there wasn't very much else to do other than hiding from death and the **COLONEL'S WHISTLE**
So, you know that I wasn't





GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

going to let this story go
so easily as that.

I talked to

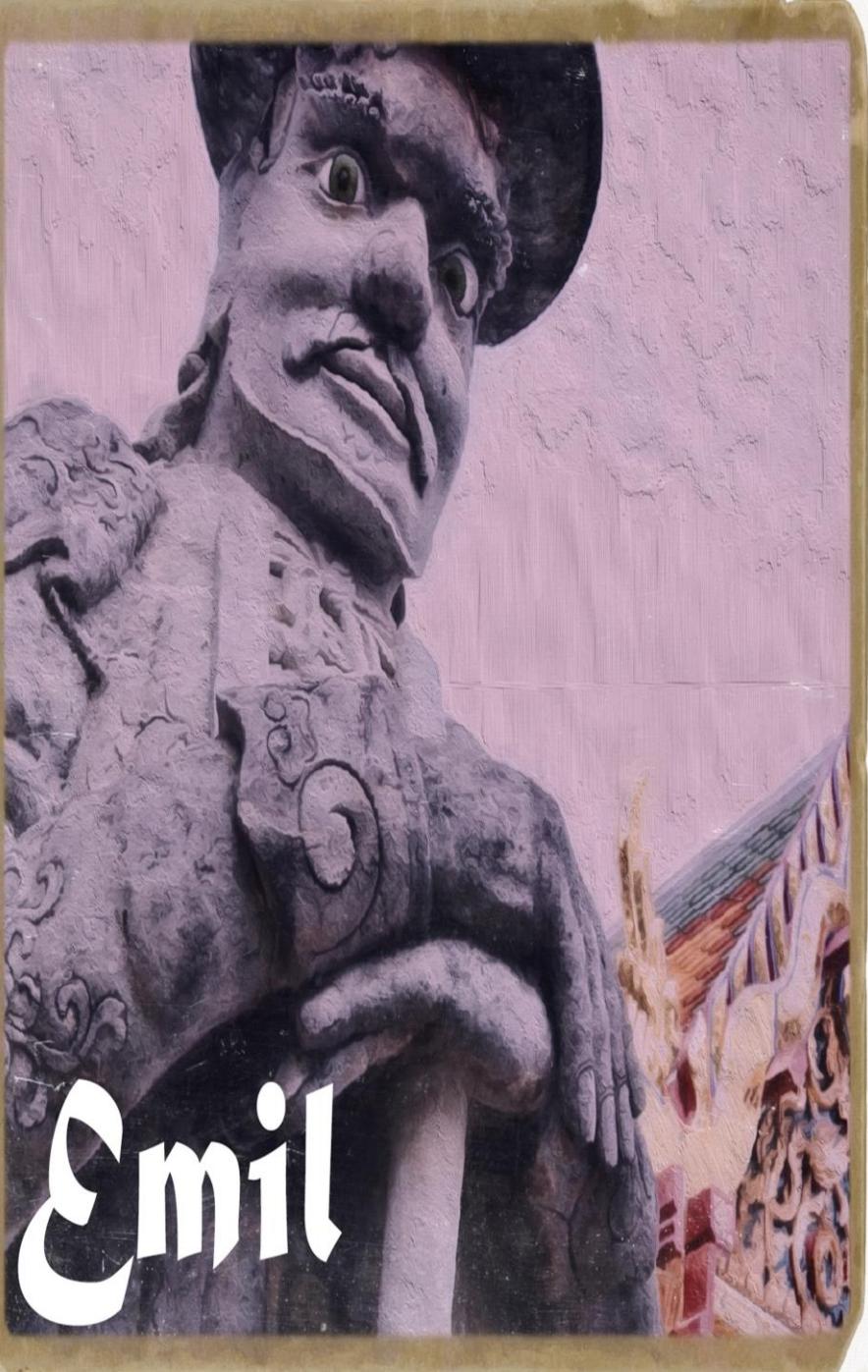
CHIEF CHIANG

Remember, he is the really funny Chef who had trained in Paris and he was a good guy to be on terms with as he has a direct connection with the Nationalist Government –

I think his brother and a couple of his distant cousins are highly placed

IN THE GOVERNMENT

In fact, Chiang told me that his brother had fought the foreign devils in the Boxer



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Revolution (that freed China)
and rode to the right hand
side of General

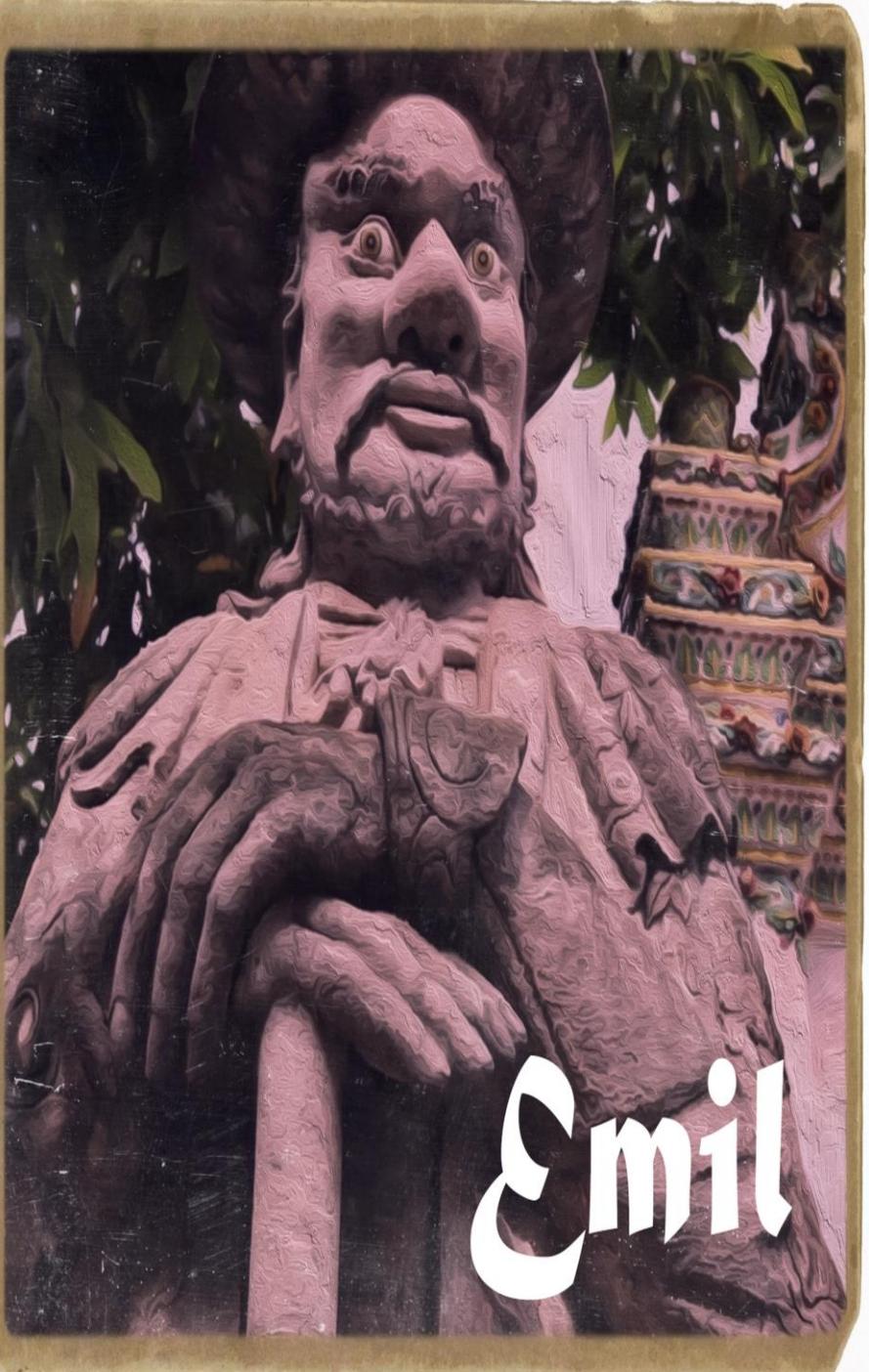
SUN YAT-SEN

the funny part of this story
was that it was through his
brother's connects that he
could go to Paris to study
cooking...graduated first in
his class and had a wonderful
little club in Peking until
the Japanese Invasion.

Funny how everyone had
a different path but, that
we all ended up here in

NANKING





GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Anyway, I asked him about the two elderly gentlemen and I told you how funny he was, he looked me

DEAD IN THE EYE

and said:

“Everyone here is an elderly gentleman...young men can’t afford the fine dining that my club offers...”

I told him that might be true but, I was referring to those two portly, English Gents wearing pit helmets.

He thought for a minute and thoughtfully said:

“AH Yes! Those poor tippers who were bothering my good



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

*Tai Pan Costumers with their
loud discussion..."*

Grabbing his shoulders,

I CHEERED IN

*"Yes! Those gents...where did
they go and what do you know
about them?"*

He said that they were some kind of professors from some University in England, which one he didn't remember even though they had told him.

They had been town for a

COUPLE OF DAYS

and seemed to have taken a liking to his club, they always paid in good English





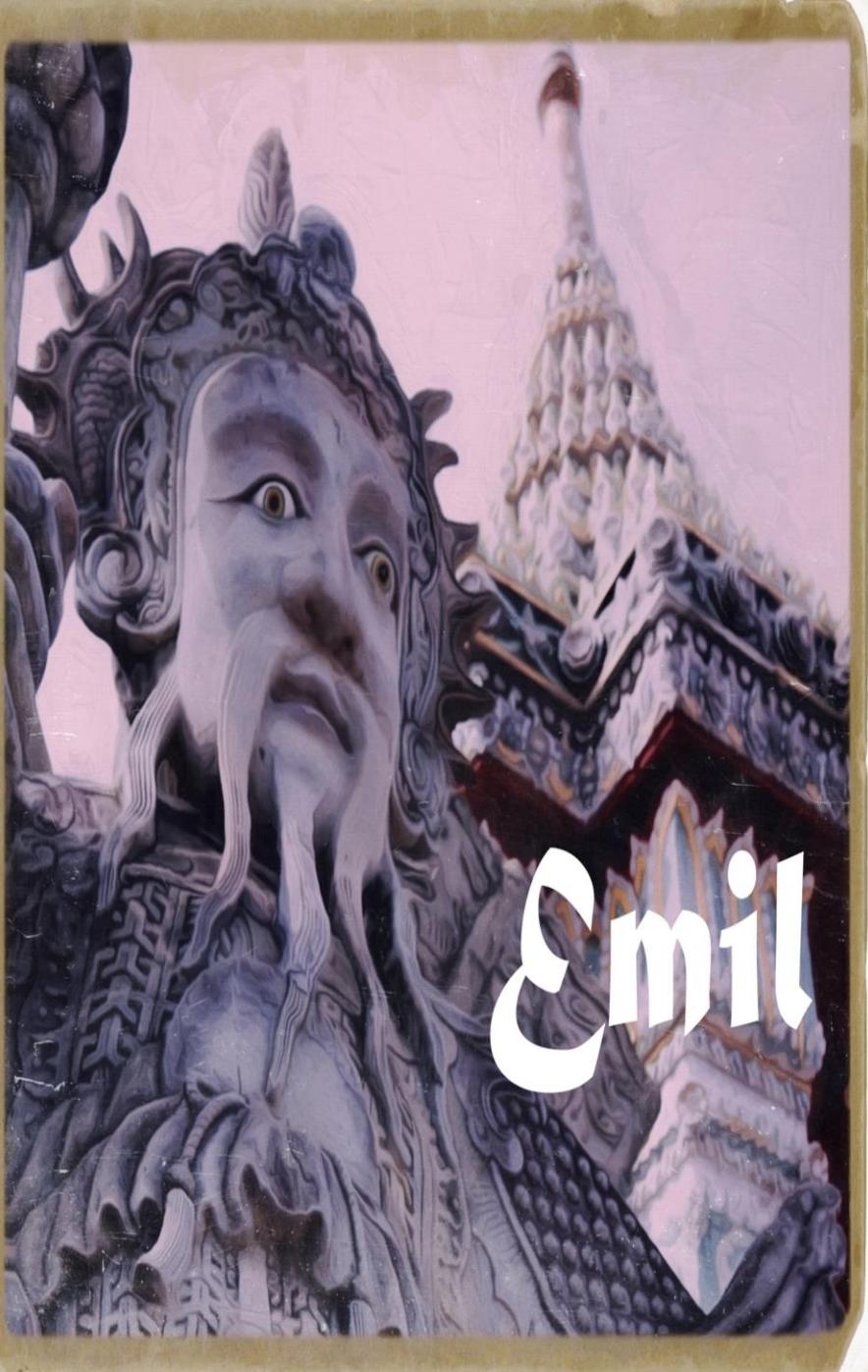
GUTEN TAG CAMPERS! POOR TIPPERS

“That’s why the girls let them be...so they sit there in the back booth arguing with each other...several times a day...”

Besides that, he told me that they were staying in the same hotel as us...

WHO WOULDN’T?

Rudy runs a good ship!
I am still checking them out
but, I have made up my mind
that I wanted to hear the
whole story...just think?
There might be pyramids and



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

lost cities out in the desert
wilds of Western China...

VERY INTERESTING

and very far away from the
ever enclosing pinchers of
this new, world war.

Last week I wrote you about
running into those two
mysterious, English Gents
with pit helmets and high
boots that were in a

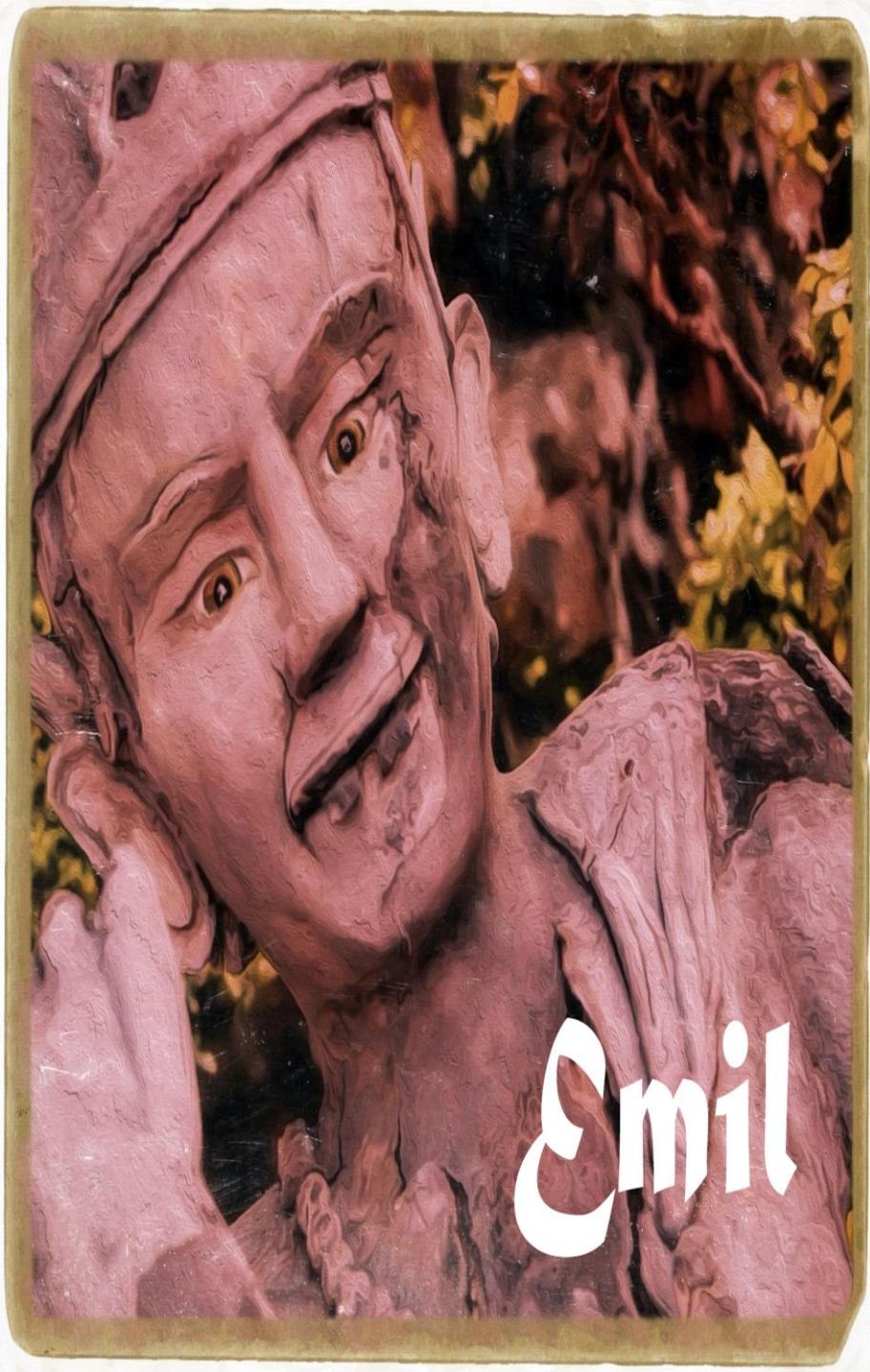
HEATED CONVERSATION

about a lost city out in the
wilderness of North-Western
China, in an area called

THE GOBI DESERT

At first, I was concerned





GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

that this was a hustle...a scam
but, what I have discovered
and have pieced together
leads me to think that

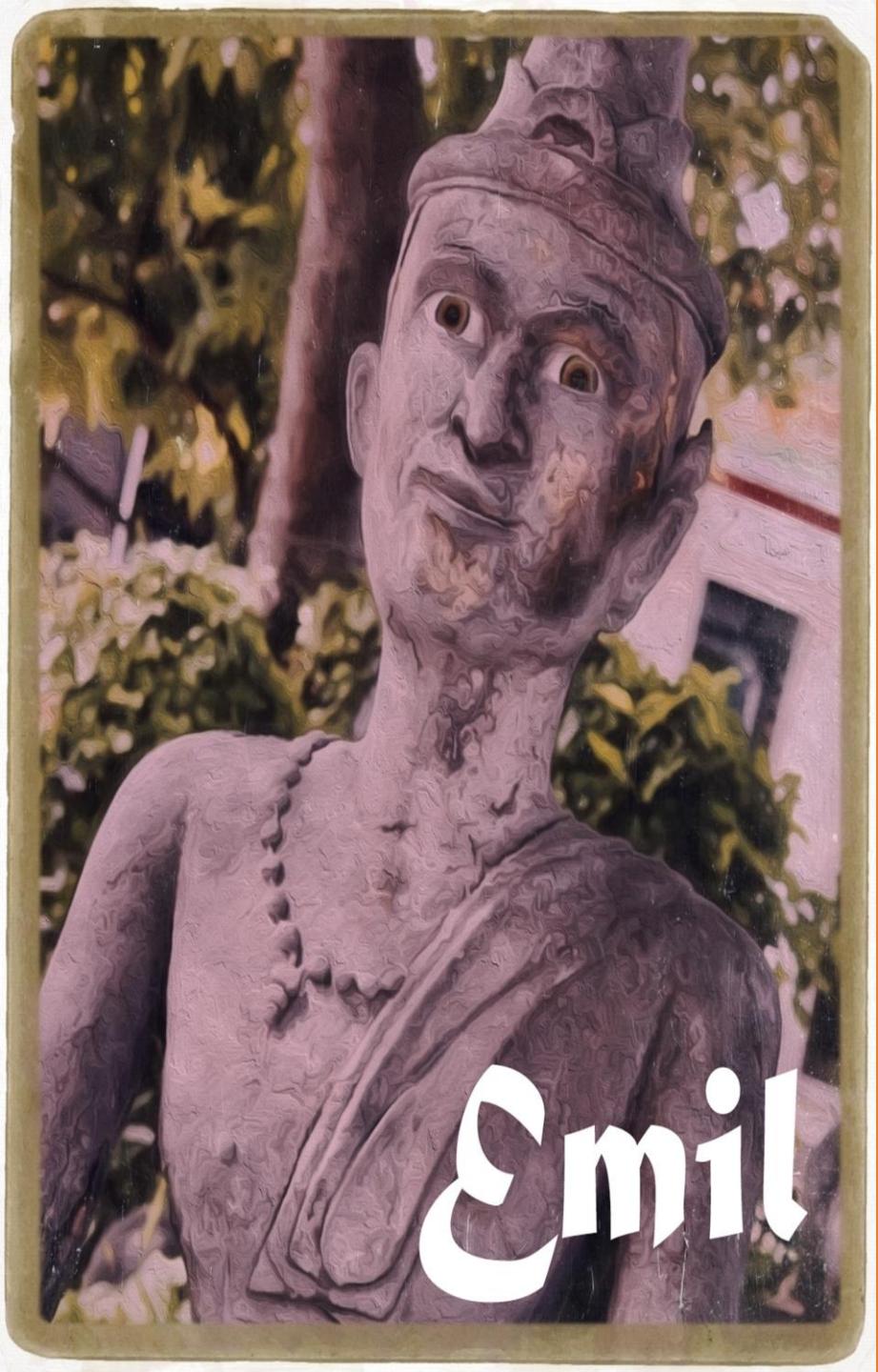
THIS IS TRUE

...or it is the grand-daddy of
all scams and either way, you
know me...

I WAS HOOKED

I left you at the point of
having run into them at Chef
Chiang's downtown club where

I have been working doing
portraits of the several of
society Tai Pans and their
mistresses that populate the
club these days.



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Good business at five francs

PER PORTRAIT

and I have been able to save a large part of these funds as the future here starts to grow uneasily scary with the pincher jaws of the

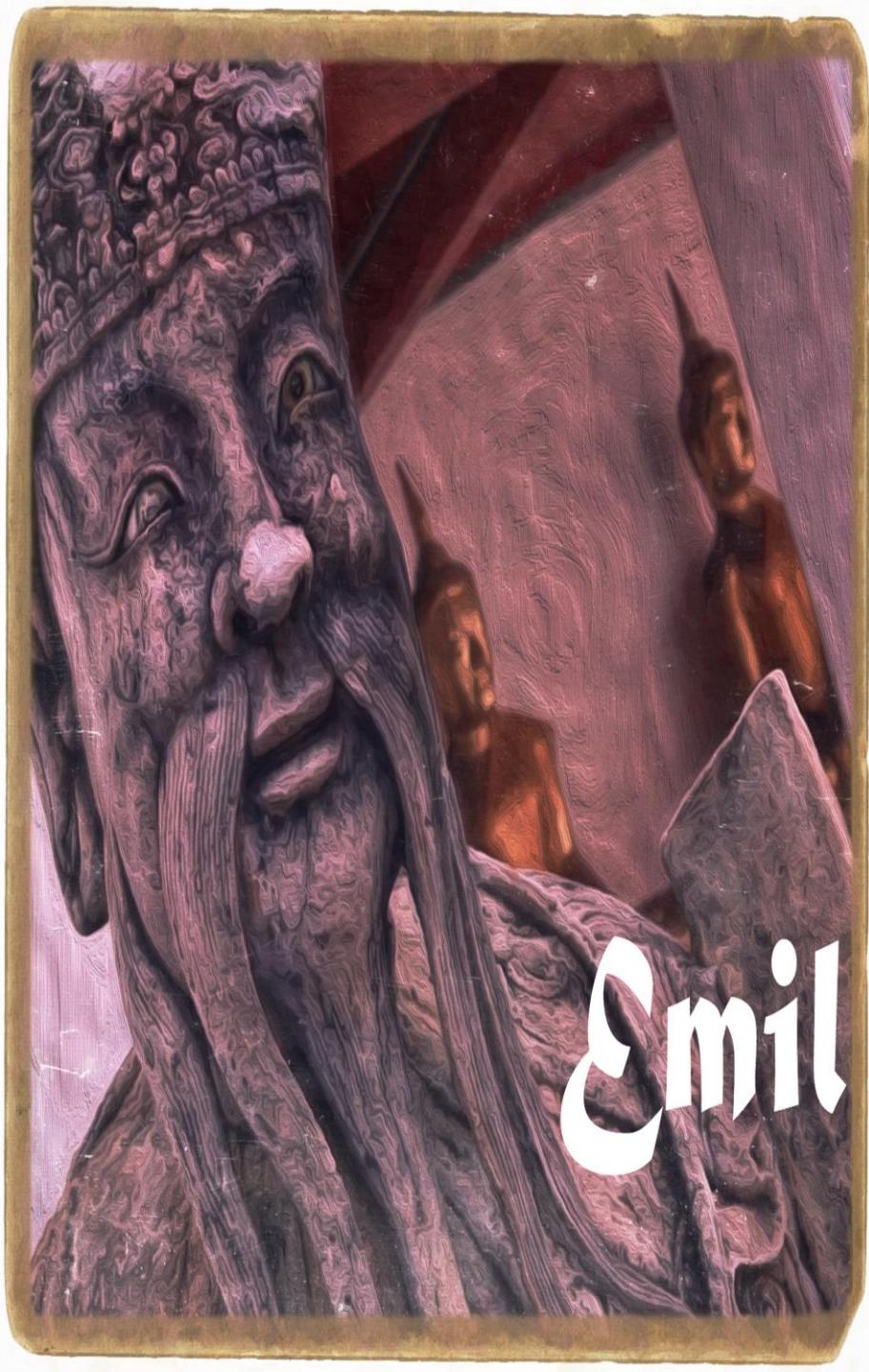
JAPANESE WAR MACHINE

camped a mere fifty miles to the south-east of the city. The city seems to live in an alternative universe even as

JAPANESE BOMBERS

appeared recently and bombed the city's electrical and water plants. Not much harm done to the city but rather,





GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

it did give me a personal, security wake up that things were about to change but, to

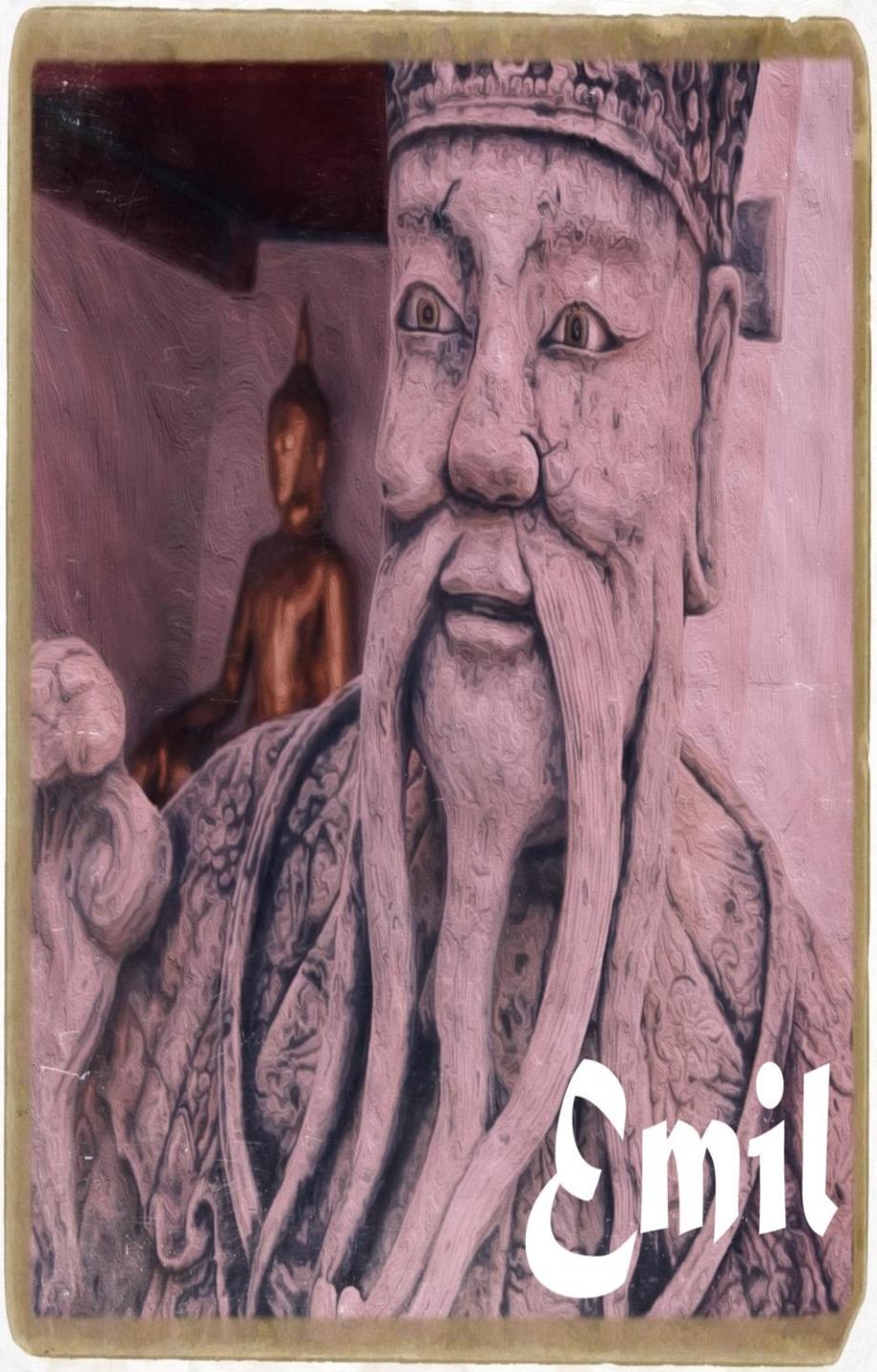
MY SURPRISE

there is no panic, you see no fear in the eyes of the people in the clubs and they act like everything is normal.

These are either the

BRAVEST PEOPLE

or the worse of fools in that they can't or won't see what Japanese tanks parading up Sun Yet Set Boulevard would mean for their way of



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

life...little alone to their safety and prospects of living a long, health

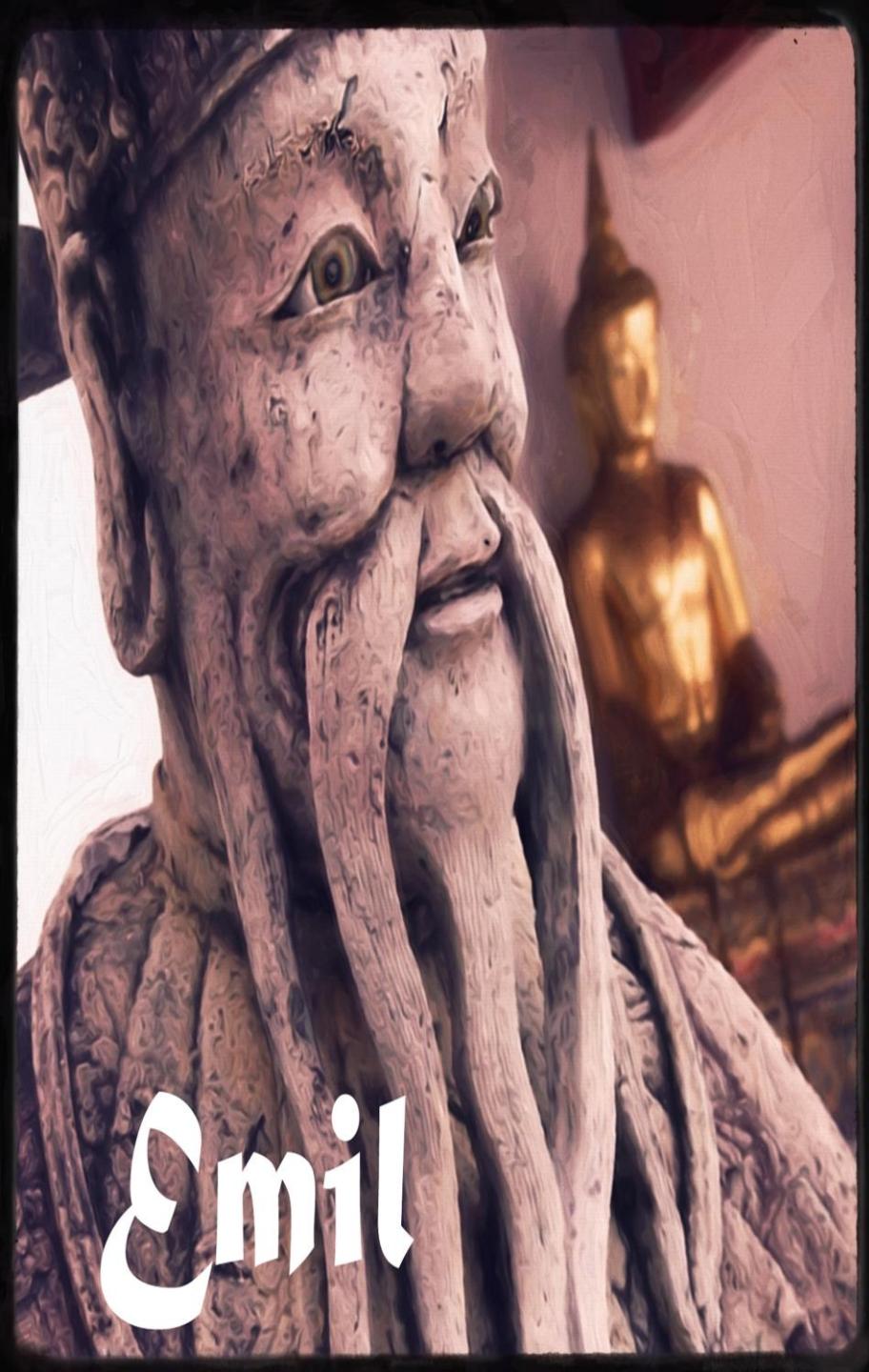
LIFE OF PLEASURE

I don't see it as brave as I have seen brave and it is something that you can sense by looking in their eyes... such people of this

AURA ABOUT THEM

and you can just sense that no matter what happens, they will come through it and land on their feet...it is hard to explain but, it is one of the survival techniques that you had to develop in the death trenches, to stay alive.



A painting of a man's face, heavily textured and weathered, looking slightly to the right. In the background, a golden statue of a figure, possibly a Buddha, is visible. The overall mood is somber and historical.

GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

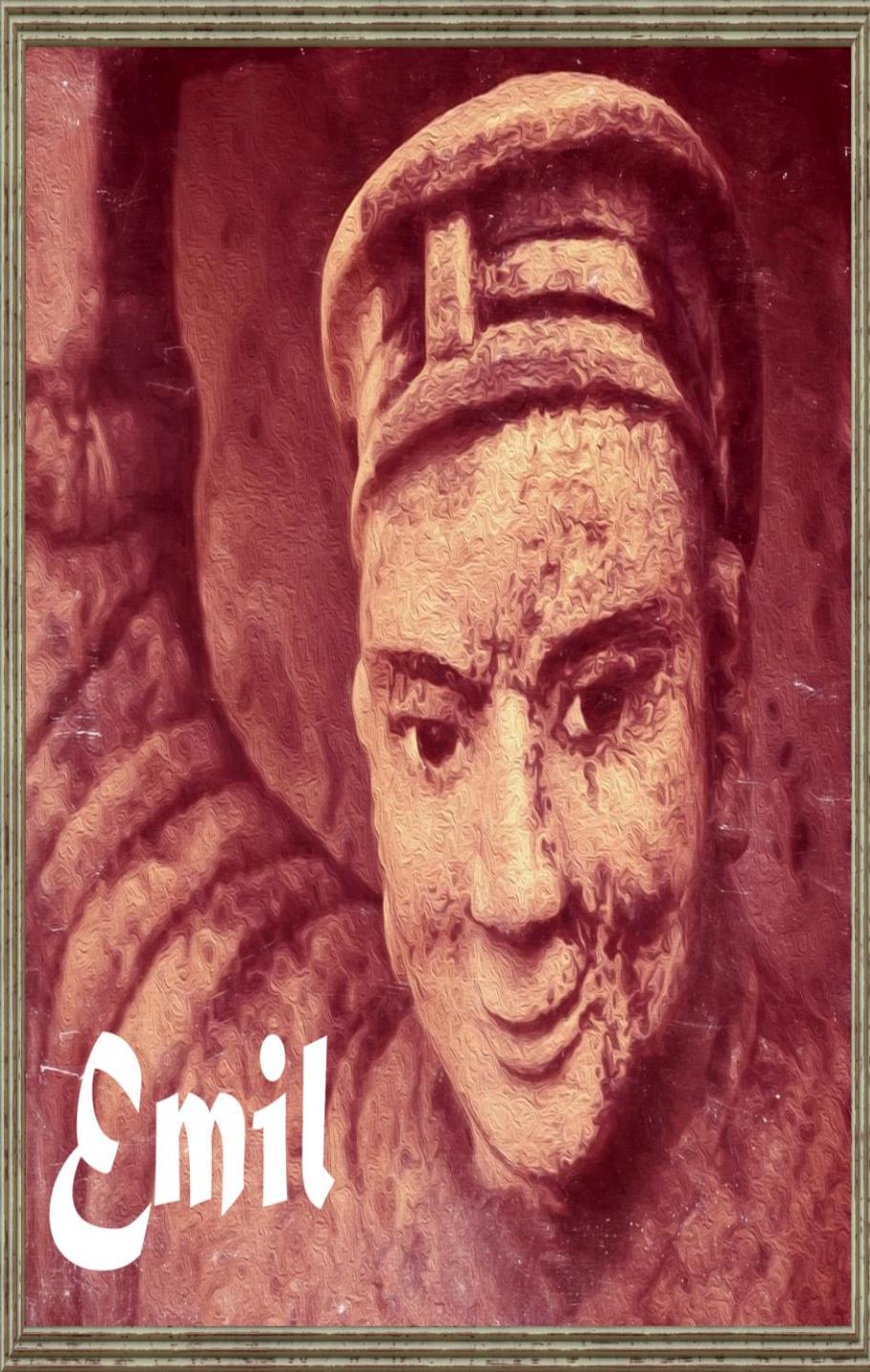
I developed this early on
and every time I saw one
of these people,

I TAGGED ALONG

always paying attention to
the strict need to go
unnoticed and so, I stayed
more than a few steps back
of their passage in-and-about
their daily errants but,
still inside my eye and ear
sight just in case...

I developed that too up
there...especially when
Claudie, Seine and I were up
there in the Northern Death
Trenches during the first
great war.

Emil



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

“Au grand sérieux”

as you always use to start
every conversation with me –
where I was to be tagged as
the rude, the villain or the
mere foolish foreign who
would never understand

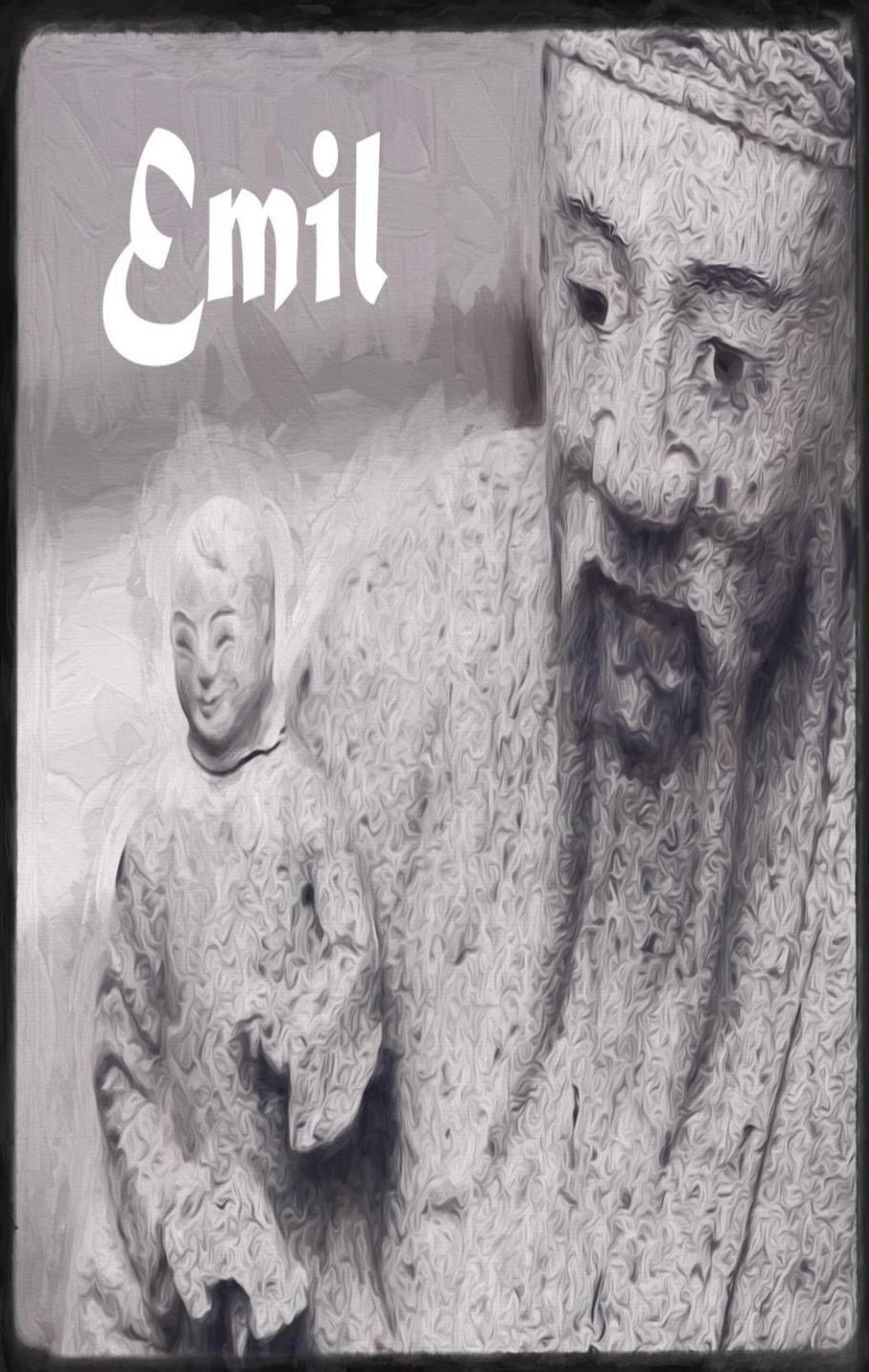
FRENCH CULTURE

and thus, understand
you...Seriously, these

TAI PANS

don't strike me as someone
that I would voluntarily
elect to follow out into
No-Man's Land.





Emil

GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

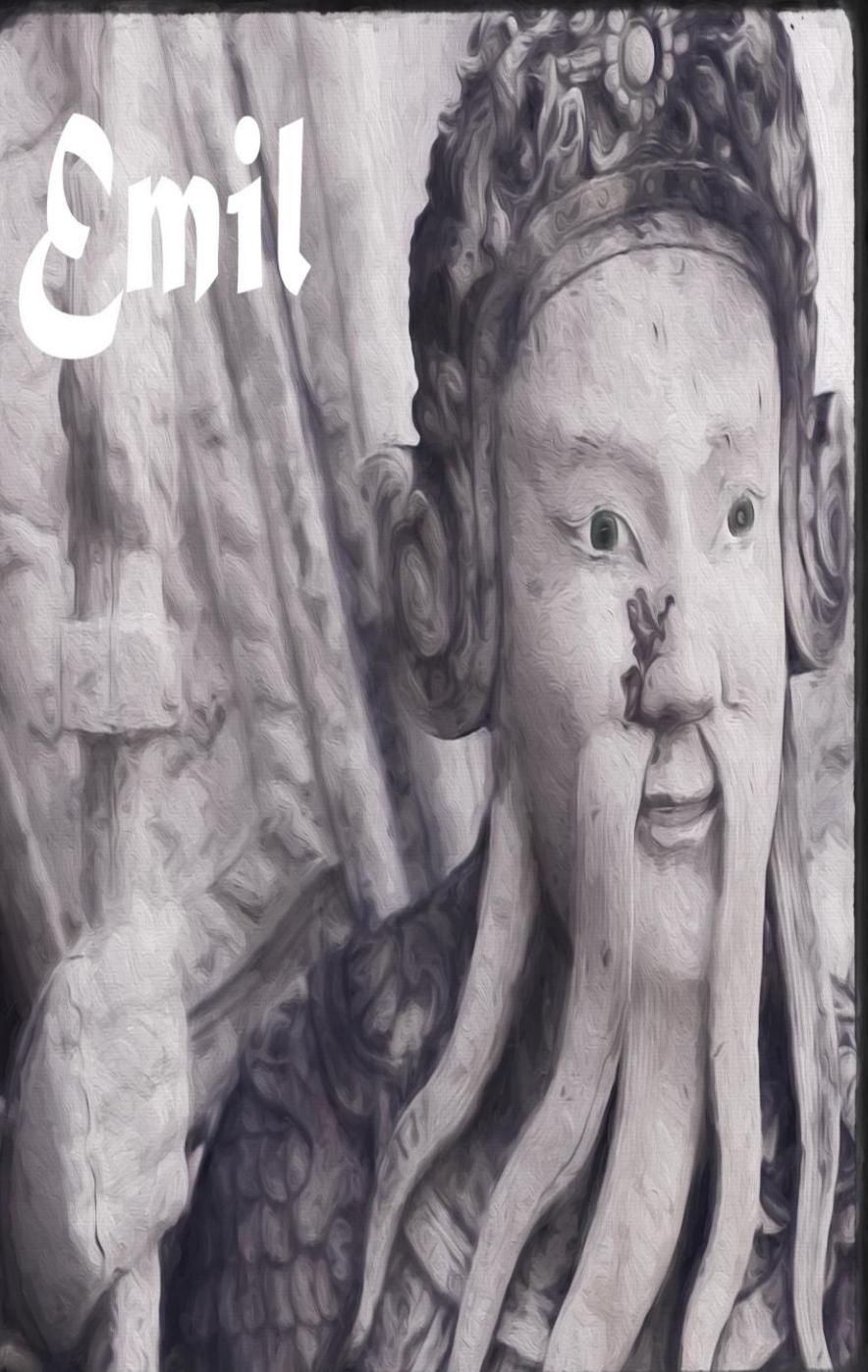
They don't seem to

HAVE A CLUE

I have put some thought into this and I remembered back to the philosophy of our great guru, James...about living in the present and it struck me like a lightning bolt that this was what was happening... these people seem to be living out a

LATE ROMAN

Belief/Vision that there is no tomorrow, no other world or heaven to flee to...Just there here...Just the **NOW!**



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

*“So be happy and live like
there is no tomorrow”*

...because there isn't and that
is why I have the extra sense
gnawing away at me.

Claudie and even Seine (when
he is here) are drawn deep
into this

SURREALISTIC

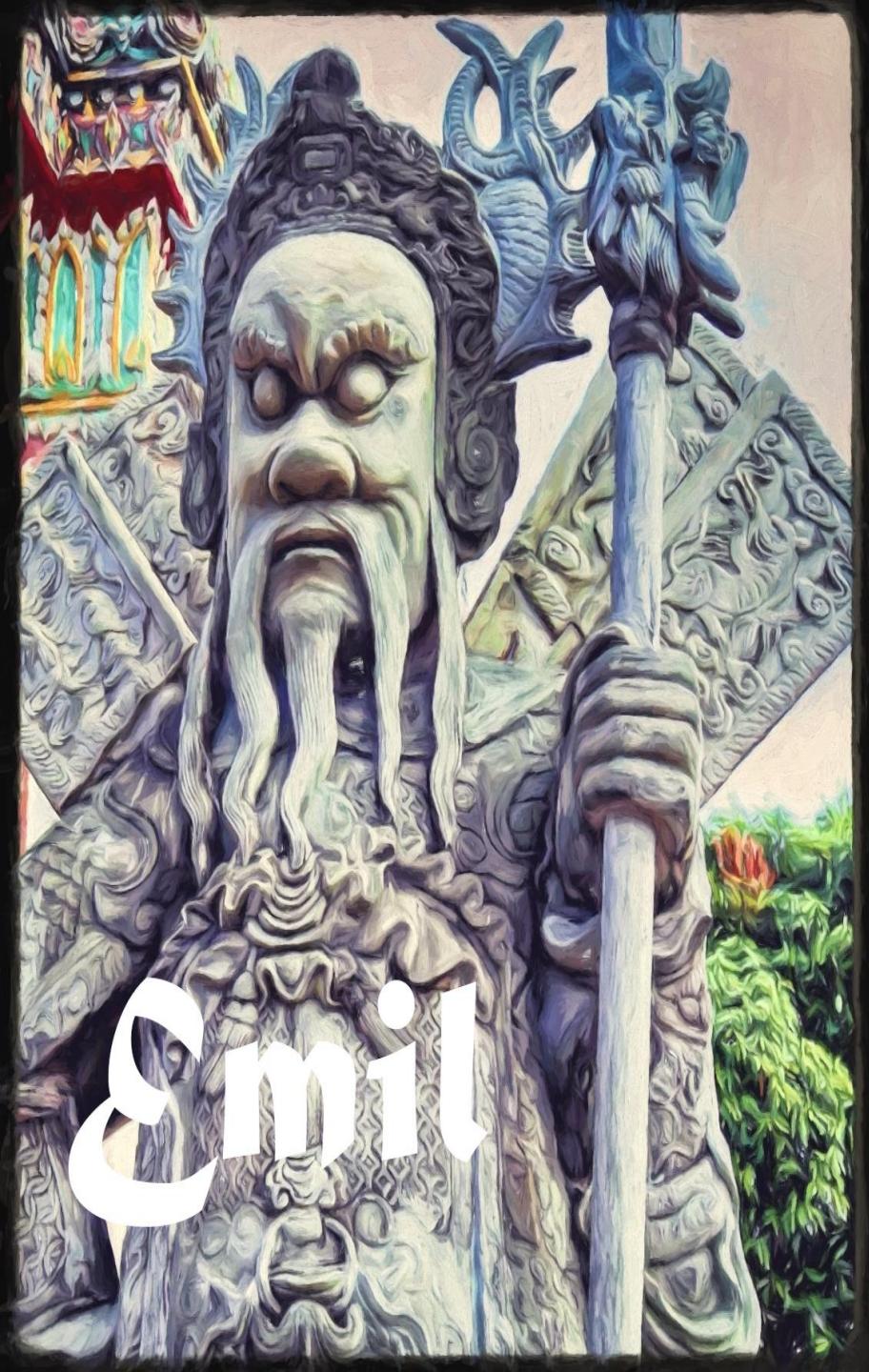
*“Au pays des aveugles les
borgres sant rois”*

world where I am the

ODD MAN OUT

as I have the sight to see
the true depraedataus nature
to these greedy and corrupt





GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

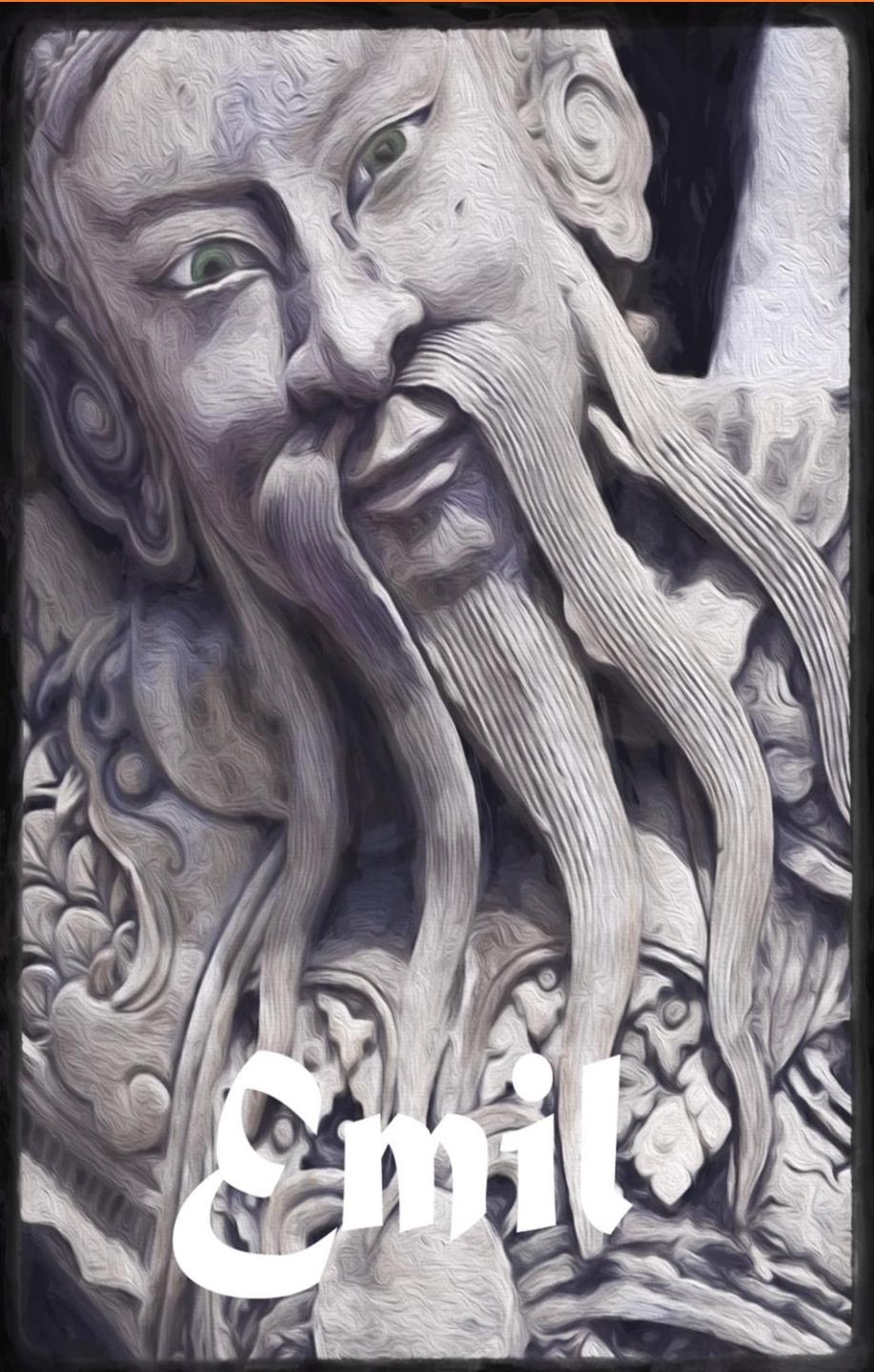
Tai Pan Nationalists to plunder, to ravage the local population of even the mere

DREAM OF SURVIVAL

mostly because, they have already made plans to be out of town when the

JAPANESE TANKS

arrive at the city's gates...leaving with their wagons loaded to the brim with all the city's treasures and wealth that could have been used to aid the survival of (at least) the women and children from the fast approaching Armageddon of Japanese Rape.



Smil

GUTEN TAG CAMPERS! ANYWAY...SORRY!

Don't mean to scare you as you always said that fear was a form of mental illness and I am not insane...I am merely cautious...or as my English Chum says:

**"I am very circumspect
about my environment..."**

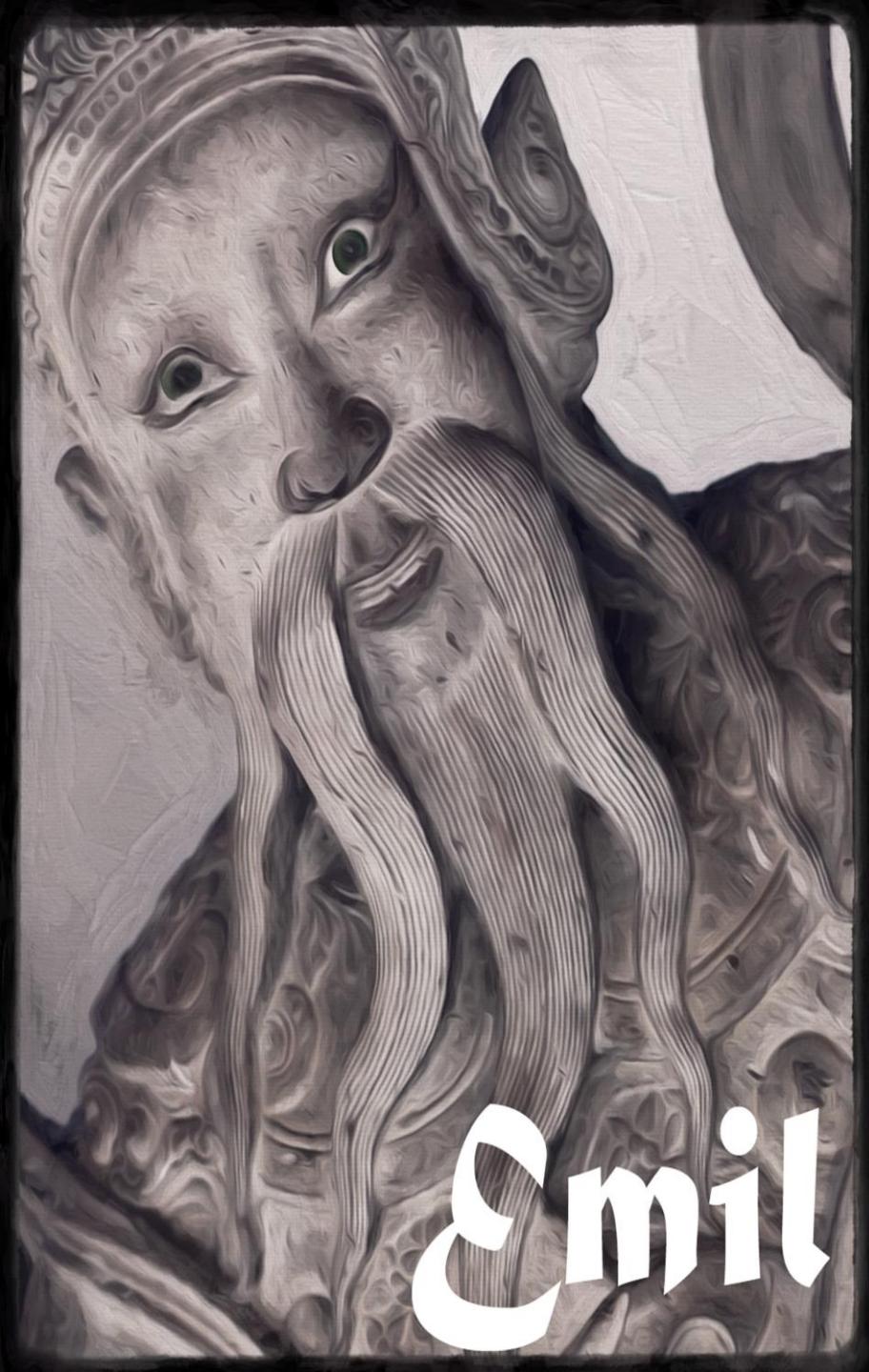
The Japanese are coming and it will be a very bad day for the vast majority of the people that are to be

LEFT IN PLACE

I have been told that it is on purpose, I have heard that the government is going to

Emil





GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

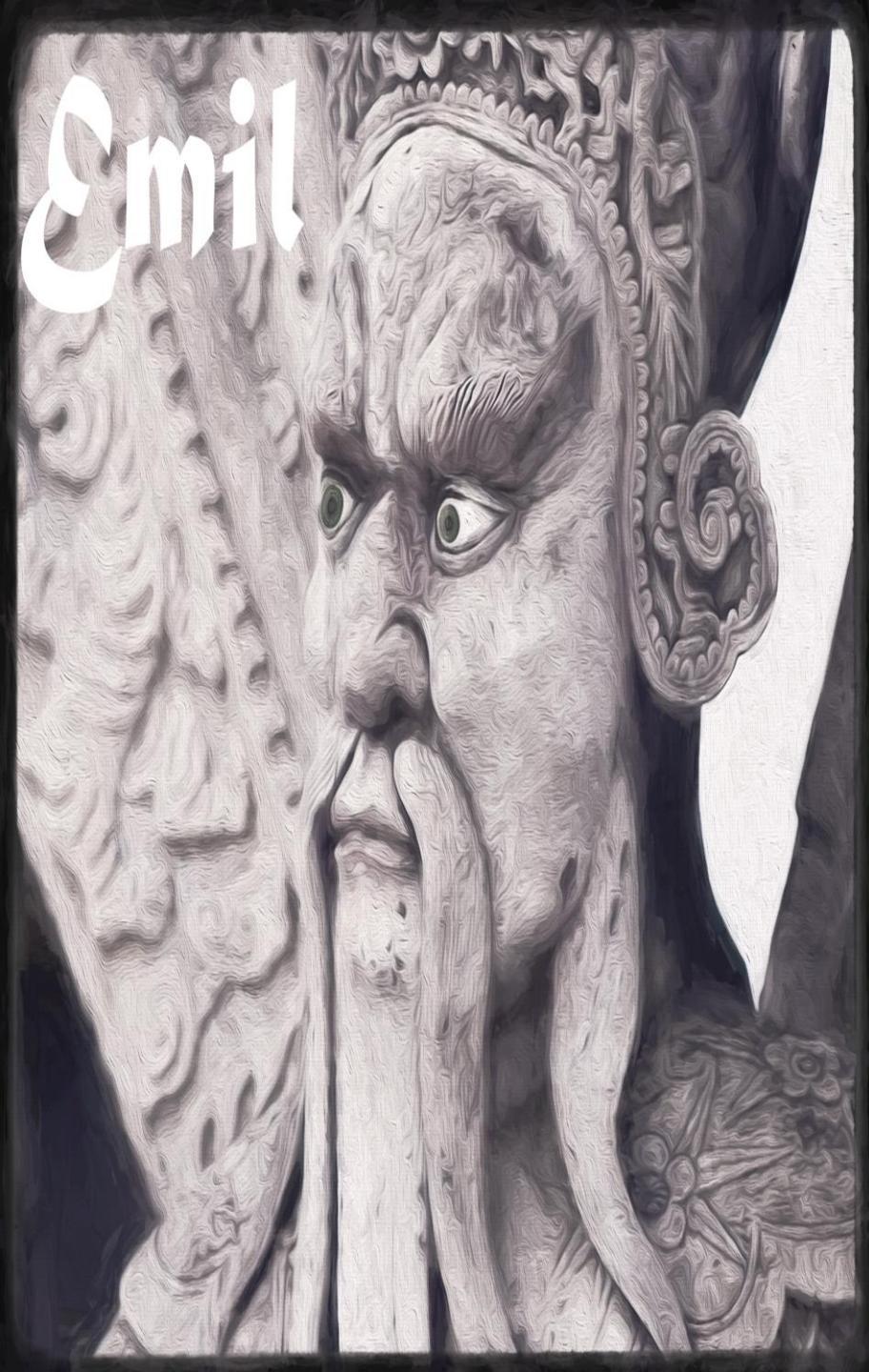
use the city's population to slow down the Japanese advance and aid them in the retreat of the main part of the army and the government. This evacuation and the fact that there is a plan is unknown to the general public...

FOR GOOD REASON!

If the population knew that they were being left behind and that they had been so readily written off by the very people swore by oath to

DEFEND THEM

to the death, this would



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

already be a deserted, ghost town...

TRULY...SERIOUSLY

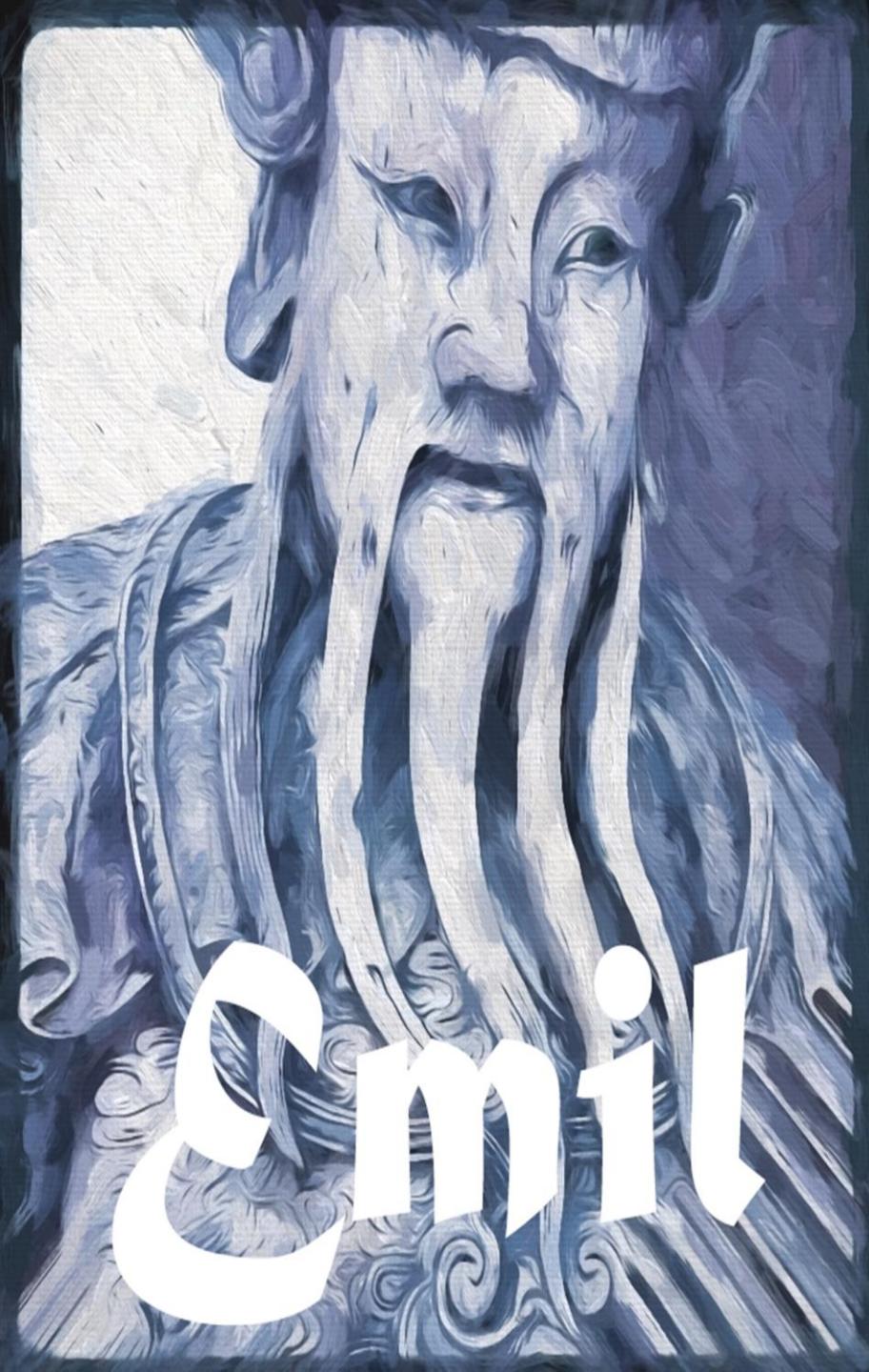
know this, anyone with any sense would have already left town or they would have already secured a

GOLDEN TICKET

on the last lorries out of this doomed city.

I have seen this before in the trenches of the Great War and you know, each of those fools who tried to live for the moment, they ended up dead and usually, they never went alone...they usually took





comit

GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

many of their comrades with them. Every time, I look around, I get that

MOJO SENSE

of the hair standing up on the back of my neck...crazy phrase, I know doesn't make

SENSE IN FRENCH

but, it is like your body being filled with an electric charge...like the time your uncle (the crazy one) stuck the fork into the

WALL SOCKET...

well, that may be extreme but, to a lesser extent, that



emil

GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

is what I feel when death
is stalking near me.

What will be will be...we have
secured our golden tickets
through the connections that

CHEF CHIANG

has with the government.
YES! We are no better than
those corrupt Tai Pans and
we should be spreading the
word...sounding the warning...
shouting from

THE ROOF TOPS

but, then, we aren't.
I know you question how
I have come to this advanced
information about the



Emil



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

betrayal of the city of

NANKING

being this underpaid,
starving artist working in
some hooch bar...fair question!

It is because I am a

STARVING ARTIST

working at five francs per
portrait in a hooch bar
(where it just happens to the
city's Tai Pan Society party)
and because they see me as
a starving artist, they don't
see me as a threat to their
security.

I listen and occasional talk



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

with the mistresses of the Tai Pans as I do their portraits. This is how I knew to be saving every franc I could and to become real close to Chef Chiang.

SEVERAL PAGES AGO

I started to give you an update on those English Professors and their discovery of not a lost city but, a far greater event...

A LOST CIVILIZATION

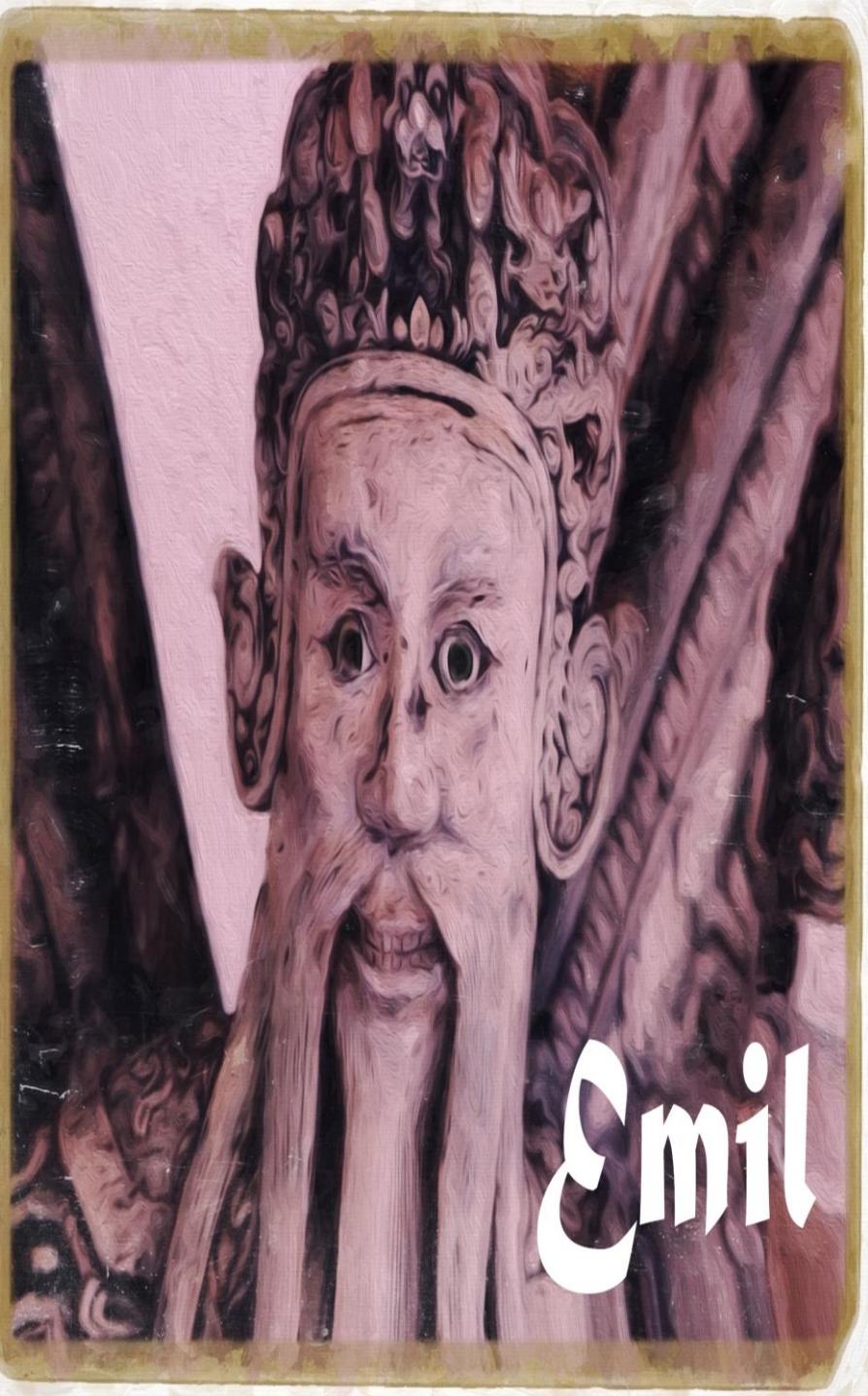
that may...they said, just may...predate the unification of China by the first emperor...they have discovered remains of a series of





Emil

GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!
cities, pyramids
(YES! PYRAMIDS!)
And a complex of tunnels
and caves in the hills
surrounding mountains that
may hold a depository of
records from the
NEARBY RUINS
They have been working with
several Tibetan monks, yogis
and this rather odd English
Adventurist...I think, his name
COLONEL CHURCHWARD
or something like that...
as I only have met him
in an odd, random passing.
(OK! I lied about not knowing



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

the Colonel or elected to share that we shared a checker past...like sorry!) I used my great charm to

WEED MY WAY

into the confidences of these distinguished gentlemen by my great ability to cut through government red tape and that I was able to assist them in getting their digging permits before the government falls totally apart in the coming evacuation. Well!

TO BE TRUTHFUL

I used Chef Chiang's connections but, I did have

A painting of a bearded man with a white turban and a woman with a pink headdress looking at each other.

Emil



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

to pay (an unreasonable fee)
to get the documents
stamped...access to

PRIVILEGE

is costly...this time more than
money, in this case, it is to
be my time and effort in
painting free portraits for
the next two weeks,

HERE AT THE CLUB

Anyway, I am in on the actual
expedition and they are
making plans to leave soon...
they are sensible, educated
men and see that they do not
want to get caught here by a
sudden Japanese Advance.



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Out of paper and the post
is about to arrive...

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

the postman still shows up
every day at noon...guess that
he has been doing it all his
life and wouldn't know how
to do anything different but,
thank God that this is the
rule amongst the average
person on the street and that
has kept the city functioning
on a near normal

LEVEL OF LIFE

Going to be taking a break
from Nanking as the
expedition is leaving



Emil



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

tomorrow morning and I will be gone for almost a month as we will be journeying out to the site of the discovery hidden in the Gobi Desert. Where we are going is hard to say but, they have made the trip several times now and

THEY TELL ME

that it will take us about a week to get there. Primary, we will be traveling by

ARMY TRUCKS

that they purchased from Chef Chiang's connection with enough petrol to get us there



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

with the tonnage of supplies that need to be taken to kept the site up and running. They have spent a lot of

ENGLISH CURRENCY

to secure this tonnage of goods and merchandize but, as they said they need to think in terms that Nanking may not be a repeat trip with the

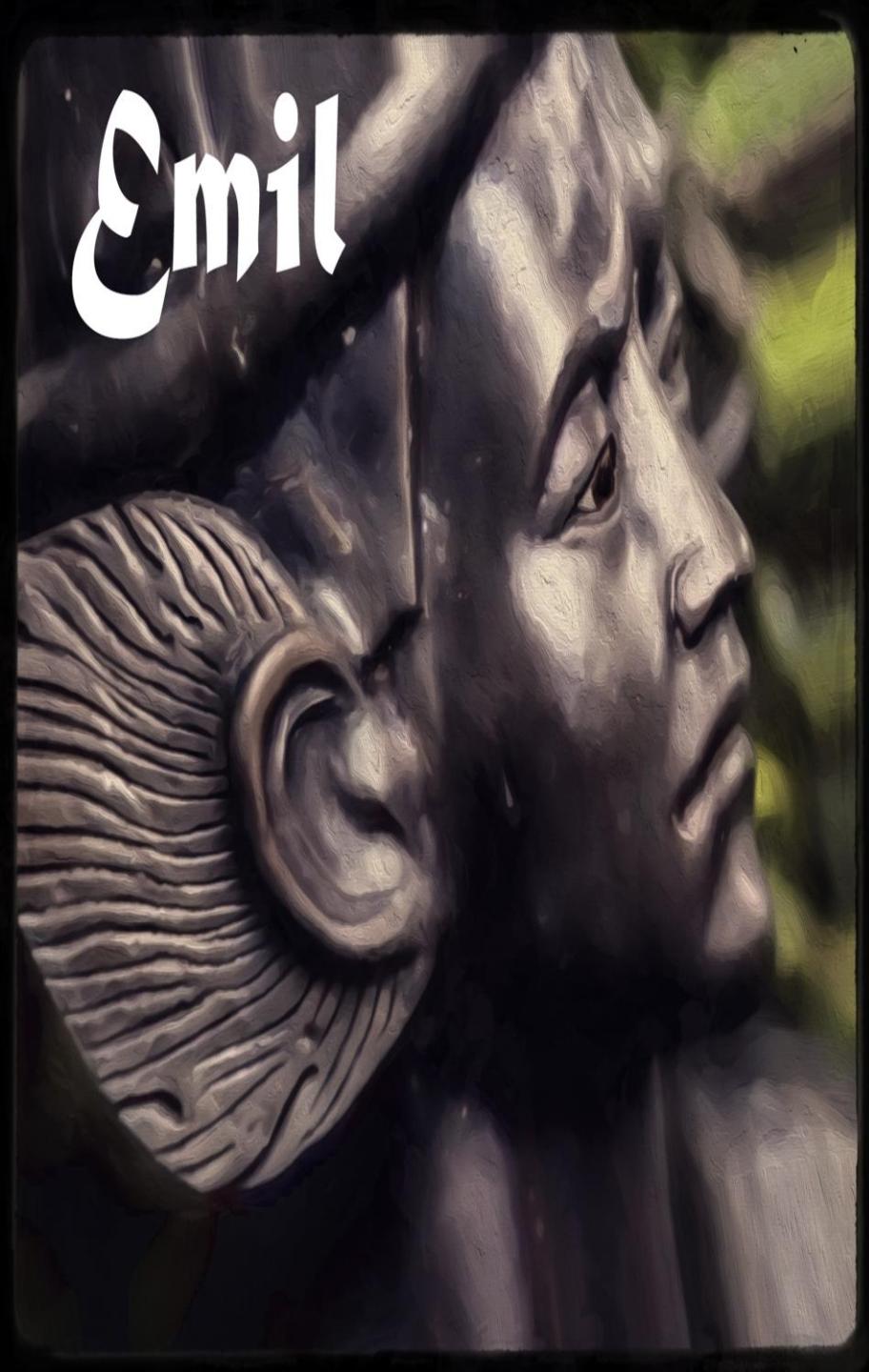
DRUMS OF WAR

resting right outside of the city's gates.

“Plan ahead” was their moto and mantra as they were spreading the cash around rather freely.

Emil





Emil

GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

I will be back unless they are right and there is no Nanking to return to or at least one that I

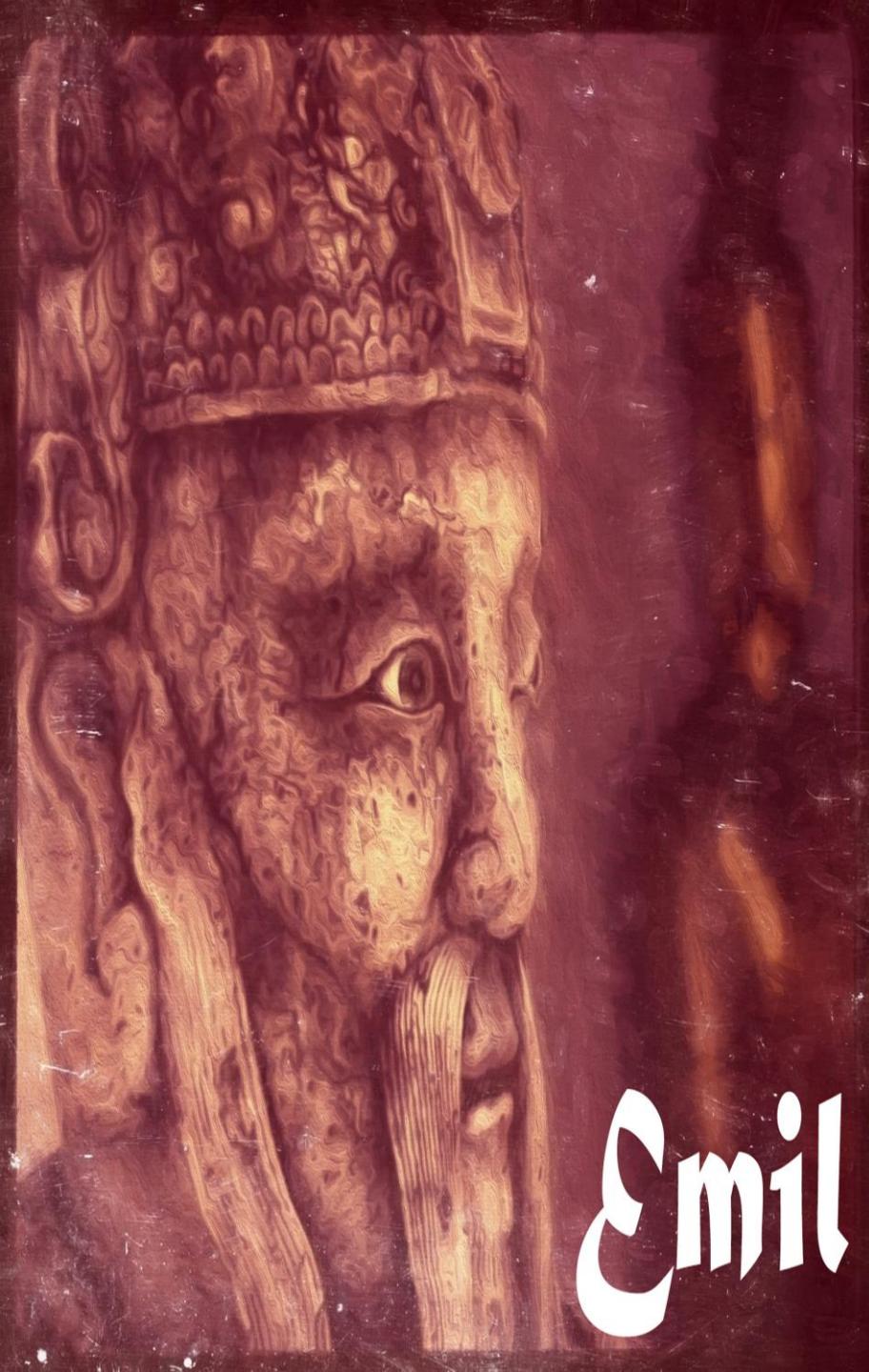
WOULD WANT TO

This might be problematic as I am no longer in possession of the proper paper work of passports and visas to exit through Soviet Russia.

I am told not to worry as they have enough connections to get me through Tibet and down to India...

WORSE CASE

they say.



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

This odd Colonel Churchward character seems to be rather well connected in India as a former officer in the Royal Army and he said that should be the least of my worries.

“LEAST OF MY WORRIES?”

I had to ask. He went on to explain, we had more to fear from bandits, local angry warlords and a few rogue Nationalist or Communist bands that populate the caravan routes that we will be traveling.

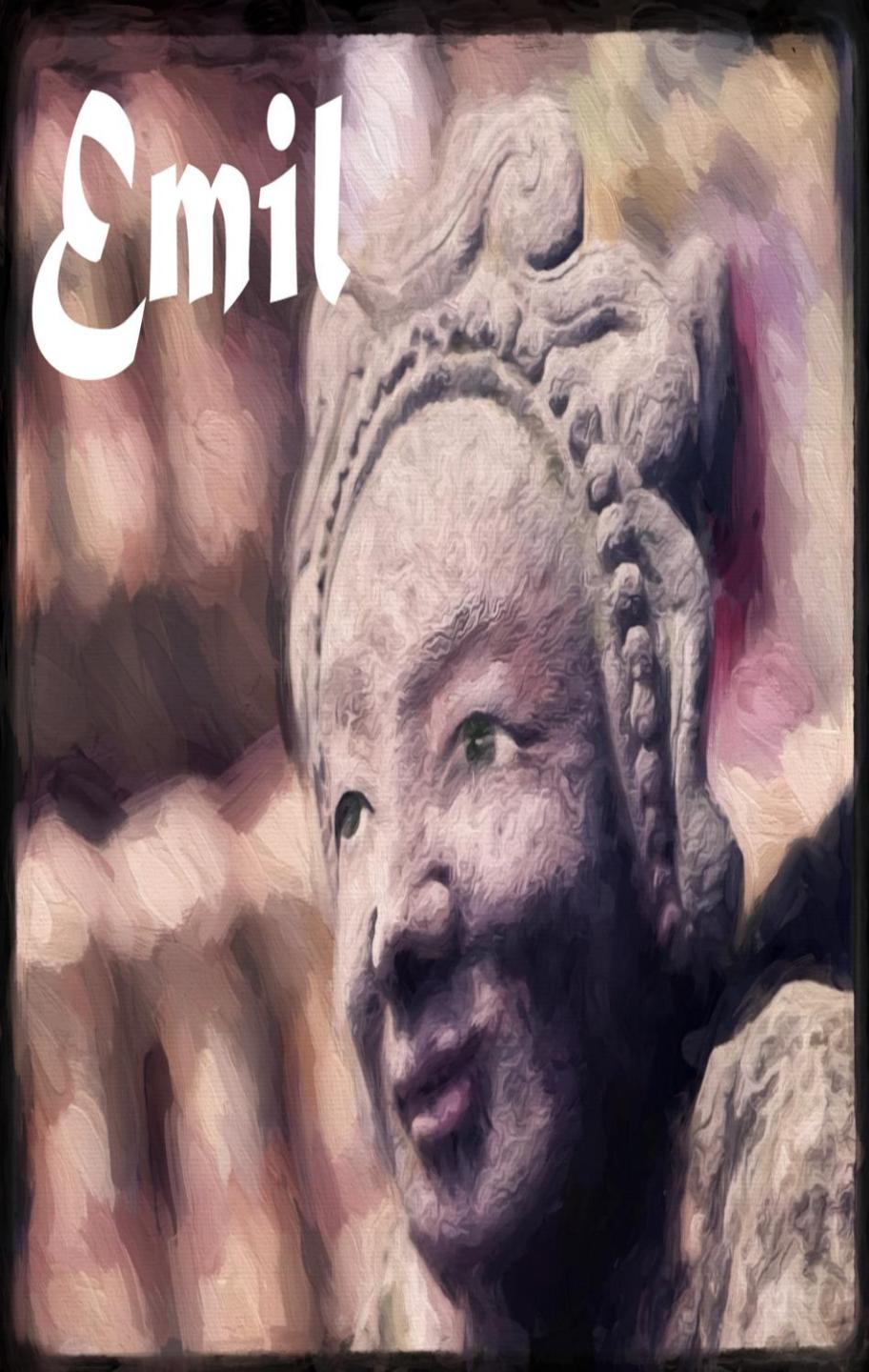
“WHATZ???”

“Nothing to worry about...”

Emil



Emil



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

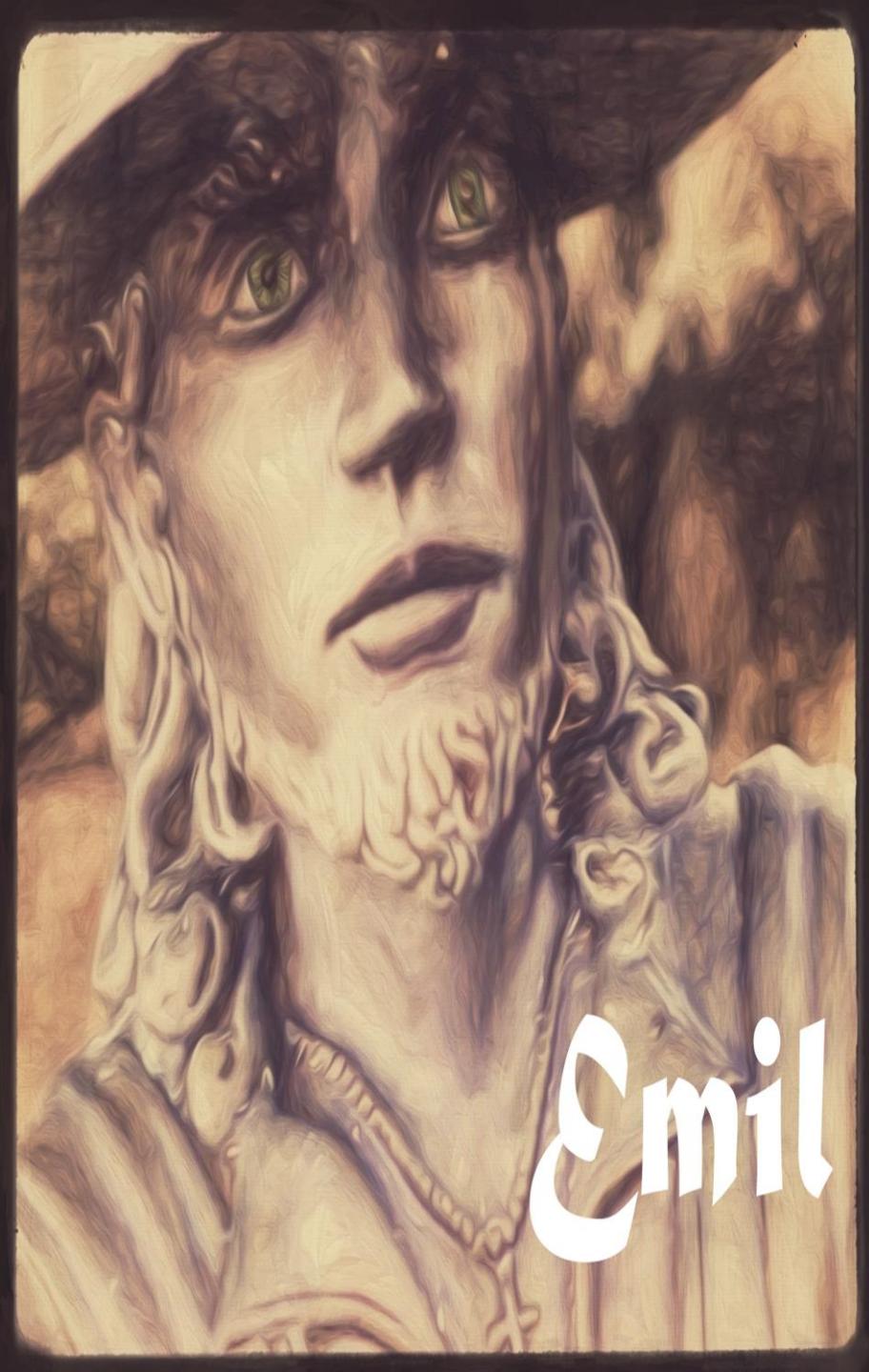
I have discovered that is the Colonel's favorite line but, it makes me pause with wonder...

IF EVERYTHING

is not worth worrying about...maybe, just maybe, everything was worth a worry unless you are some crazy English Colonel who may have spent too much time out in the noon day sun.

Anyway, we are carrying arms
(RIFLES AND SIDE ARMS)

and we have a unit of Nationalist troops dedicated to traveling with us...they, in



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

fact, worry me more than

THE BANDITS

I told Claudie and Seine to
hold my seat on the lorry
just in case, the Japs decide
to wait out

THE MONSOON

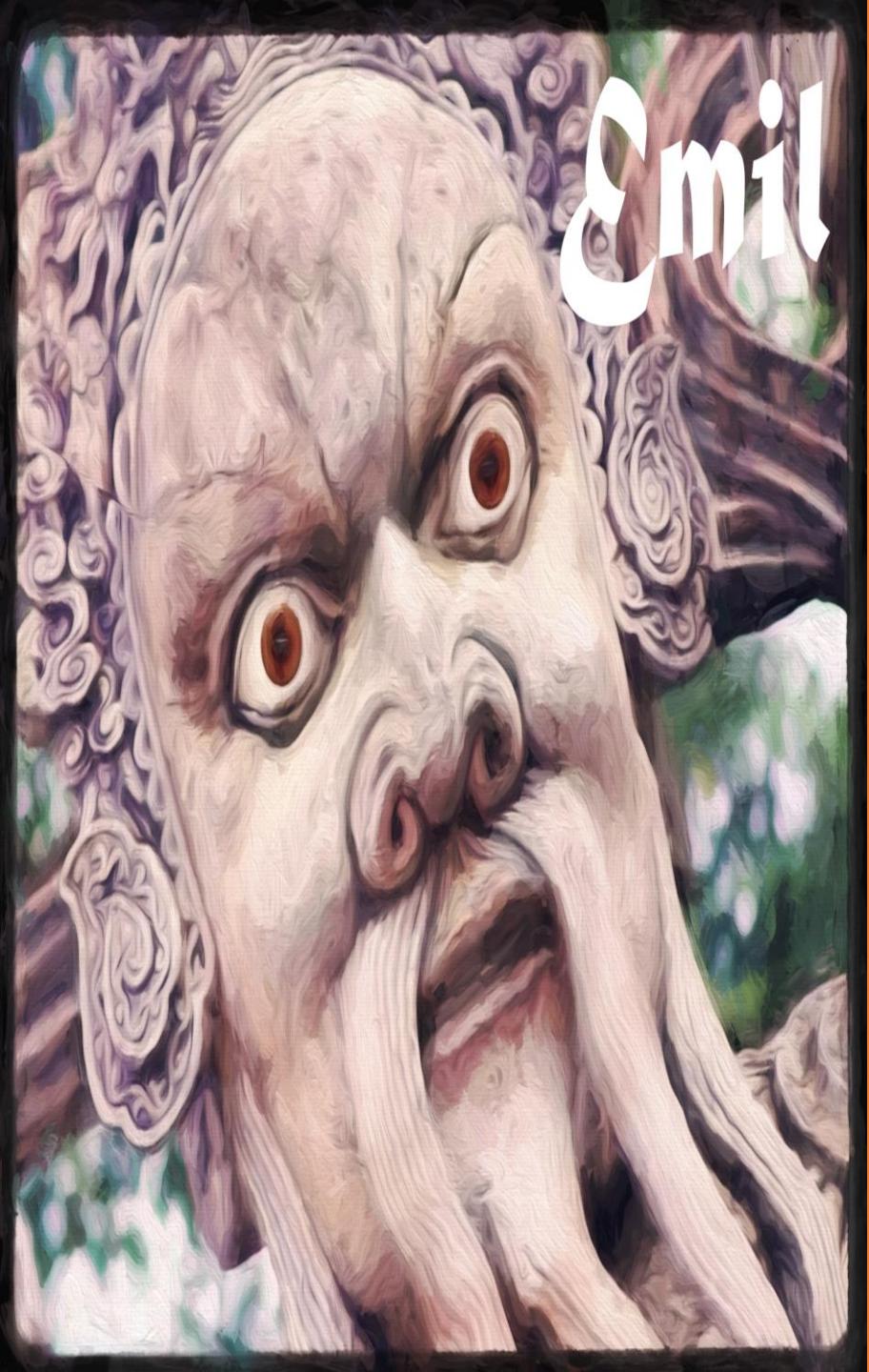
before they take the city.
There is a lot of crazy talk
about the Americans and
Germans to keep the
International Community here
in Nanking as a

“FREE ZONE...”

Free Zone, right? How well



Emil



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

has that worked for shanghai?
I'm excited as this is the
real thing and having had
some rather

LONG CONVERSATIONS

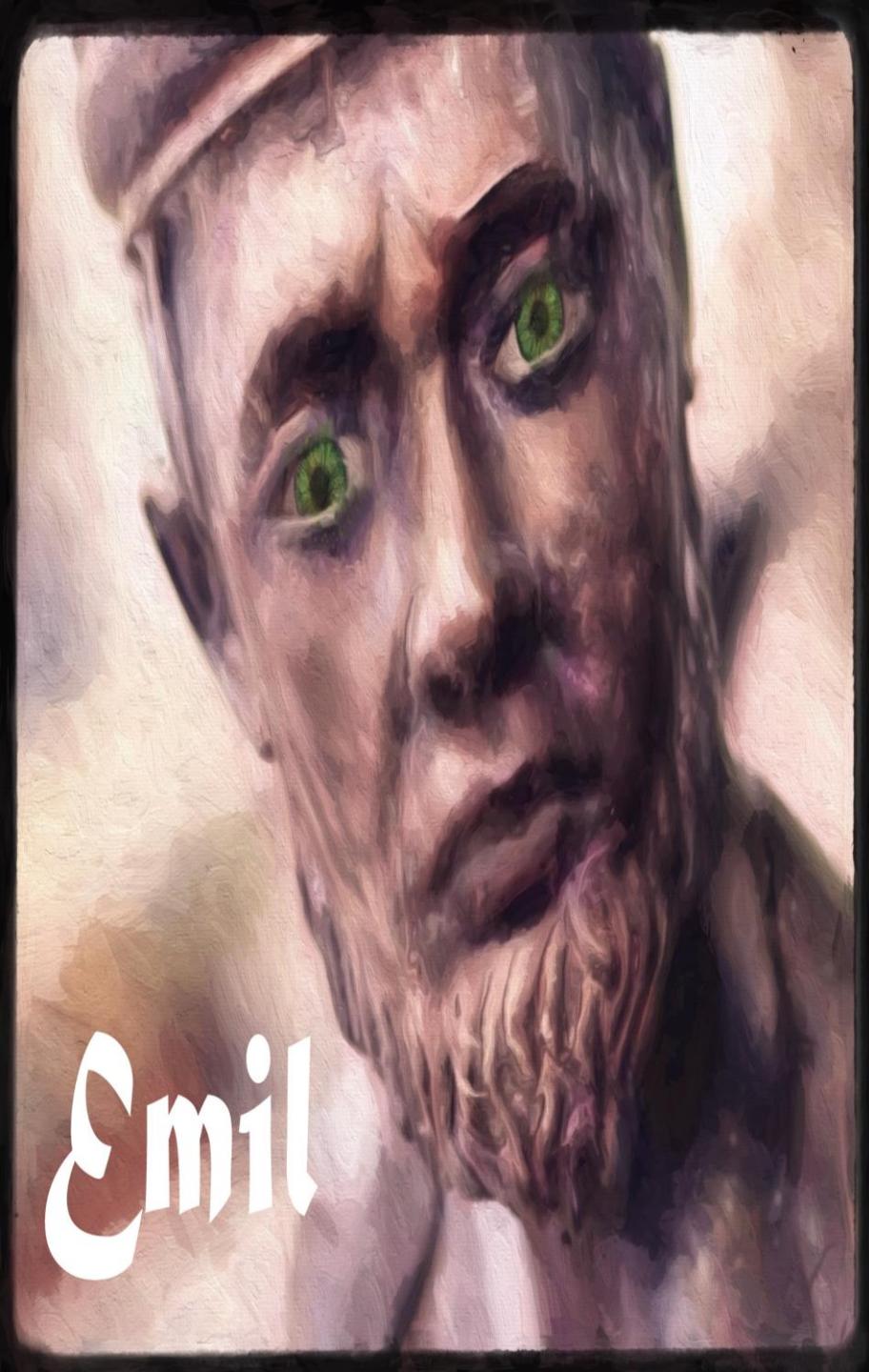
with the Tibetan Monks has
taught me that everything we
learned in school was

FAKE OR DISTORTED

about the early history of
the world. They talked about
the times of the Uyghurs as
a golden age when the Gobi
wasn't a great desert but a

GARDEN OF LAKES

rivers and great mountains of
Ice Rivers.



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

I asked them as to why the Uyghurs were not in the history books and they explained that they were once in the true history of the creation of the world but

THOSE RECORDS

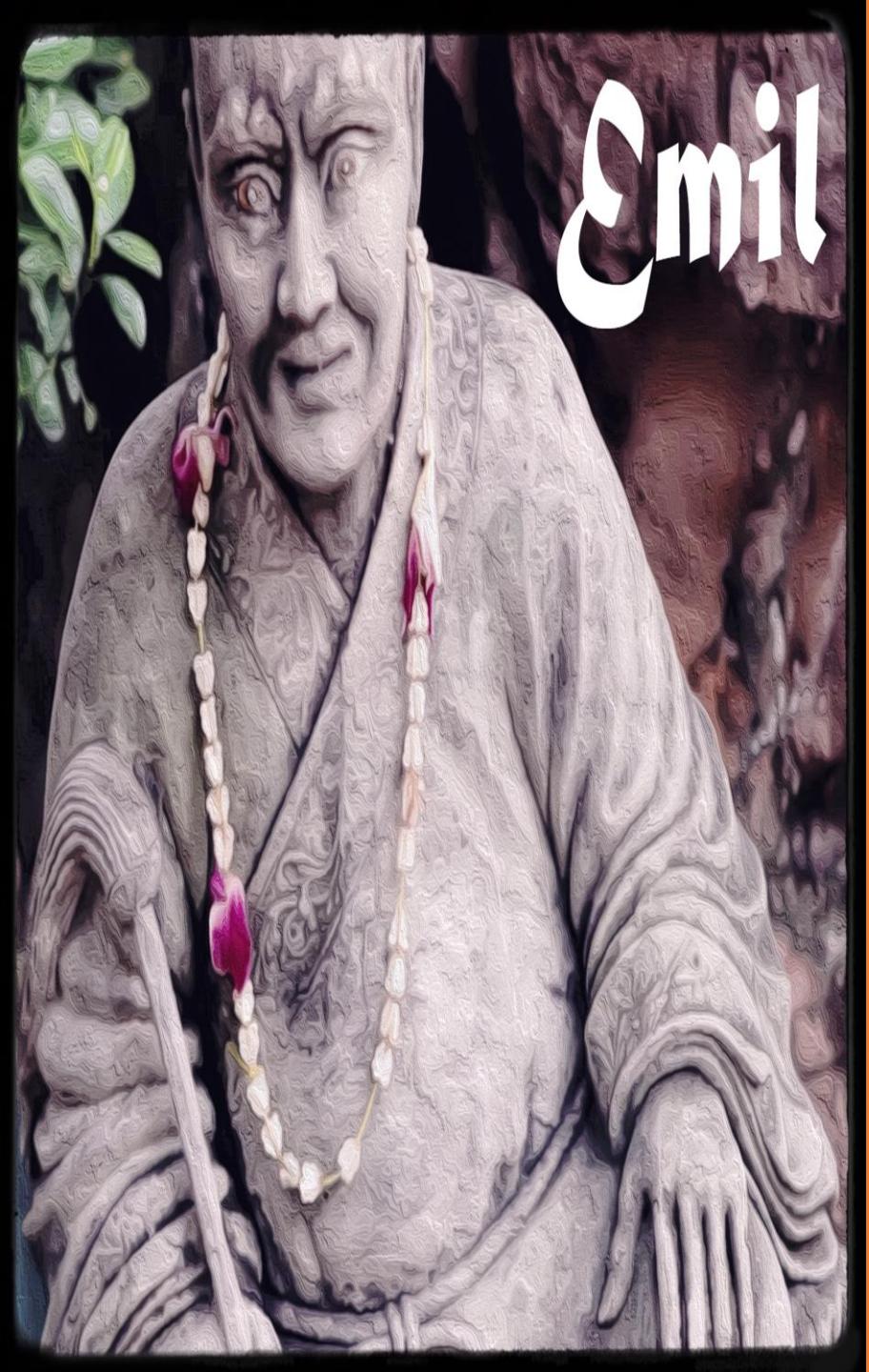
had been destroyed by the Yellow Emperor when he unified the Southern Provinces to form

MODERN CHINA

In fact, they told me that he so hated and feared the Uyghurs that he vowed to destroy every record or



Emil



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

reminder of their

CIVILIZATION

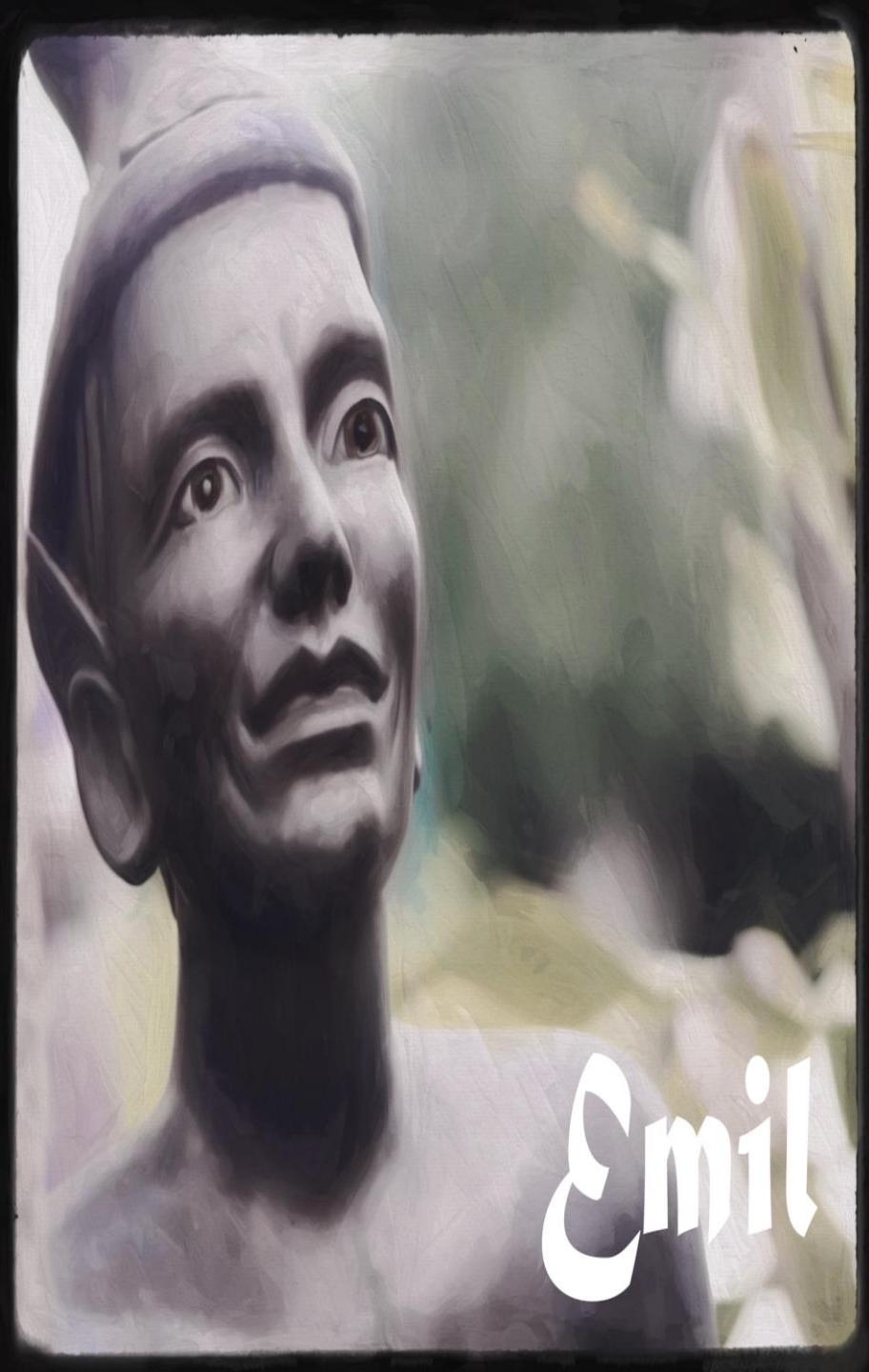
His soldiers burned all of the libraries, put to sword both temples and sites of learning.

In a single swoop, he created

A GENERATION

without a past...he vowed to destroy its every vestige and made it punishable by death to merely speak the ancient language or retell its many tales of greatness.

In that single stroke of his pen, he restarted history



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

with him alone as the founder
and father of the greatness
that had been China for

THOUSANDS OF YEARS

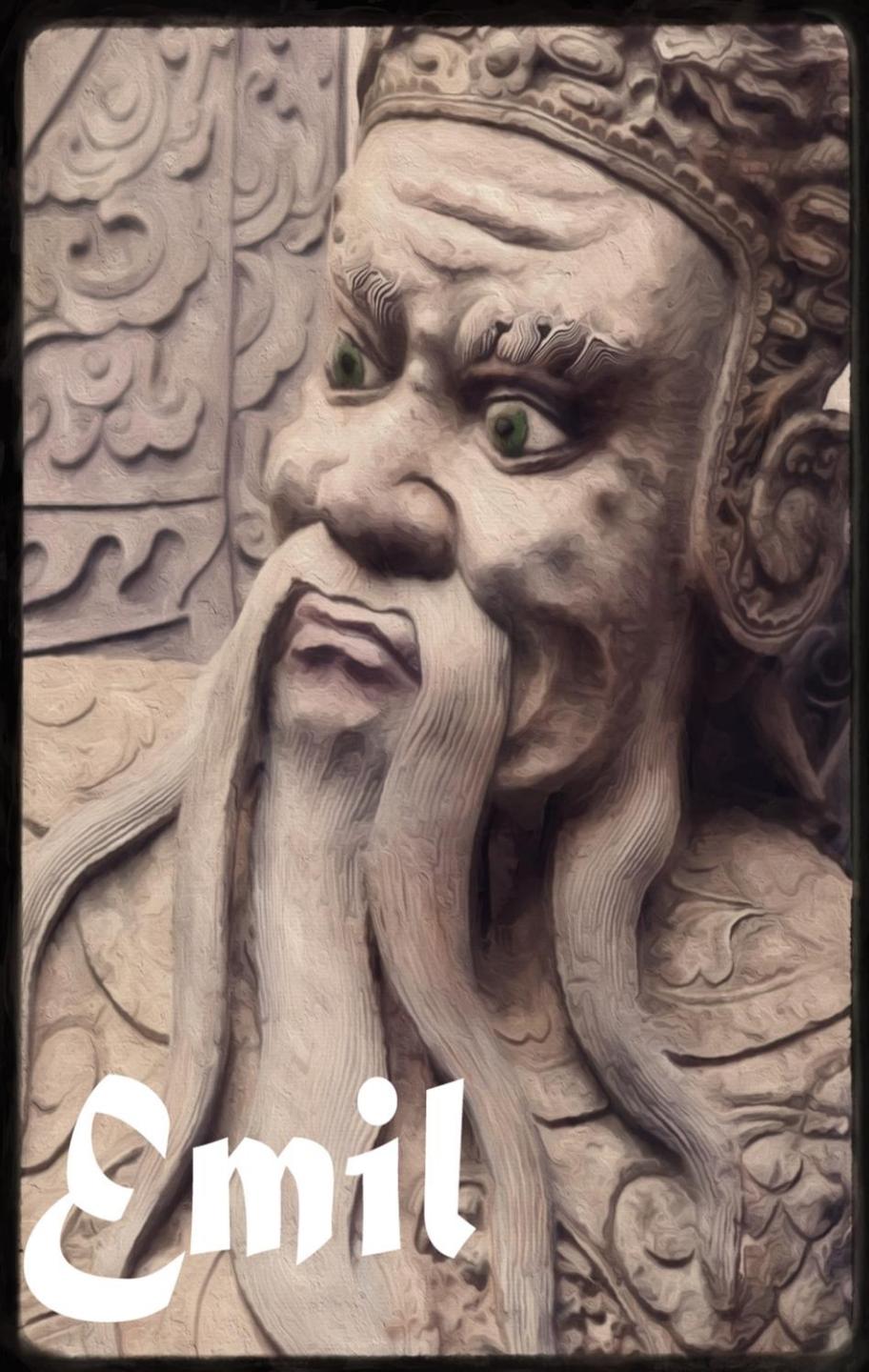
This part of the story made
sense as wasn't it just the
same as Caesar had tried to
do with the destruction of
the great library at

ALEXANDRIA?

Hadn't the Conquistadors
destroyed the ancient
libraries of the Aztec, Incas
and Mayans to prevent their
cultures from having a rally
point and a chance to rise
again against the
Spanish Yoke?



Emil



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

How the Gobi, which next to the Sahara, is the greatest desert in the world...

How could it have been

A GARDEN?

That is going to take some convincing evidence to pass

THE SMELL TEST

But, then again, if the ruins are as massive and widespread out in the area as they claim, there must have had some great source of water to support such large populations.

I won't know until we get



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

there and I have a chance

TO LOOK AROUND

I offered Claudie a chance to come but, he just looked at me like I was crazy...

“Leave a perfectly good hotel with indoor plumbing to go look at a bunch of rocks (ruins) out in the middle of the biggest desert in the world...and there isn’t any treasure to loot...are you crazy or are you kidding?”

We leave in the early morning as the professors want to be on the road before dawn so we can travel as far as we can



Emil



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

away from Nanking and the chance of a Jap air strike

ON OUR CONVOY

I am leaving this letter with Chef Chiang. I hope he mails it as he is still rather upset with me for skipping town owing him two weeks of free portraits...but, then, I got him a piece of the action in outfitting the expedition, so, I figure we are square!

HAD A CONVERSATION

with Herr Smith today here at the club as he was trying to sell his goods and services to the professors (not

Emil



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

knowing that I had already made a deal through Chef Chiang's connections). He is a rather odd but

NICE GUY

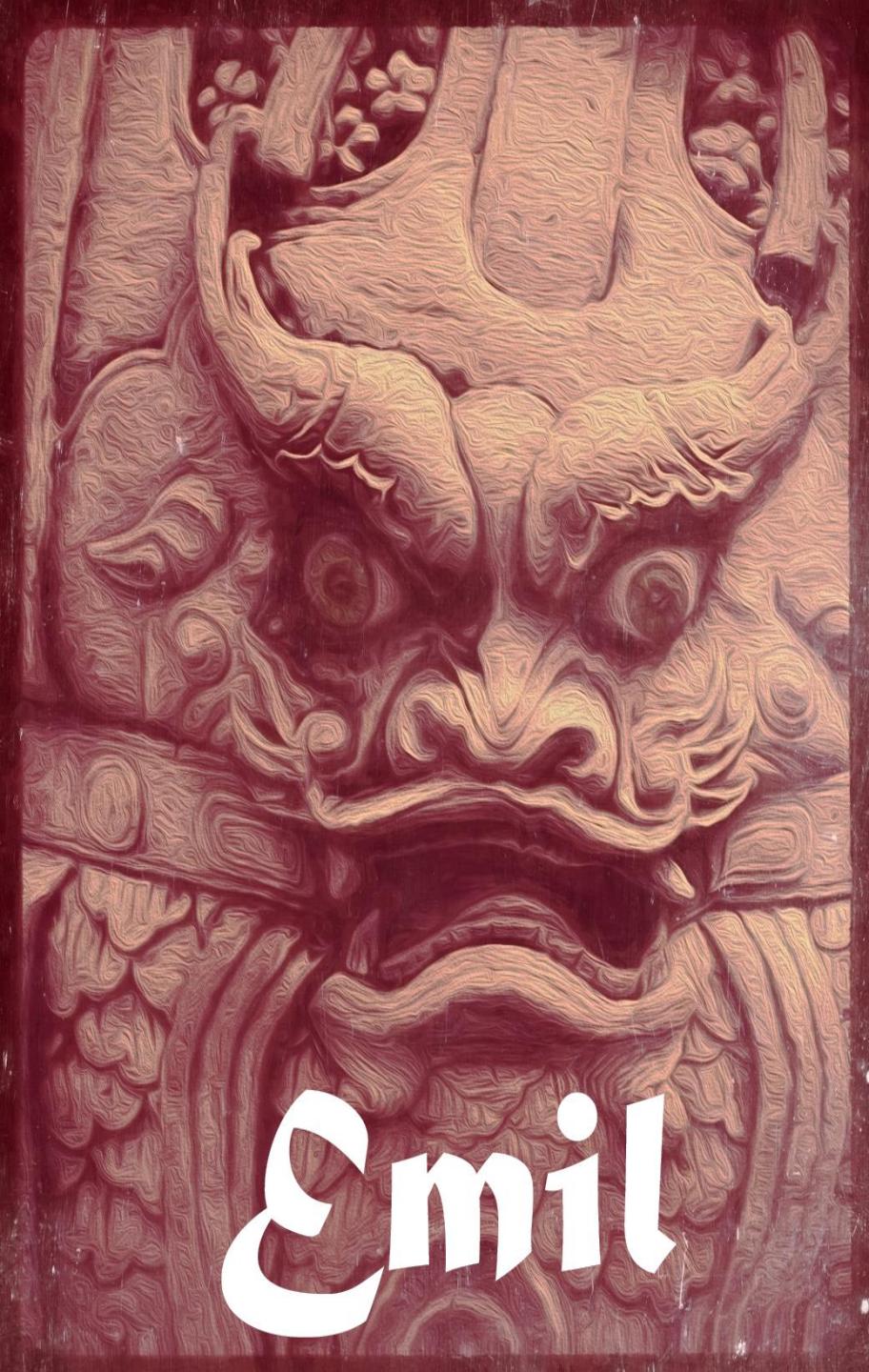
for a German. He had spent his own time on the other side of some of same trenches where Claudie and I were

HUNKERED DOWN

In many ways, we share a common story and I have to admit that there isn't any tension nor hard feelings that I normally would feel



Emil



Emil

GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

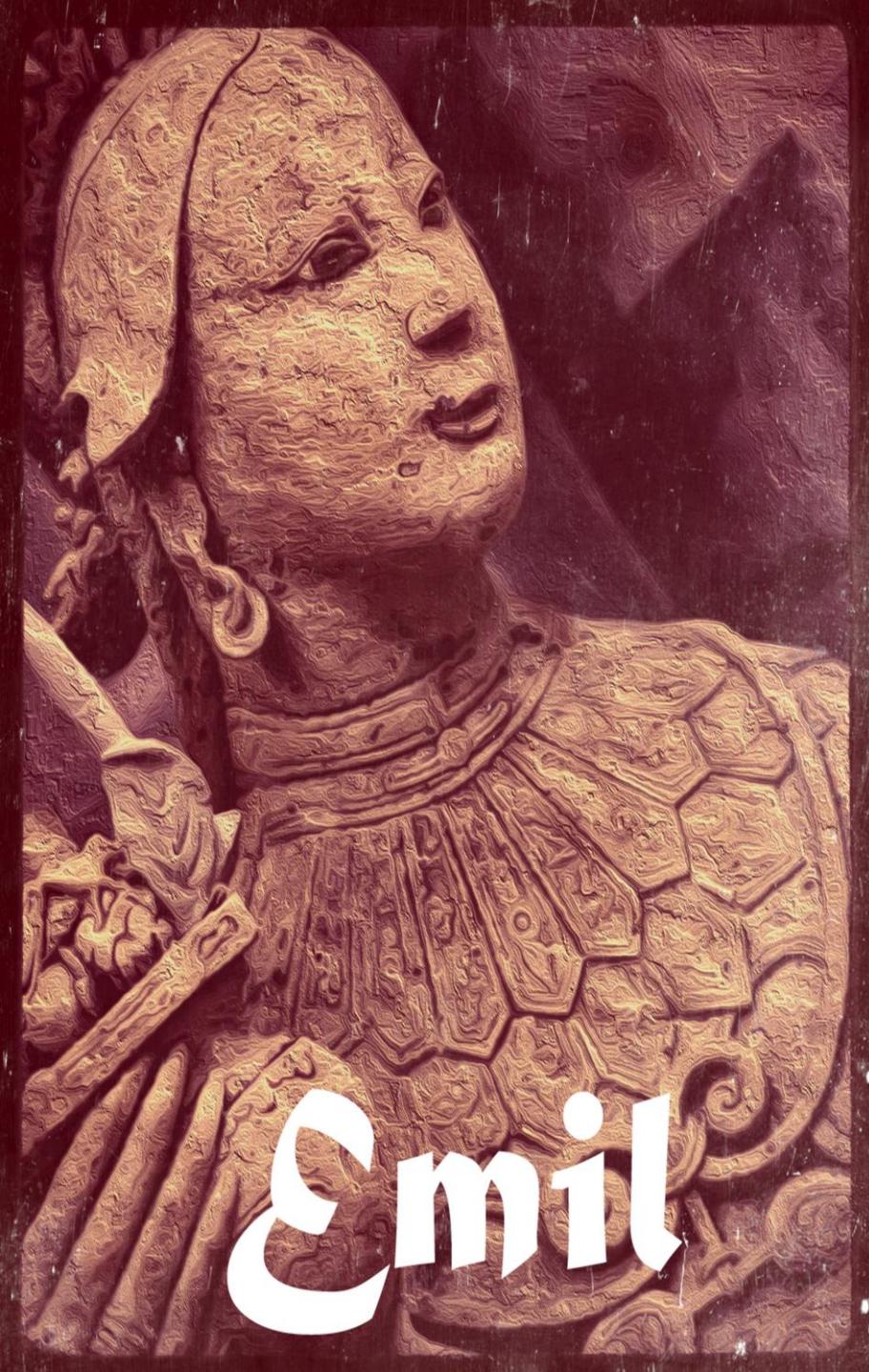
around just a regular German. How he ended up at the end of the world with the rest of us is a story worthy of

ITS OWN BOOK

Maybe, he will live long enough to write it. He had been a somewhat successful German Business Man with a somewhat nasty, degenerate urge to chase young Chinese

Flappers all through the club, every night, like some kind of lost puppy looking for a new owner/mistress.

Don't think he was ever successful in catching many as he was not an attractive



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

man with a rather large beer belly and graying, bushy mustache that the young Chinese Girls said was

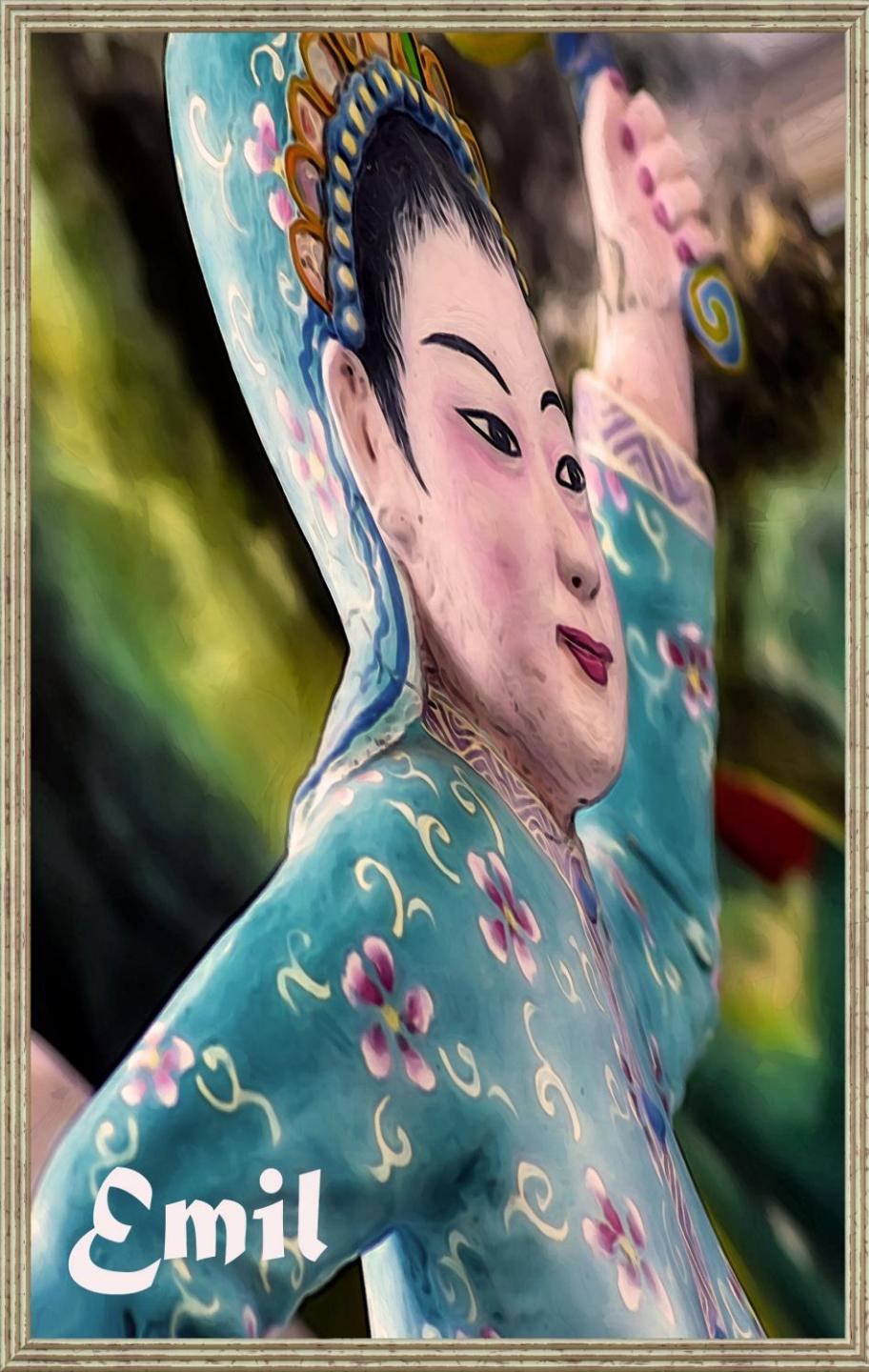
“LESBIAN”

...the actual phrase doesn't translate very good but, I hope you get the reference. He isn't worried about the Japs and I guess that makes some sense since the Germans and the Japanese seem such a great (but still odd) friends.

He is talking about closing up shop as the Nazis have stop filtering through



Emil



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS! Nanking on their way to and FROM TIBET

He said that for the past ten years, this had been the most profitable part of his business dealings in outfitting their expeditions and they always paid top dollar...and paid in gold...who wouldn't love customers

LIKE THAT?

His biggest frustration was those damn Chinese Business Men who would set up factories right next to his



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

and manufacture the very same things as he was and then, sell it at less than he did.

HE WAS TIRED

of this and he said

“To be truthful...”

that the only reason why he was hanging around so long was to see the Japanese put his competition out of business...leaving him the

ONLY GAME IN TOWN.

“And if it doesn’t work out...”

he said that he and his son (now 17 years old and a student at the International School here in Nanking) would

Emil



Emil



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

be returning to Germany to start a new business.

“NEW BUSINESS?”

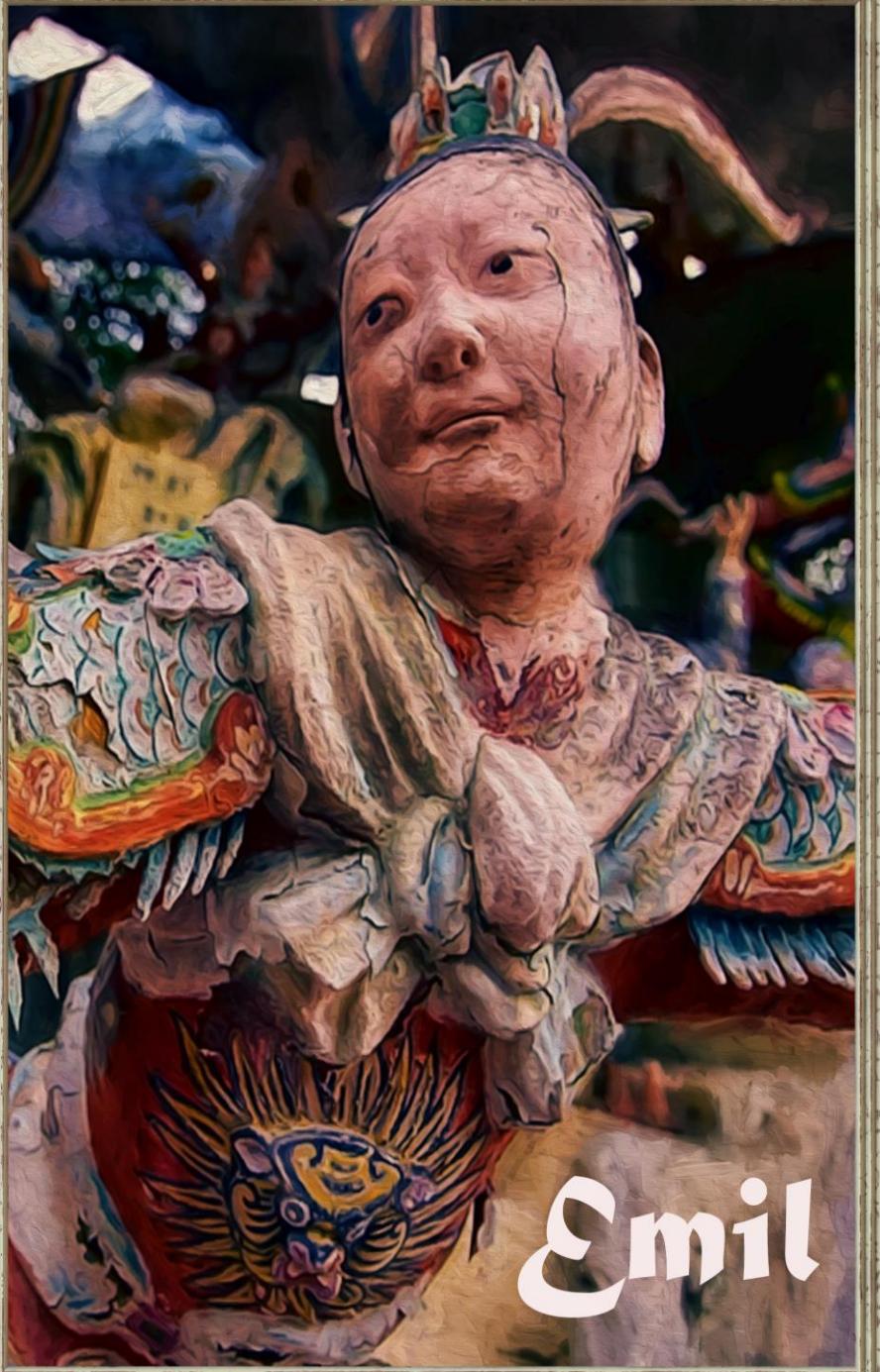
I asked.
He told me that Germany has built the world's greatest and most modern

AIR FLEET

and that meant that they have a lot of pilots who will need fur lining for their flight suits (and something rather odd about space suits).

He said that as a child, he was raised on a rabbit farm and that rabbit fur was the

Emil



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

best natural fur for keeping

ITS WARMTH

So, in fact, he was going to restart the family's old business with a special contract to the

GERMAN AIR FORCE

Thanks to the connections he had made with some top Nazi who was pleased by his work

HERE IN CHINA

I didn't have the heart to tell him that I was in business with those crooked, Chinese Business Men and that



Emil



Emil

GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

I had cut him out of yet another deal...little alone what my deal was with the expedition or what they

WERE SEEKING

My great grand dad, who served on many a tramp steamer in the Caribbean before being pressed into service by the

UNION NAVY

to service the blockade of Southern port cities during the Great War between the American States always said
“Loose lips sink ships!”



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

And, I don't want to sink
this ship...until I return...
I am still missing you.

DON'T WORRY...!

I had hoped to keep a journal
to record the daily travel to
the expedition's site in the
far reaches of the

GOBI DESERT

but, faith, the weather and
a rather rude, young
Nationalist Solider in urgent
need of toilet paper did
their best to put an end to
any such silly a thought
about doing a book about this
adventure.



Emil



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

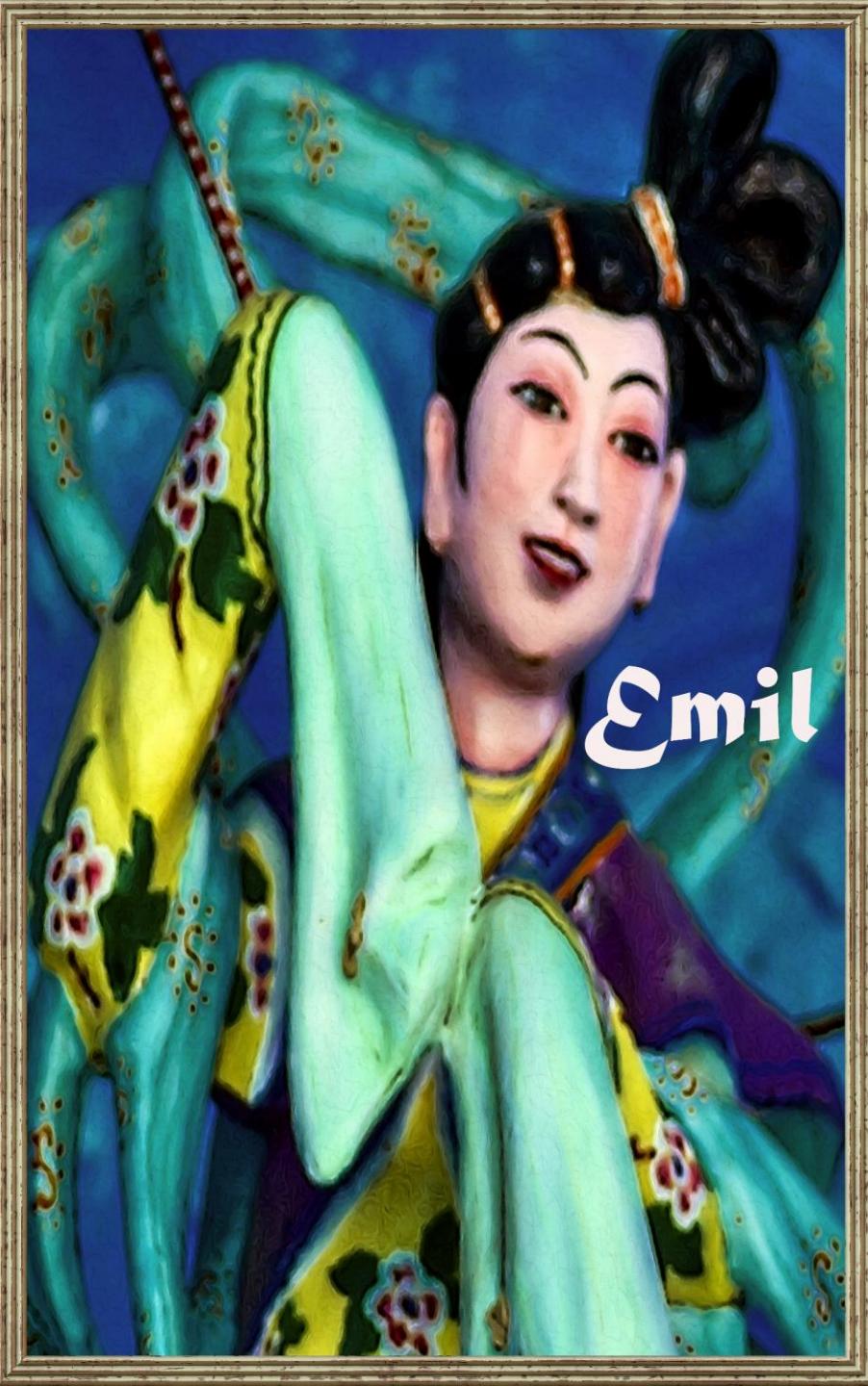
The Nationalist Soldiers were for the most part young recruits with dare I say,

WITH VERY LITTLE

or no formal military training. But, I was thankful that they made the journey with us. Not in regards to their ability to protect us...which I have my serious reserves about...

A QUICK OVERVIEW

of them as a group would help you understand why the Japanese were winning the war. They were a sorry lot of soldiers, mostly young but



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

there were a few that you could tell had grown up in the city's brutal Clans or worst out on the street without the protection of the Clans.

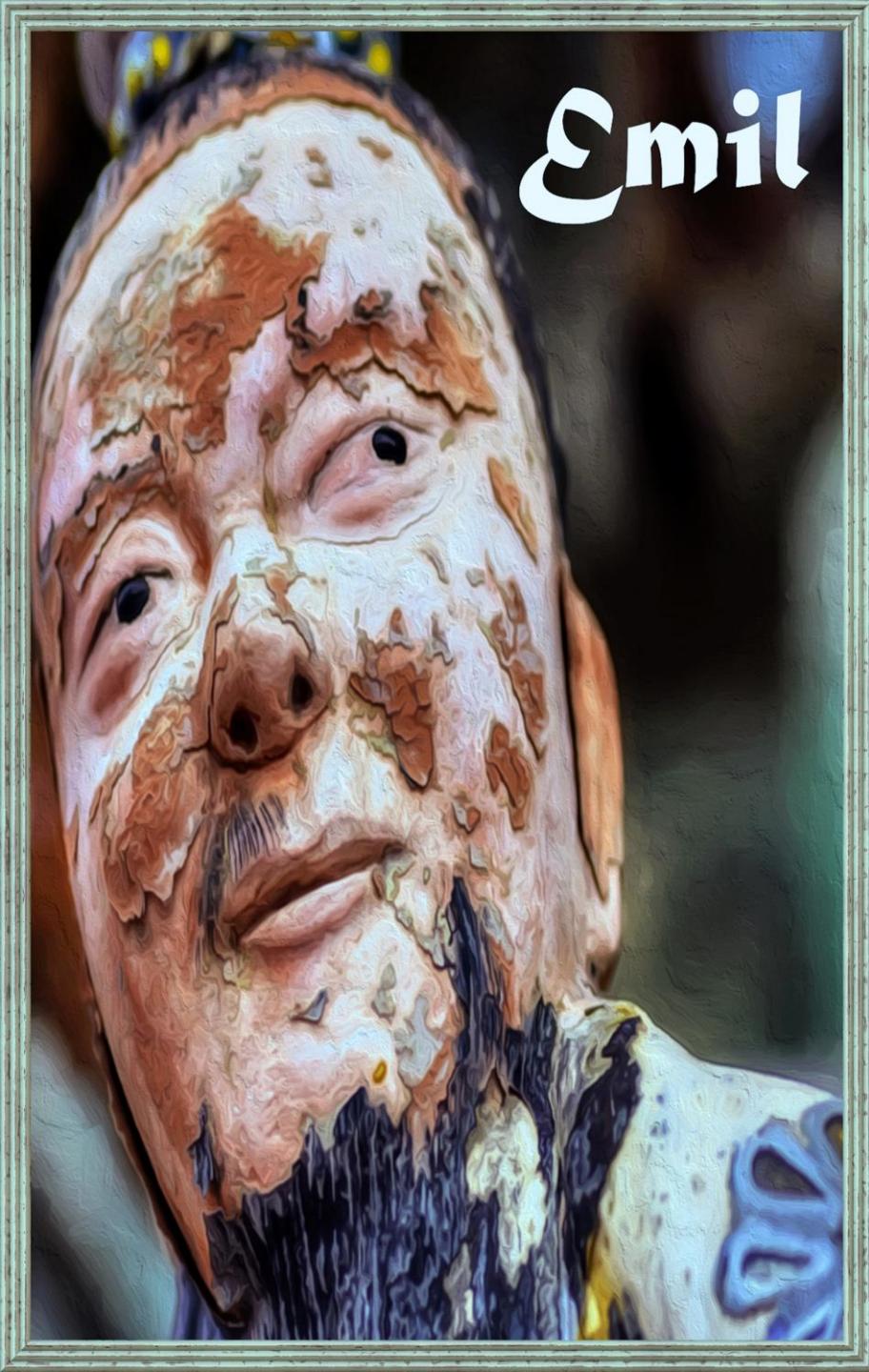
It would be hard to imagine

THEIR ABILITY

to march or drill in a straight line little alone defend us in any practical way other than as a physical shield. You could wisely bet that at the very first sign of trouble they would disappear to the winds or worse yet, kills us all in our sleep and taking off with all our treasures.

Emil





Emil

GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

The only thing that (I truly believe) kept them trudging along with us was the fact that they had nowhere else to go that was as safe as

THEY WERE WITH US

Should they go back, they would be the first killed in the battle of Nanking without the Tai Pan Generals even breaking a sweat.

They couldn't go north-east unless they wanted to get conscripted into the

COMMUNIST GANGS

that controlled vast areas of the wasteland of that area.



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

They couldn't go west as they lacked funds or paperwork to get across the Soviet borders

(SOUND FAMILIAR?)

Their best hope was to stay with us as we had food, water and other than an occasional scavenger, we had yet to encounter the dreaded bands of bandits that

COLONEL CHURCHWARD

warned were just up ahead, around the next bend. He truly is a strange man. He is a military man of good upbringing in that classic English School of *“A Gentleman’s Duty”*

Emil





GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

that I had so often seen in
the Northern Death Trenches.

Most of them actually gave
their lives rather quickly

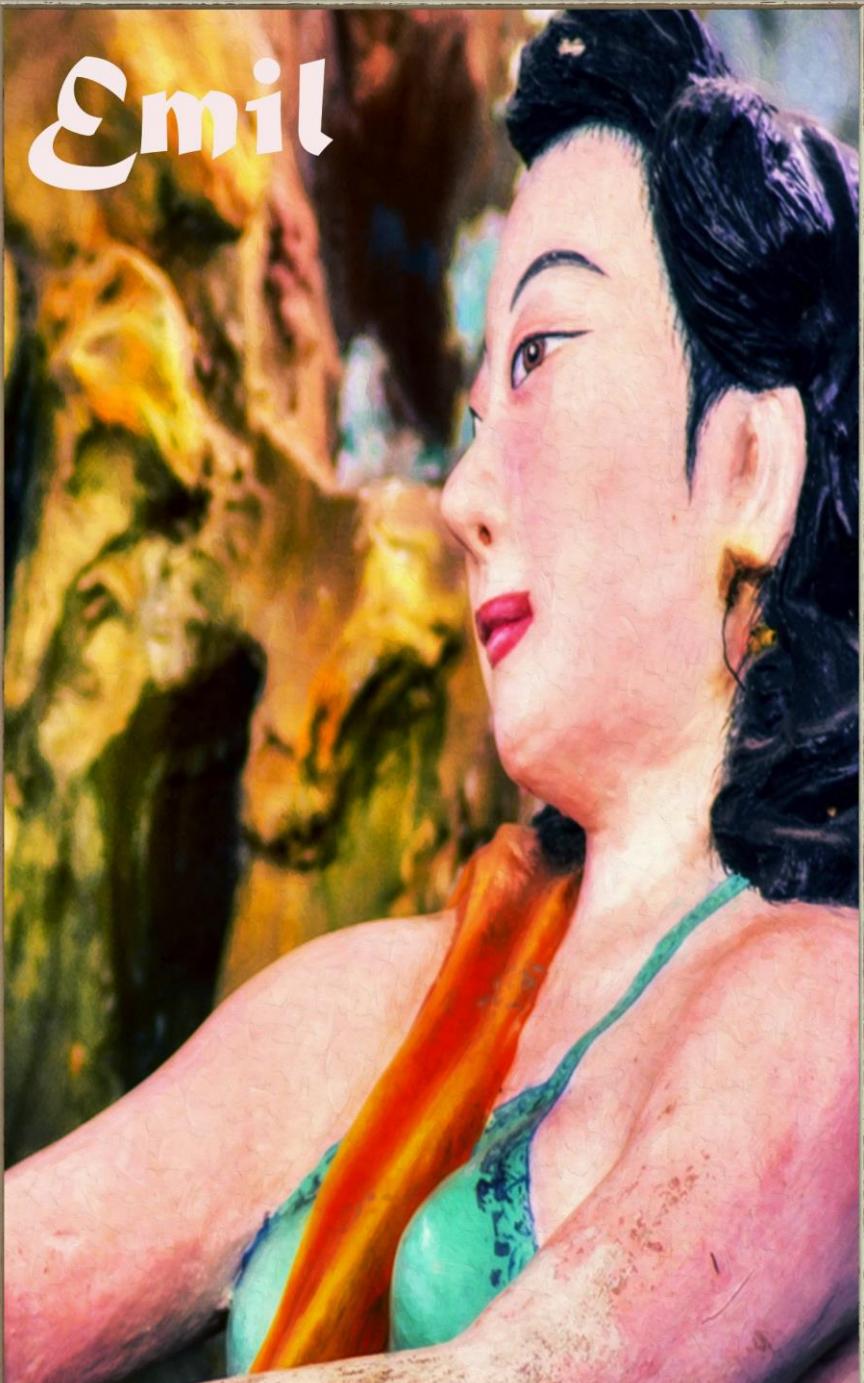
FOR GOD-KING

and the military, political
industry that lead a
generation of factory workers
to their early deaths in the
trenches of Northern France
in the name of

FREE TRADE!

This is maybe the real reason
as to why so many felt so
unconvertable with the good
Colonel and his style.

Emil



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Most of our little group of Colonials never took the time nor the opportunity to spend any time in getting to know the Colonel maybe, because he didn't share a common thread with the rest of our expedition by his lack of service in the

GREAT WAR

(He never got to the war)
This brought into question his true measure of real trustworthiness; regardless that he had served with distinction with the Colonial Army Command and rose up from



Emil



Emil

GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

the enlisted ranks to the rank of a

FULL COLONEL

(and that he did so without any patronage – which could never have happened in England Proper).

NONE OF THAT REGISTERED
as he has not been tested by the blood of our battle.

WOULD HE STAND

tall or buckle and run when faced with any serious threat from bandits or rouge military units.

This uncertainty made us feel



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

uneasy in his company or to trust his declarations about how to deal with threats to

OUR SECURITY

I may now be a failed,
STARVING ARTIST

from a hooch club in Nanking but, there was a time, when I was tested and I stood true to Claudie, Seine and my fellow comrades unlike

OUR COLONEL

Although, I did reserve any mention of our separate peace treaty with the Germans and that there might still be



Emil



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

arrest warrants awaiting if we ever returned. Otherwise, the group felt me to be a rather solid and trustable asset.

The first real challenges were yet to come and as we travelled for two more days through this

WILDERNESS KINGDOM

everywhere was total poverty and it didn't take much to see the true wretchedness of its scattered inhabitants which seemed rather odd given the fact that the professors tell me that this part of the country is naturally endowed



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

with astonishing wealth,
especially in gold and

SILVER MINES

My question back was to the effect, if this area is so rich then why are the people so desperately poor?

Who controls the mines?

Who controls the wealth?

“There is not a clean answer and it depends upon which day of the week that you ask...”

was their answer back to me.

This was their first

AREA OF CONCERN

as the area had occasioned many of its worst calamities





Emil

GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

from warlords or the government.

NOTWITHSTANDING

the rigorous government prohibition to work these mines, they explained to us that it was not out of the question that we would find large bands of

CHINESE OUTLAWS

assembled together, and marching, sword in hand, to dig into them.

We were told that these outlaws professed to be endowed with a peculiar capacity for discovering the

GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

precious metals, guided, according to their own account, by the conformation of mountains, and the sorts of plants they produce.

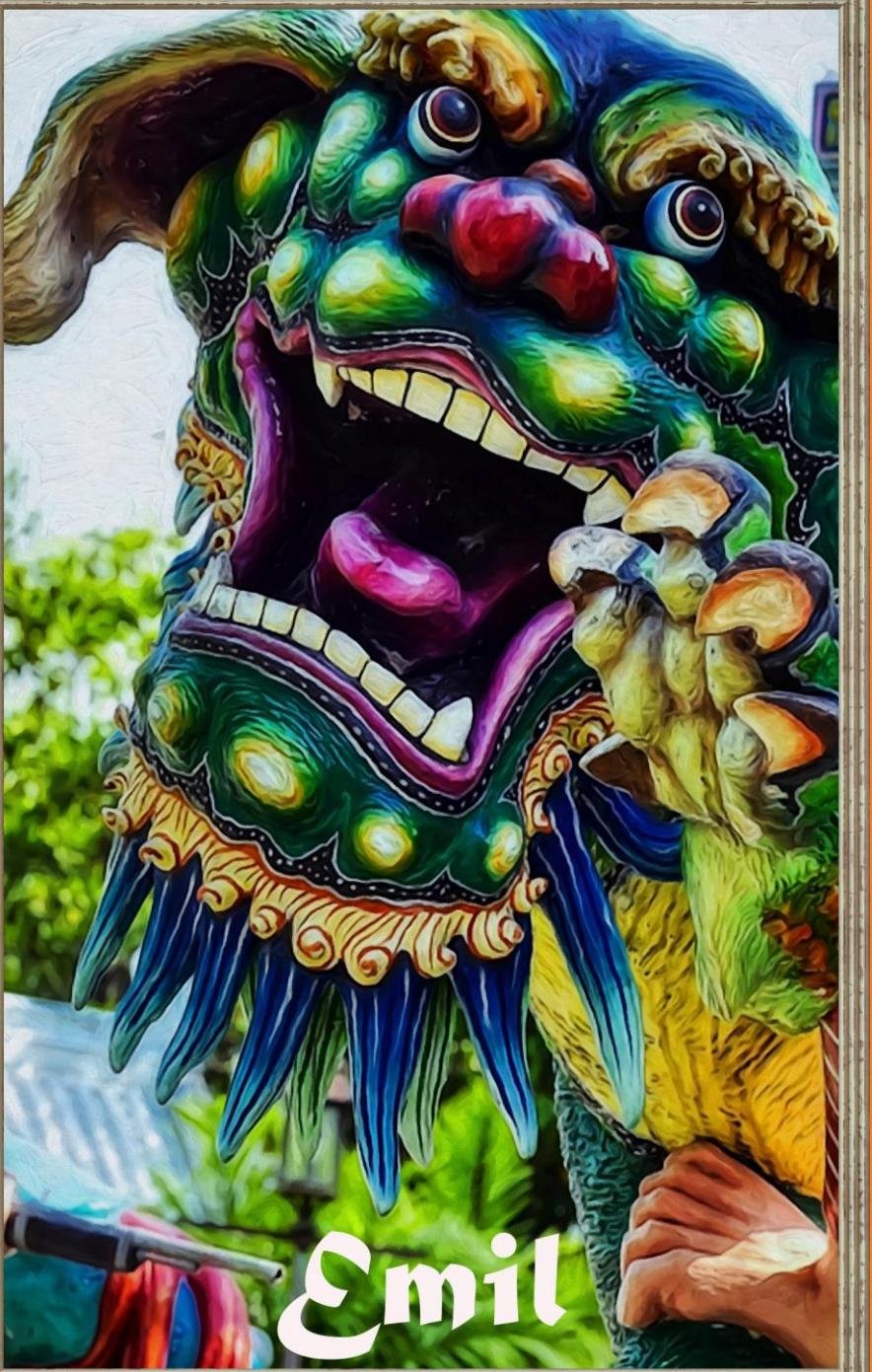
IT WAS SAID THAT:

“One single man, possessed of this fatal gift, will suffice to spread desolation over a whole district. He speedily finds himself at the head of thousands and thousands of outcasts, who overspread the country, and render it the theatre of every crime.”

While some bandits are occupied in working the mines others pillage the







GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

surrounding districts, sparing neither persons nor property, and committing excesses which the

IMAGINATION

could not conceive, and which continue until some Tai Pan, powerful and courageous enough (that seems unlikely given the current state of the government) to

SUPPRESS THEM

is brought within their operation, and takes measures against them accordingly. We were lucky to have the



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

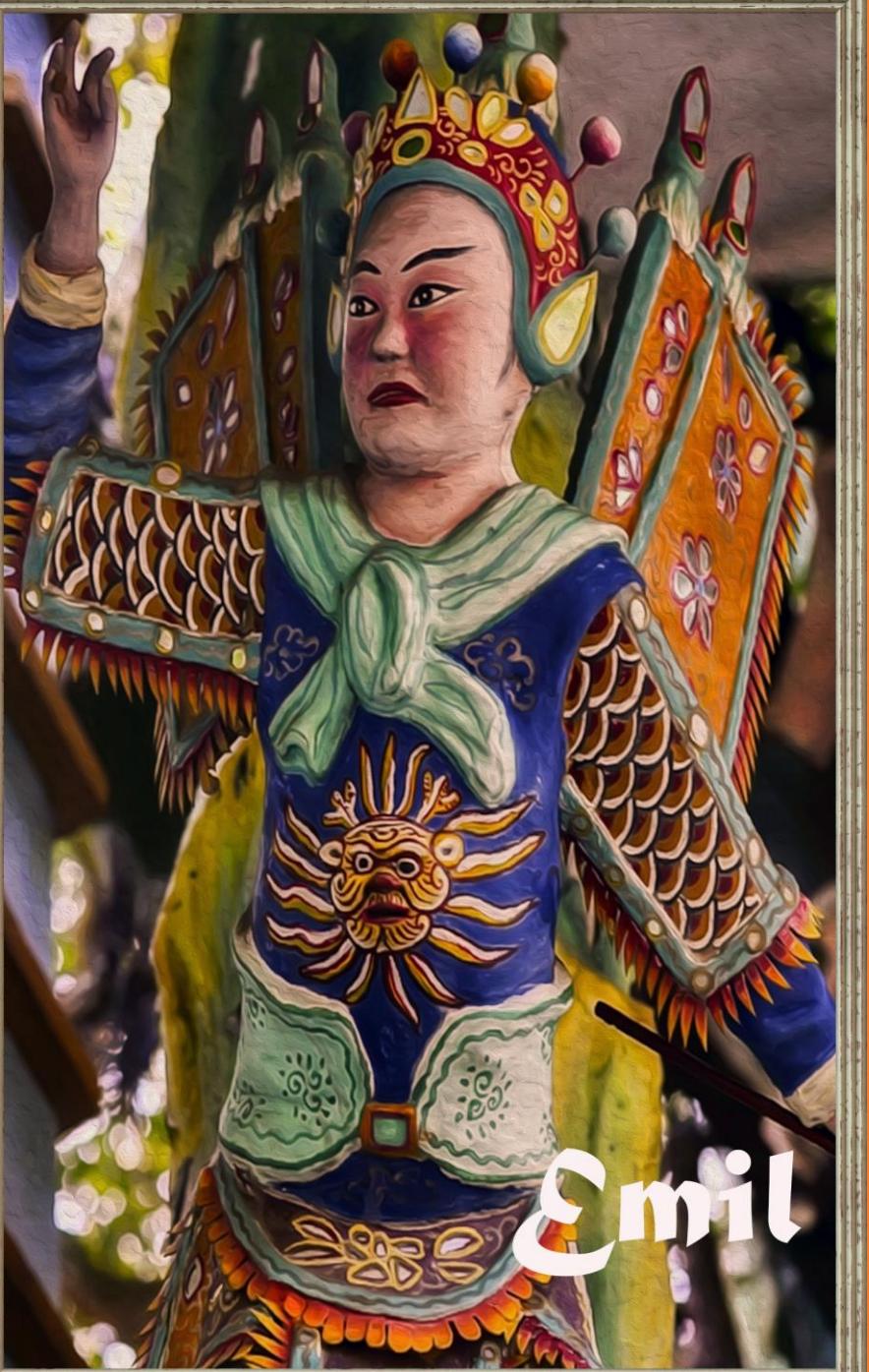
brother of one the area's worst warlords traveling in our company at this point of time and location and it did offer us a great deal of

SECURITY

as we traveled under his brother's banners and most bandits were not interested in picking a fight because of that.

Our greatest fear is that we would lose a greater part of our young, Nationals Soldiers - who now had a better option than us and this did prove to





GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

be the case, as the next morning at the break of camp we discovered that we had lost eight of the guard. In fact, this may prove to

BE A BLESSING

as the ones that left were those young clan and street kids that I wrote to you about earlier.

I was rather happy to

SEE THEM LEAVE

and I knew that they would be welcomed into this new world of banditry, out here in the wilderness.

So far, we have transited



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

towards the site without difficulty other than the deepening sands that cover

THE OLD PILGRIM ROADS

that we traveled now.

Later...unless it becomes
toilet paper...

Today we had to deal with an outpost, a residual of the Kuomintang and the professors spent (what seemed to be hours) in intense negotiations with the

LOCAL KUOMINTANG

authority for transit visas to move the supplies and equipment across their district.





GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Although most imagine the **KUOMINTANG** as being the ruling party here in China, rather they are more like a country club or fraternity where Kuomintang membership carried **PRIVILEGES** rather than obligations. I will never understand why many distinguished and active citizens either refused to join, or let their purely nominal membership ride along in the baggage car of the Kuomintang's rail car.



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Membership was for life
unless you pissed off the
wrong Tai Pan then, it became
blood in...blood out...quick and

RIGHTEOUS JUSTICE

swiftly delivered in truest
warlord fashion as the
dropping of a sharp blade
crashing down on your

EXPOSED NECKLINE

Maybe, the idea of blood in
and blood out was a hindrance
for many of the freedom
loving people that sacrificed
so much in the

BOXER REVOLT

to make China free but, in

山居幽靜強混

林住上





GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

fact, only allowed the Tai Pans and the very rich to seize the very fabric of the nation for their sole benefit and reward...turning the

POLITICAL EQUATION

into mere

*“you are either with us or
you are against us...”*

SOLUTION

The Party seemed to have been saved from complete decline mostly because it included most of the government personnel, and new recruits to government service gave it



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

some freshness, vigor and its ability to correct completely and utterly...become a good old boy or die is a simple solution to any internal critics.

THIS GOVERNMENT

was in fact, well-designed, functioning de facto and able to meet most of the specialized problems that arose due to

MODERN ADMINISTRATION

even if it was seen to be nothing more than part of

A SOMEWHAT CRUDE

gangster hierarchy of





GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

soldiers and tax gatherers... someone must pay for the unlimited life styles of the rich and connect and here we were in the middle of nowhere having to negotiate with the local Kuomintang wanted to collect a

ROAD USAGE TAX

for a central government that was some 800 miles from where we were at and that (in fact) may no longer existed. That was the official concern although, it was clear that these guys where Kuomintang Bandits...bandits with uniforms



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

and rank...They were in this for anything that they could extort from us and probably,

THEN SOME...

The presence of the warlord's brother was our trump card that we held in reserve...just in the case that the officials would become totally unreasonable and that was the deal with

THE WARLORD

It was expected that the professors would handle the daily operations and the greasing of Kuomintang palms





GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

– which was a normal, everyday part of doing business here in China. Only if the negotiations turned to the pulling of weapons or a few shots fired in anger would the

WARLORD'S BROTHER

step in and unfold his brother's banner and thus, resolve the issues in our favor.

It was a hell of service for which the expedition paid handsomely for.

WHAT WAS THE COST?

That seems way above my pay



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

grade in this organization and those who knew selected not to share.

AFTER A WHILE

you learn when to push and when to just shut your mouth and walk away. Several hours later, everything was resolved and we were again on the road to our destination without a shot being fired.

WANG CH'ING-WEI

is a name that if spoken is accompanied by a spit on the ground for his great betrayal of China (last year) in going over to the Japs.





GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Chinese negligence,

CORRUPTION

and a little treachery worked in his favor...as it was said that he looked into the future and it was said that he saw a brighter future, the

RISING SUN

I understand Marshal Ch'ing...as I see the same thing and it looks that he might just be proven to have been the greatest of prophets and made the smart choice.

“At this point, it isn’t my fight”



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

and that was my answer to the young Nationalist soldier that came snooping around... maybe, trying to find more

TOILET PAPER

For over three years, Generalissimo Chiang and his Tai Pan Generals were locked in this fool's errand to *“...A period of counter-attack in which the Chinese, having prepared themselves technologically during the stalemate and having weakened the enemy by a test of endurance, should drive the Japanese back into the sea...”*





GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

I remember reading this quote
from the

CHINESE POLITICAL

Department of the Military
Affairs Commission and
thinking how stupid it was in
effectively dealing with the
Japs and their ever
increasing adventurism in
making this a

GLOBAL WAR

Maybe, they thought that
China is a very large country
and at a certain point, the
Japs will over extent
themselves and discover like



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

Napoleon did with Russia...

A CENTURY AGO

that he had bitten off more
than he could chew.

But, the foolish part of this
was that China was not

1800'S RUSSIA

and obviously this plan was
better suited to a country
rich in territory and
population, but poor in
materials and resources...

NOT CHINA

in which to yield intact





GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

cities, factories,
communications, mines, docks,
warehouses and the other

GOODS OF BUSINESS

such a plan would only profit
Japan unless you destroyed
everything as you withdrew
in a Russianist scorched

EARTH POLICY

This destruction was not
to be as even the most
patriotic, loyal Tai Pan
could not come to put torch
to their property and
businesses.

This was what Marshal Ch'ing
had warned as early as 1937.



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

It is little surprise that as he saw the great cities fall one by one...

ESPECIALLY CANTON

- which fell without (almost) a shot being fired.

The Japs just walked in and the greatest action that day was from the local Kuomintang ward leaders and local

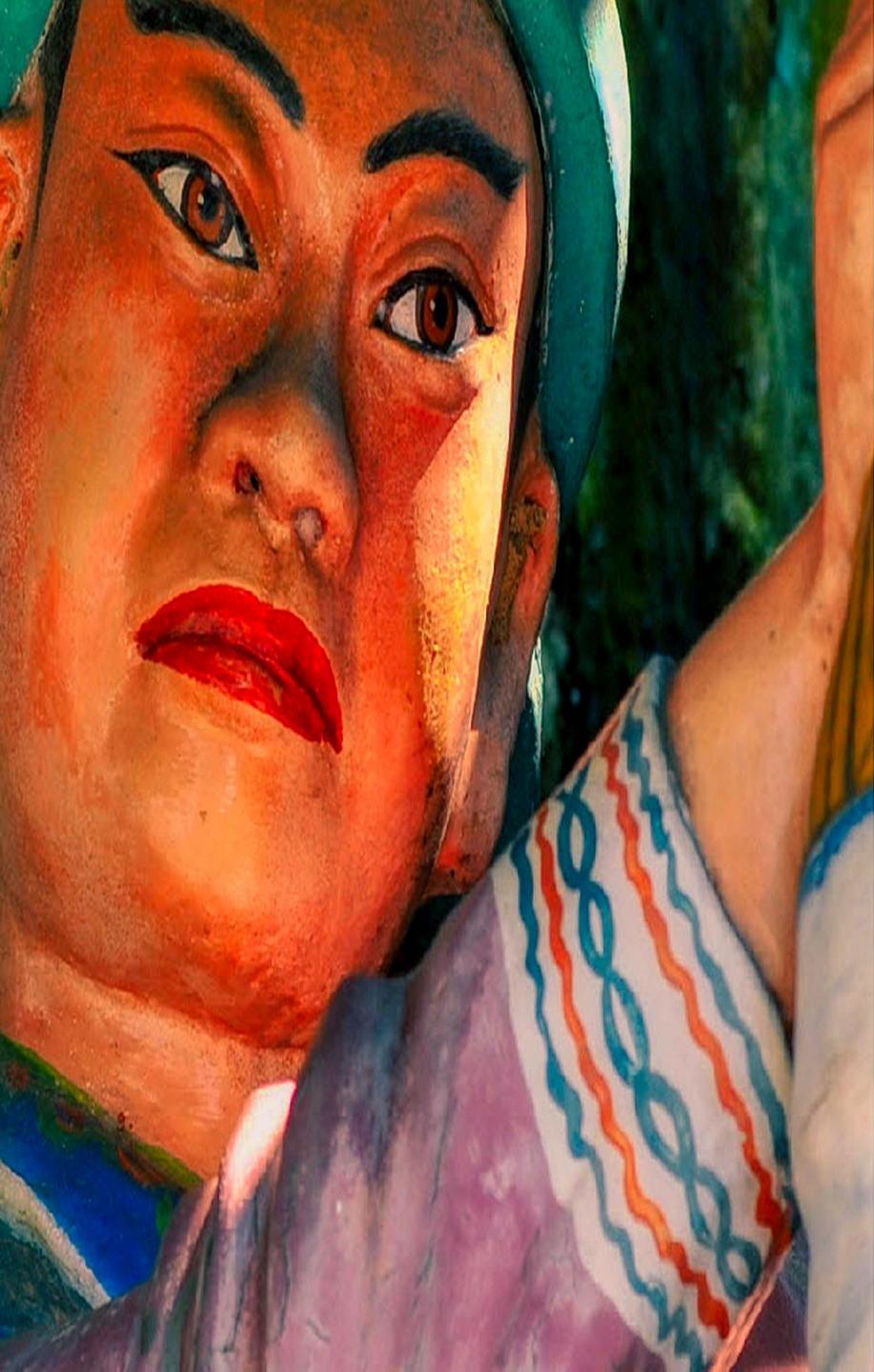
TAI PANS

rushing to cut a deal or court favor with their

NEW JAP OVERLORDS

By last year, he truly felt





GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

that he was on the wrong side of history and

SWITCHED SIDES

The reason that I shared Marshal Ch'ing's story was that it is the most important dilemma facing the average person here in China.

WHAT PRICE

do you put on freedom...???
Was it only a fake joke sense of freedom that you never really had unless you were rich and connected through the party of select



GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

membership (and to the benefit of the few) in the

KUOMINTANG

After we wasted a day with these greedy fools and

THINKING ABOUT

my conversation with the young soldier about his inability to process

MARSHAL CH'ING

and his decision to join the Japanese against China.

I wish that I could have explained better that Marshal Ch'ing's actions were not





GUTEN TAG CAMPERS!

a betrayal of China but, was his personal rejection of Generalissimo Chiang's Tai Pan Management of the war and frustration to

“How the clowns seem to be running the all circus...”

That is the closest **ENGLISH TRANSLATION** that makes sense from the Marshal's statement as he departed for the Japanese **IMPERIAL COMMAND** Headquarters.





DAY TEN

It has been a long haul over
what seems to be truly, a

DESERT HELL

of little or no hope.
The dust and sand has creped
into everything and
everywhere...personally and

EQUIPMENT WISE

The last several days were
more or less uneventful as
even bandits stay out of this
section of the wastelands of
the Gobi...

Thinking back to my
conversation with the Tibetan



DAY TEN

Yogi about how the Gobi had once been a garden... I just can't see it. Granted there are an extensive number of dried river beds that would make one pounder that there had not been a much different climate here in

SOME DISTANT TIME

and there is the occasional oasis where (without failure) we always deal with a massive sea of beggars or some faction of the remains of the reactionary Kuomintang crooks that once held this area in check.





DAY TEN

For the most part, we have fared this adventure more or less in one piece. This is a

STRANGE LAND

with many wonders.

On day seven, we first ran into what looked to be a massive sea of green glass.

The whole of the actual desert was covered with a

STRANGE MEGLITHIC

metallically colored green glass like rocks.

Literally, as far off into the horizon, all you could



DAY TEN

see where these strange rocks
littering the
ENTIRE LANDSCAPE

I took a couple of samples
which I had planned to bring
back but, the professors made
me put them back as they said
that the rocks had a strange
property that had made
workers on the last trip sick
after a constant exposure to
them. So much for my

UNUSUAL SOUVENIRS

SORRY!
I asked Professor Steiner
about these rocks. I asked





DAY TEN

what they were and how they
came to be out here in the
MIDDLE OF NOWHERE

He took a few minutes to
explain that he wasn't sure
what they were...he said that
he wasn't a geologist but,
they might be part of some

ANCIENT COMET

as they had a metal quality
to them. He said that they
were not volcanic and how
they came to be was indeed

RATHER ODD

He did mention (in passing)



DAY TEN

that they have run into similar outcroppings of this glass (to more or less extent) elsewhere in their travels in the Gobi and even stranger, they have been found them in associate with many of the

UYGHURS' RUINS

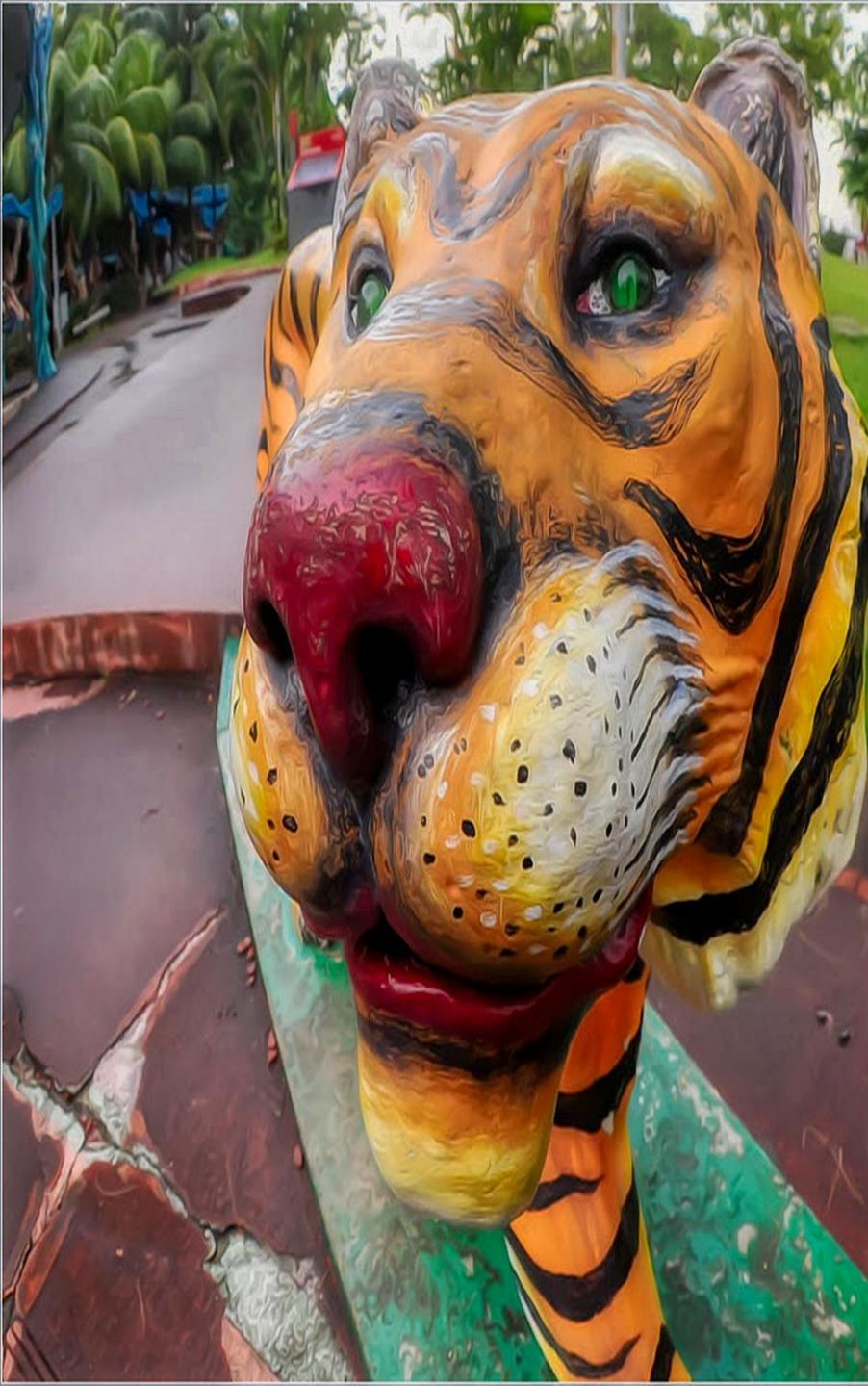
"I don't know what the actual connection(s) are..."

was our parting comment as he was called back to his duties of managing the convey.

THE DAYS ARE HOT

but, at night the





DAY TEN

temperatures drop to the extent that we need to light fires to stay warm. The weird temperature swings play havoc on your health and I have found myself not up to my normal

SPUNK AND VIGOR

As I said that we need a fire at night but, here in the desert, wood is rare and what little vegetation is so limited that it is almost impossible to keep any fire burning properly for the endurance of the night hours.



DAY TEN

Luckily, the expedition had some plans for this but, we have now taken to scavenge

ODD PIECES OF WOOD

off the trucks and crates...

HOPEFULLY

and it will only be a few more days until we reach their base camp and their more permanent accommodations





BASE CAMP

After a full ten days we are finally here and I must say that I am impressed by the

SIZE AND SCOPE

of their facilities and can also, better understand the need of the Warlord and his brother's presence with us.

THIS LOCATION...

the camp...would be rich picking for any bandits, Kuomintang tug or some variation of rouge military units...and maybe, some day when the Japs finally arrive, they will want a piece of the



BASE CAMP

action (but knowing how greedy they are...they will just take it all)

So, to have the meanest, the most feared warlord in the area in your back pocket was well worth the price...

WHATEVER IT WAS

Having observed the parade for the past ten days,

IT IS CLEAR

that the price that the professors were willing to pay was to make the warlord a full partner and that would explain the presence of his

金山寺





BASE CAMP

most trusted adviser...the person who he trusted the most...that's why

HIS ONLY BROTHER

travels with us.
Finally, a proper shower and shave...I no long have the look of some vagabond,

NUBIAN WONDERER

It is nice to set down to a proper meal and share a drink or two in celebration of the completion of

OUR TRAVELS

although the professors broke



BASE CAMP

off the evening as tomorrow, early, was a work day and they need to be brought up to pace with the current digging as they have been gone...

OFF TO NANKING

for rather an extended time and much had been discovered.

Looking around...there were **NO GREAT PYRAMID(S)** and the ruins at the base camp seemed to follow Claudio's echoing prediction about a pile of rocks...

I was becoming rather melancholy and was secretly,





BASE CAMP

reconsidering my choices when

BY CHANCE

I ran into one of the archeologists that had been working here at the camp for what he said was the past three digging seasons and that conversation did a great deal to bring cheer back to my spirit by explaining that

THE MAIN RUINS

where still about ten kilometers up the valley... up near the surrounding mountains.



BASE CAMP

The old feelings have

SHANGHAIED

my mind and I can hardly outwait the remaining hours of night and anxiously await the arrival of the

BHAGWAN BOB

(the sunrise)

and the fulfillment of my long, exhausting journey out into the lawless, badlands of the waste of the Gobi. I will update you, hopefully, this coming evening...

I found that they are rather well connected to the outside





BASE CAMP

world by wireless and a bi-weekly flight (by bi-plane)
...I discovered this by chance,
as I heard static-laced,
music that floated over the
empty and normally

QUITE DESERT

and went to discover the
source of the sound.

Four cups of coffee and it
is still more hours left
until the

BHAGWAN BOB

revisits and we will be off
for my first visit to the



BASE CAMP

lost city of the Uyghurs.
Will stop here as my candle
is on its

LAST WICK

and my hands are shaking too
heavily to continue written
tonight. Ado!





INTERCALATED BEDS

The archeologist... aka...digger... explained that when the clay, building stones and a wide scattering of shattered, pottery sherds were deposited amongst this crushed, burnt and pounded layer of rocks, they seem to have picked up

THE DETRITUS

of some great mass or force, and were whirled wildly in among their own material, and deposited back it in what he called

INTERCALATED BEDS

He said that the artifacts from this level seem all mangled as if some super,



INTERCALATED BEDS

cyclonic wind had been at work among the mass.

While the "*till*" above this layer is devoid of remains, "*the intercalated beds*" often should contain them, but,

NOTHING?

Whatever was in or on the soil was seized upon, was carried up into the air, then cast down, and mingled among

THE TILL

He only knew that whatever had cause this utter





INTERCALATED BEDS

destruction was unknown to

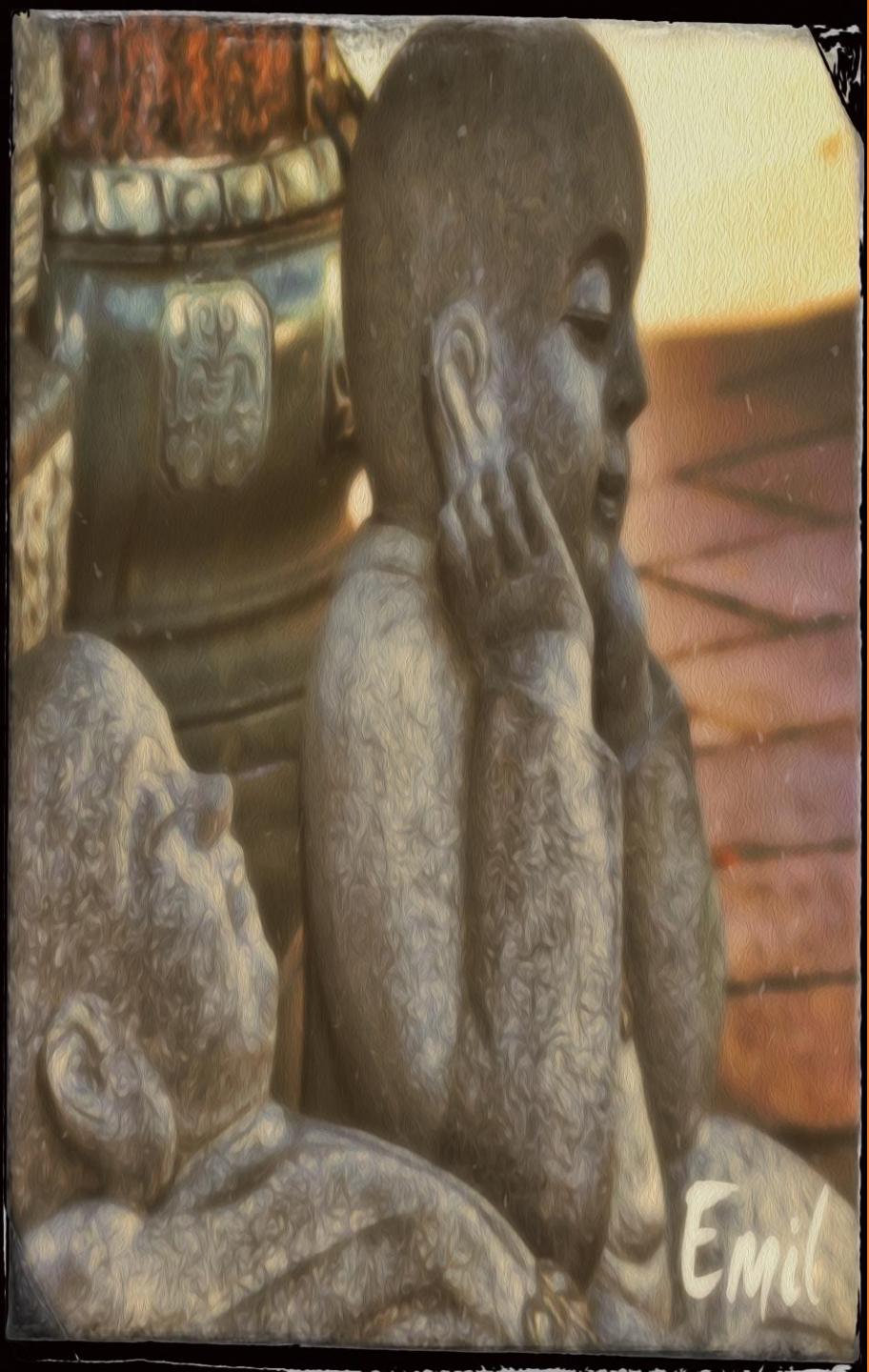
THE SCIENCES

as he knew it but, what is clear is that no one or nothing has existed here since then.

That was my introduction to the primary dig site that they have invested the past

THREE DIG SEASONS

to exploring and what has been unearth created more questions than it gave answers primality because there seems to have been a massive geology upheaval that defiled modern



INTERCALATED BEDS

science's ability to successfully explain

“WHAT HAPPENED HERE?”

The main dig is about 10 kilometers further up the dried river valley from the

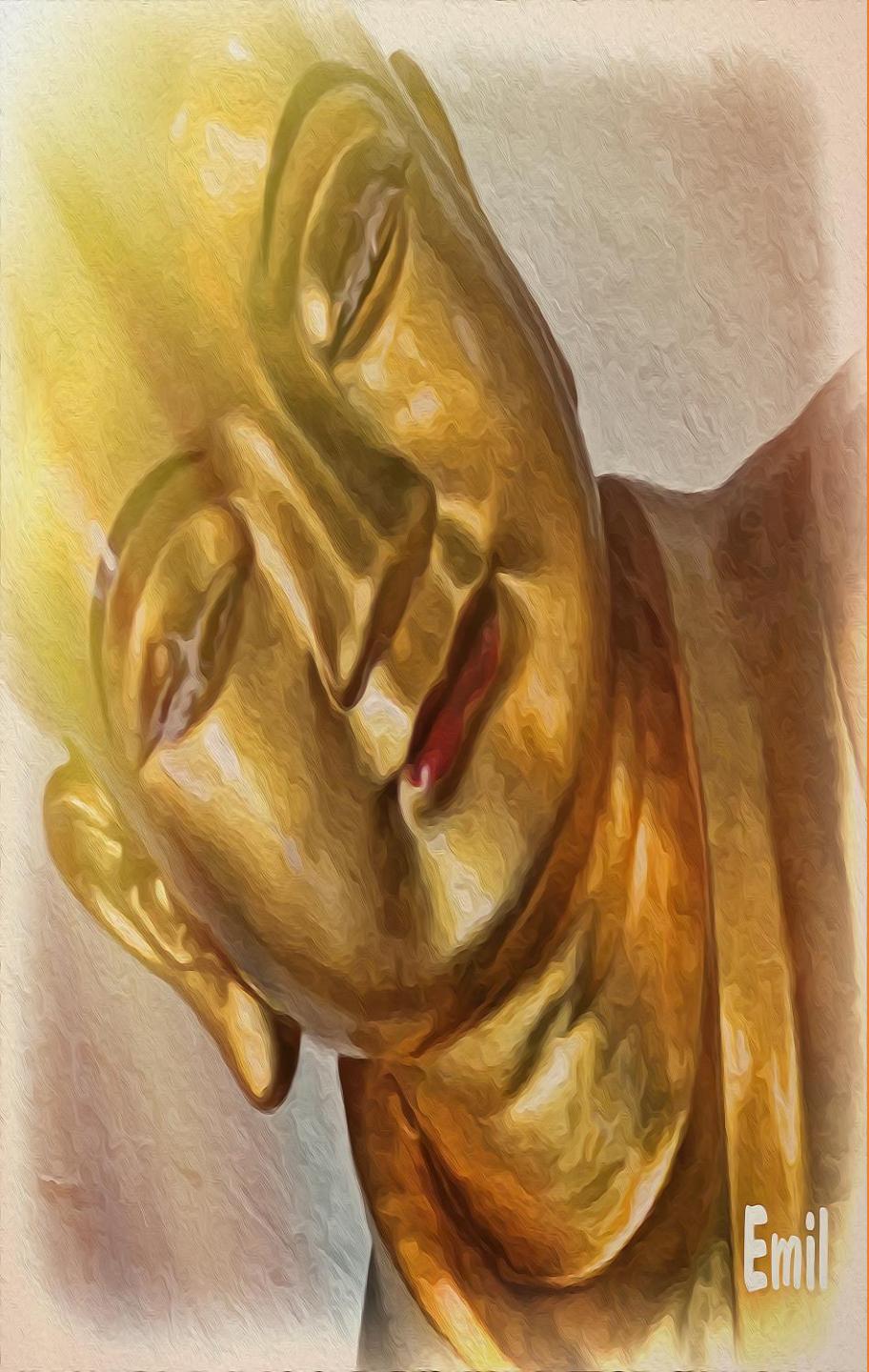
BASE CAMP

The area is rather fragile and the use of the lorries were forbidden as the whole of the valley was filled with potential dig sites and the ground was so unstable that even the vibrations of

PASSING LORRIES

has (in the past) rendered.





INTERCALATED BEDS

the actual ruins to dust.

Due to this very factor,
every access and even walking
off the established pathways

IS CAUSE

to send even a the most
seasoned digger off the site
and banish them for the
season.

I DON'T IMAGINE

what I had truly thought
that I would see...maybe
I was expecting the

GIZA PLATEAU

or the Valley of the Kings...



INTERCALATED BEDS

I don't know but, that was the tourist in me thinking.

When I verbalized my

DISAPPOINTMENT

my guide to me to the high clearing that overlooked most of the valley and I felt

RATHER STUPID

as he started pointing out visages of what must have been a city the size of 1900's London (but somewhat more advanced, laid out and planned city) in its heyday.

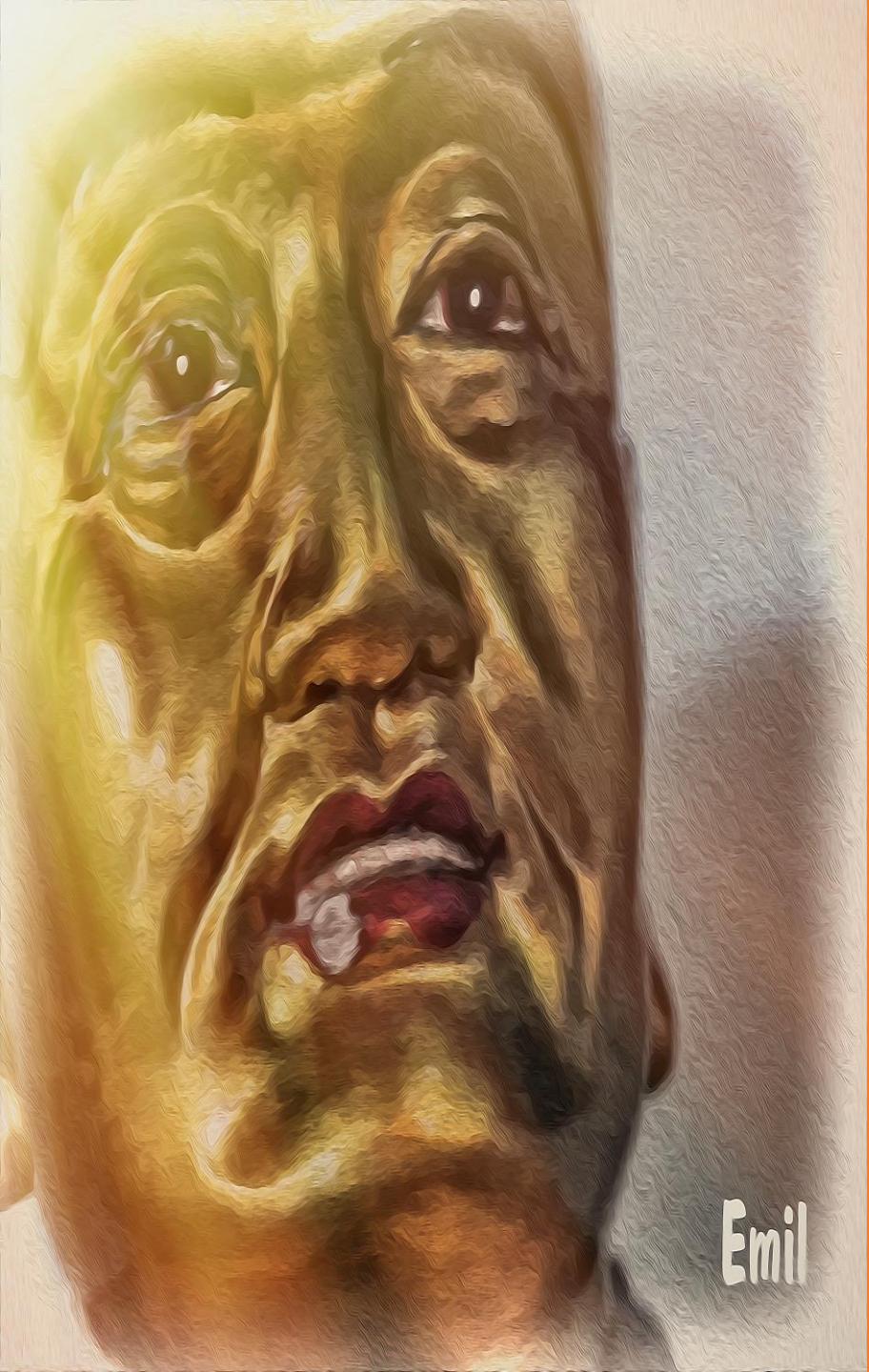
We then turned around and looked directly at the massive hill that rose over



明月松间照

寺廟燈

Emil



INTERCALATED BEDS

a thousand feet or so
directly above our heads
and this is when he
introduced me to the Uyghurs'

GIANT PYRAMID

He took kindness on my
impatience by making a joke
that I should come back in
fifty years and I might feel
more impressed by what is
without a doubt

*"the greatest, pre-historic
city to yet be discovered."*

From this
HILLSIDE VISTA
and now knowing what to look



INTERCALATED BEDS

for, I began to see how vast this city had been as it stretched out to cover the entire valley floor as far as

I COULD SEE

back towards the base camp. It will take many years and forever to uncover the full of the city and that was sad, as I had hoped that I could walk through actual ruins like Claudie and I had in

ANGKOR WAT

hidden in the vast jungles of the North-Western part of French Indo-China.



Emil



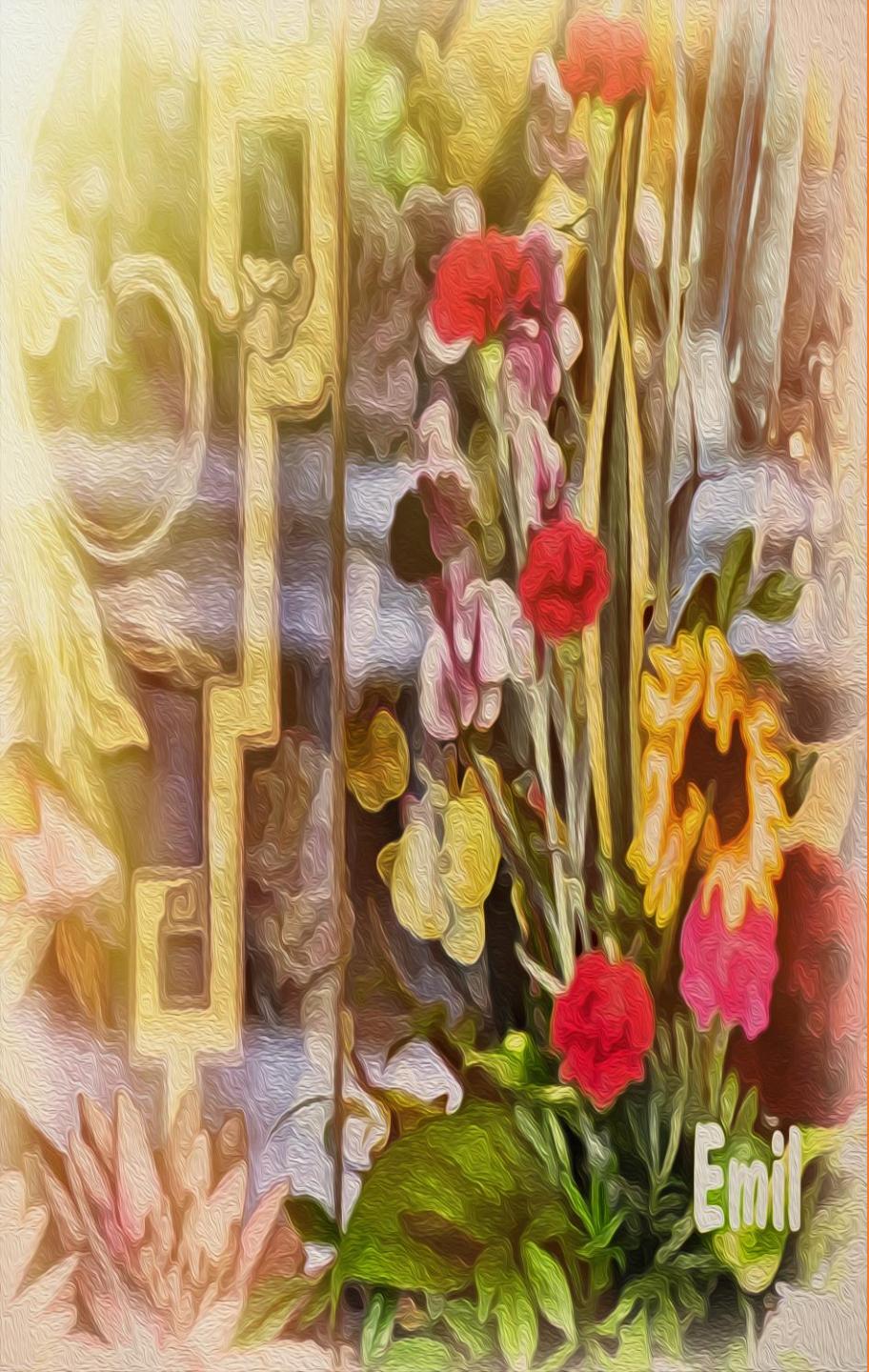
INTERCALATED BEDS

Then again, those ruins are historical and while still ancient, they do not come close to this discovery of a

MASSIVE CITY

that existed long before history (as we know it) actually started.

“There might be the cause of explaining the city’s demise to some dramatic, geological instead of to human cause by taking a look at those mighty excavations, hundreds of feet deep that we have discovered, in which are now the southwestern section of the great



INTERCALATED BEDS

city, and from which, as we have seen, great cracks radiate out in all directions, like the fractures in a pane of glass where a stone has struck it.

All surrounded by that strange, metallic green glass that we spoke of earlier..."

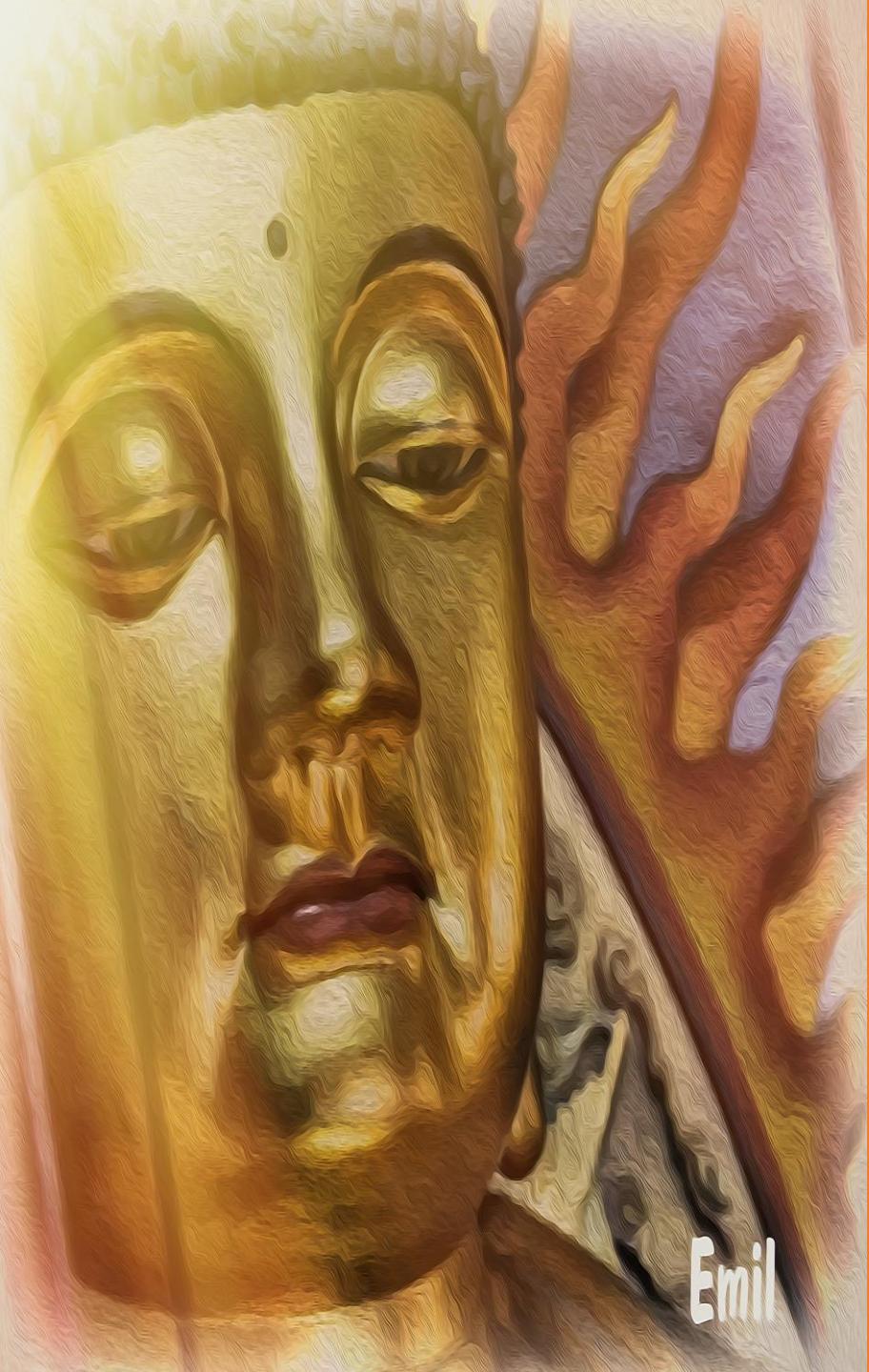
Looking from our

VANTAGE POINT

overlooking most of the buried city, you could make out the depressions, cracks in the bedrock and the uniformed direction plastering of slimmer, green



Emil



INTERCALATED BEDS

glass like rocks. Digger didn't have anything to add or speculated as to what the depressions were or what had created them other than he had seen

METEOR CRATERS

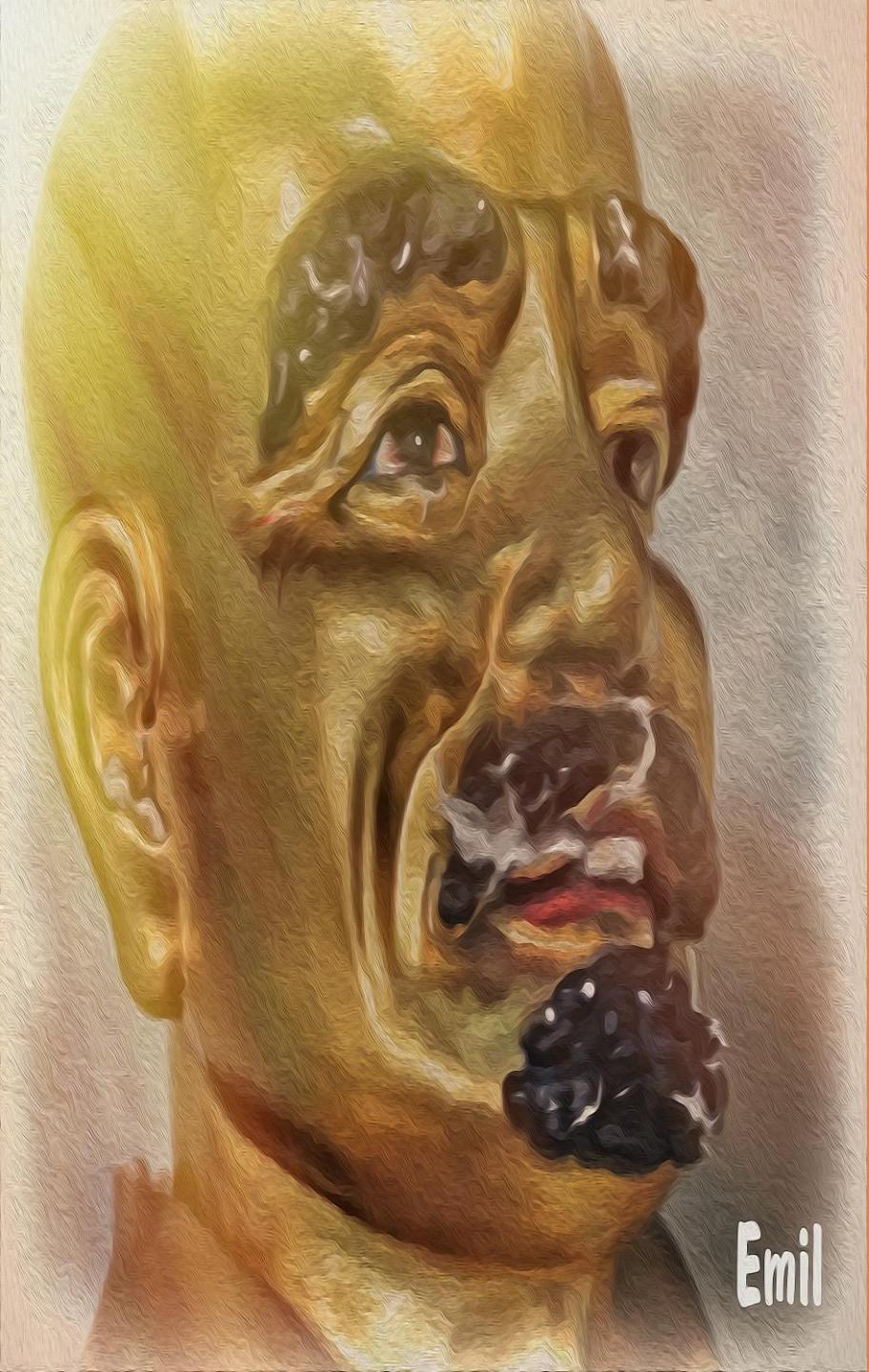
that he had seen in a place in Northern Arizona's

HIGH DESERT

(that's far out in the American South-West).

“Maybe, the city was destroyed by a meteor?”

was the only opinion that he would cause to venture in terms modern science.



INTERCALATED BEDS

Outside of science, he mentioned the story from the bible about Sodom and how the

POWER OF GOD

had destroyed the whole city in a blink of the eye and its story as recorded within the pages of the bible seem to mirror what he says that they have found here in the destruction of this

GREAT CITY

Funny...we have found no human remains? Whatever happened here, the people we assume were for the most part



Emil



INTERCALATED BEDS

departed – as if they knew something was going to happen.

“IT IS JUST STRANGE!”

The only area were we have found human remains or proof that there were people here after the city's destruction were in the caverns,

TUNNELS AND CAVES

that honeycomb the entire length of the surrounding mountain-sides... and that is where we are mounting our

RENEWED EFFORTS

to learn more about the civilization that lived here



INTERCALATED BEDS

because, here in the caverns
*"We have found many amazing
artifacts and documents...
all written in some unknown
language or languages..."*
was the Digger's

PARTING ADVISE

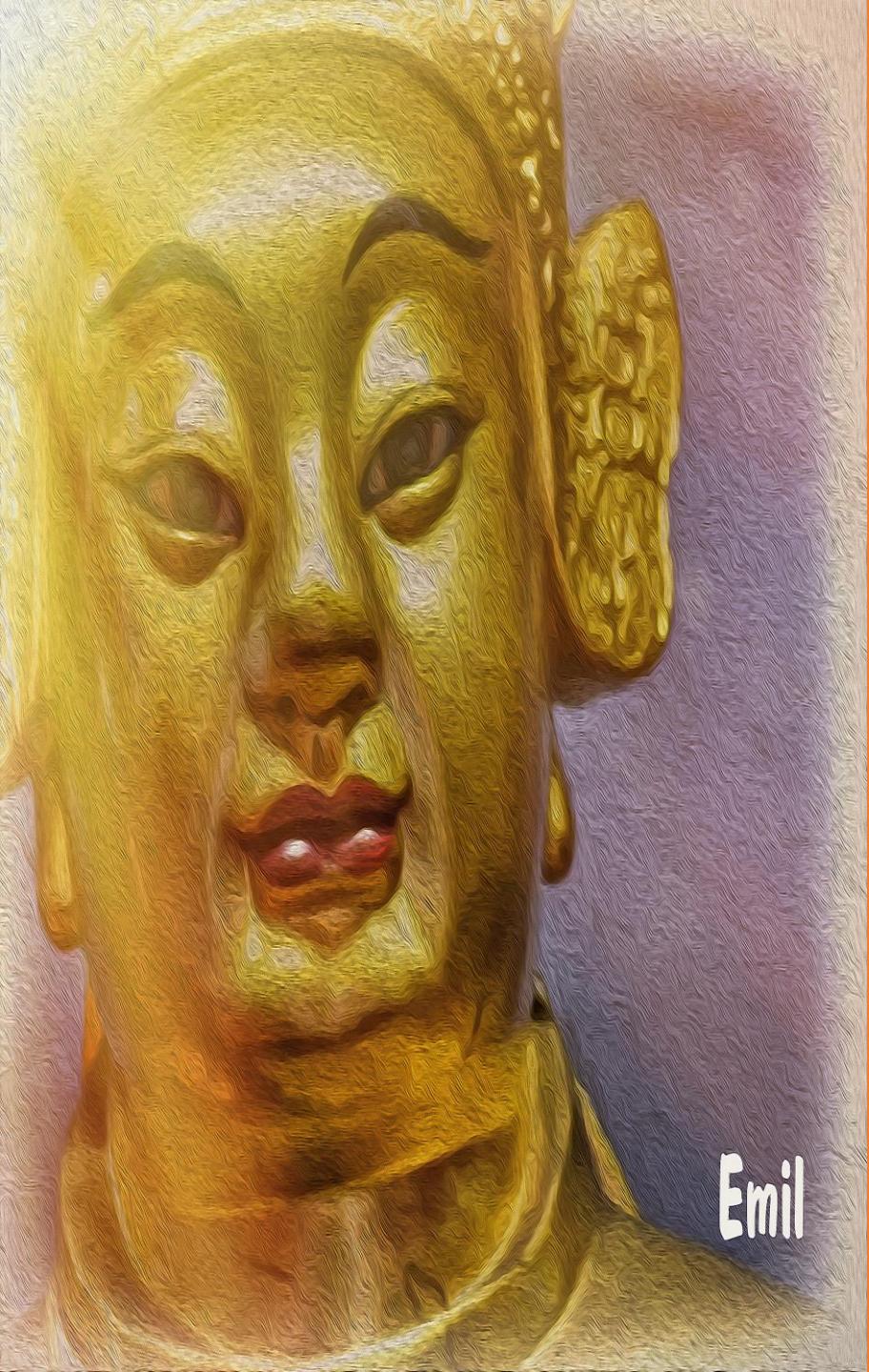
as the professor called him
to come help with something.
It was a real hike to get to
the entrance to the caverns
that Digger had shared with
me but once there, I saw the
familiar faces of

COLONEL CHURCHWARD

and several of the yogis lost
in a heated conversation over
something that the Colonel



Emil



INTERCALATED BEDS

had just found gathering dust
in one of the crates resting
near the entrance.

I STOOD

and watched the conversation
peter out and a round smiles
returned to their faces as
they seemed to finally come
to agreement on.

The rest of my day was spent
with them in the

CAVERNS

and much like that bratty,



INTERCALATED BEDS

six-year old, I quizzed them on what everything meant and what must have been an endless series of

“WHAT’S THIS?”

I inquired with the yogi as to what the argument was about and what had been the

CONCLUSIONS?

He stared at me and gave me a long look, I think trying to determine whether or not he should waste his energy on me. Then he showed me and read from what looked like a thick, fabric like paper fragment written in some



Emil



INTERCALATED BEDS

script

UNKNOWN TO ME

"A sudden flash and pulsation of light which vibrated for several seconds through it, and the tail appeared during the continuance of the pulsations of light to be lengthened by several degrees and then again contracted."

Then, he looked at me and after a pause to

READ MY ATTENTION

"What does this mean?"

I thought carefully and then it struck me that it was what Digger had been explaining



INTERCALATED BEDS

about the geology of the end of the city and how it might have been destroyed by a meteor or by God. I told the yogi that

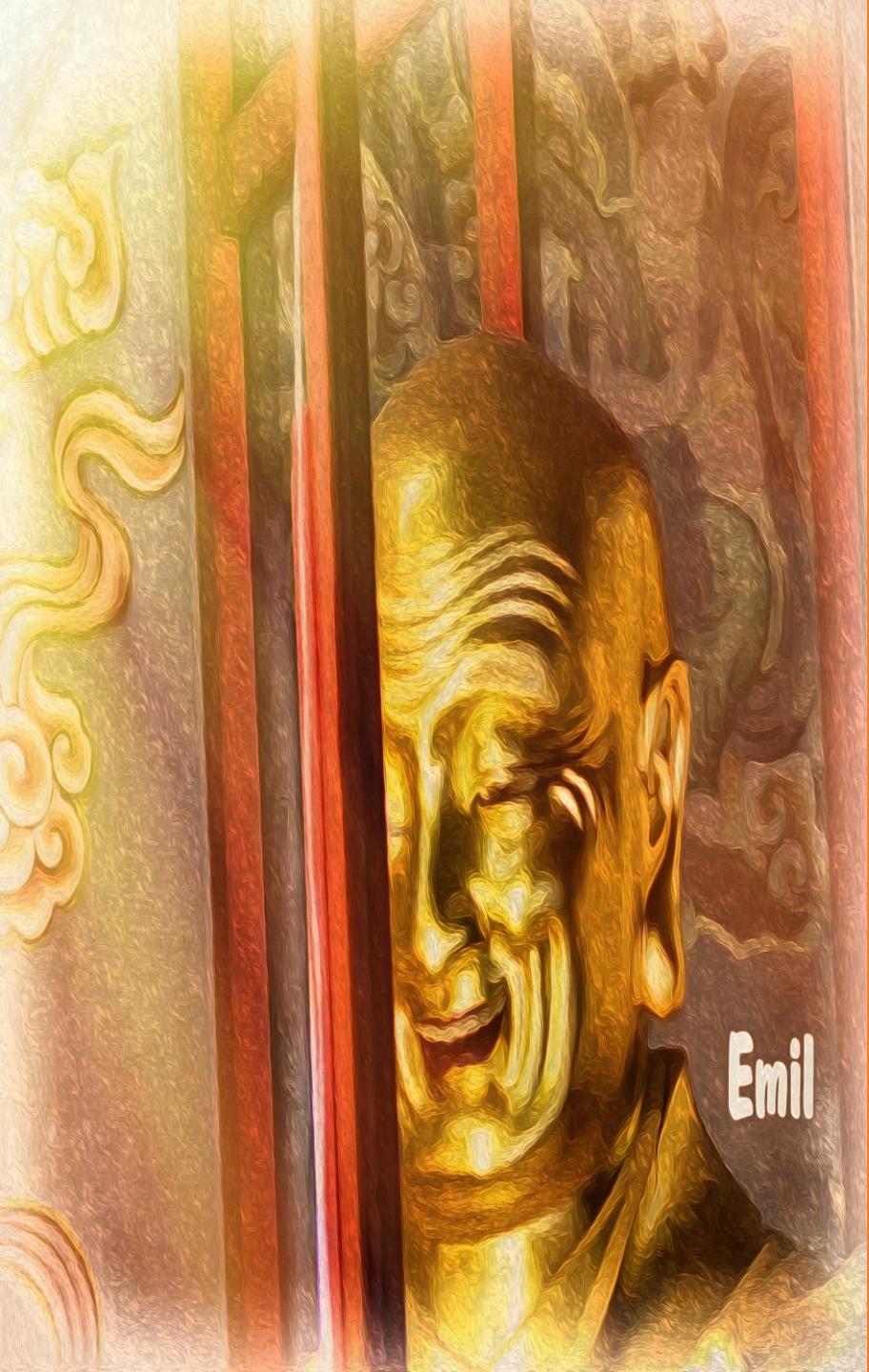
I THOUGHT

that it was an eyewitness report about the destruction of this great city.

HE STOPPED

and turned back to me and said what makes you say this? Before he thought that I was some genius, I explained my conversation with Digger and





INTERCALATED BEDS

“These cravens must hold a record of these people and their history?”

was my question to the yogi in return. Not a real

TALKATIVE GUY

to say the least...
but, he did say afterwards
“*You are a very smart man...*”
The rest is the story that
he told me.

It is not meant to be

TOTALLY CORRECT

as this was his opinion and
the reason that he had
traveled so far from his
ministry in Tibet was to



INTERCALATED BEDS

discover the truth.

SO, HE SAID:

"The truth of all may not come within my lifetime but, at least we have found the temple of records that have talked about in the most ancient of the surviving texts and we must work fast before the powers of evil descend upon us and utterly erase this last glimpse at the truth..."

I had earned the right now to follow him for the remainder of the day and then back at the base camp...I spent several hours in conversation with



Emil



INTERCALATED BEDS

the yogi about things that
I could have never

EVEN DREAMED

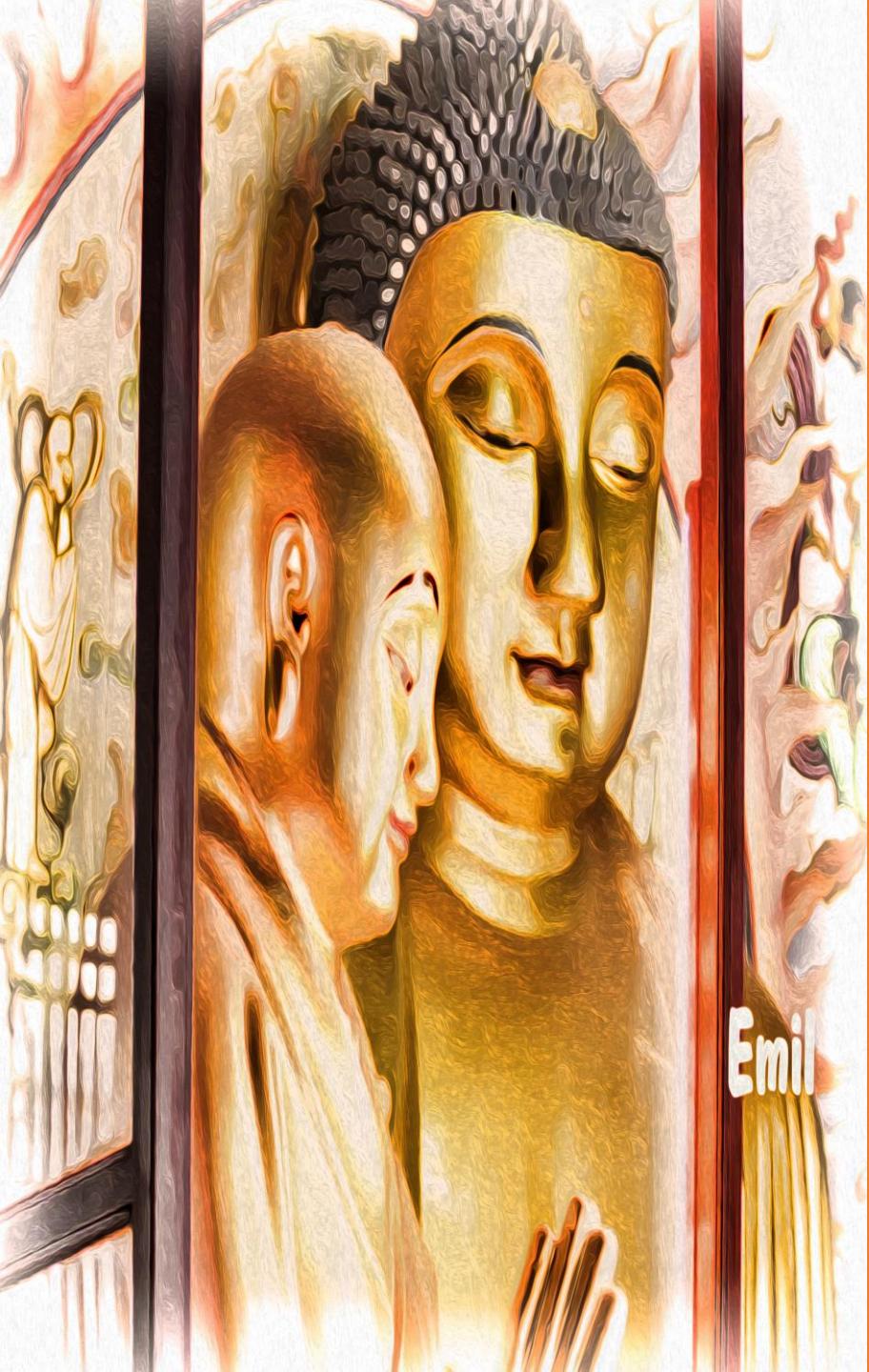
Seems that most of the truths
that I held from my semi-
classical, western education
were fake and some where even

OUTRIGHT LIES

Given another place, in
another place; I would have
written it all off as just a

WILD STORY

being told by some wild guy
from deep in the mountains of



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Tibet looking for a
FREE DRINK OR TWO

I wouldn't have been in a
place nor in the right state
of mind to have taken the

TIME TO LISTEN

*"There was a time before the
history as we know it...it was
a time when the world was
already ancient and mankind
had rose and fallen several
times before..."*

Here in what is now desert

WAS ONCE

He continued to weave a



Emil



INTERCALATED BEDS

complex story of a history that was totally alien and seemed a fantasy, at best.

Without worry of my acceptance of his tale's

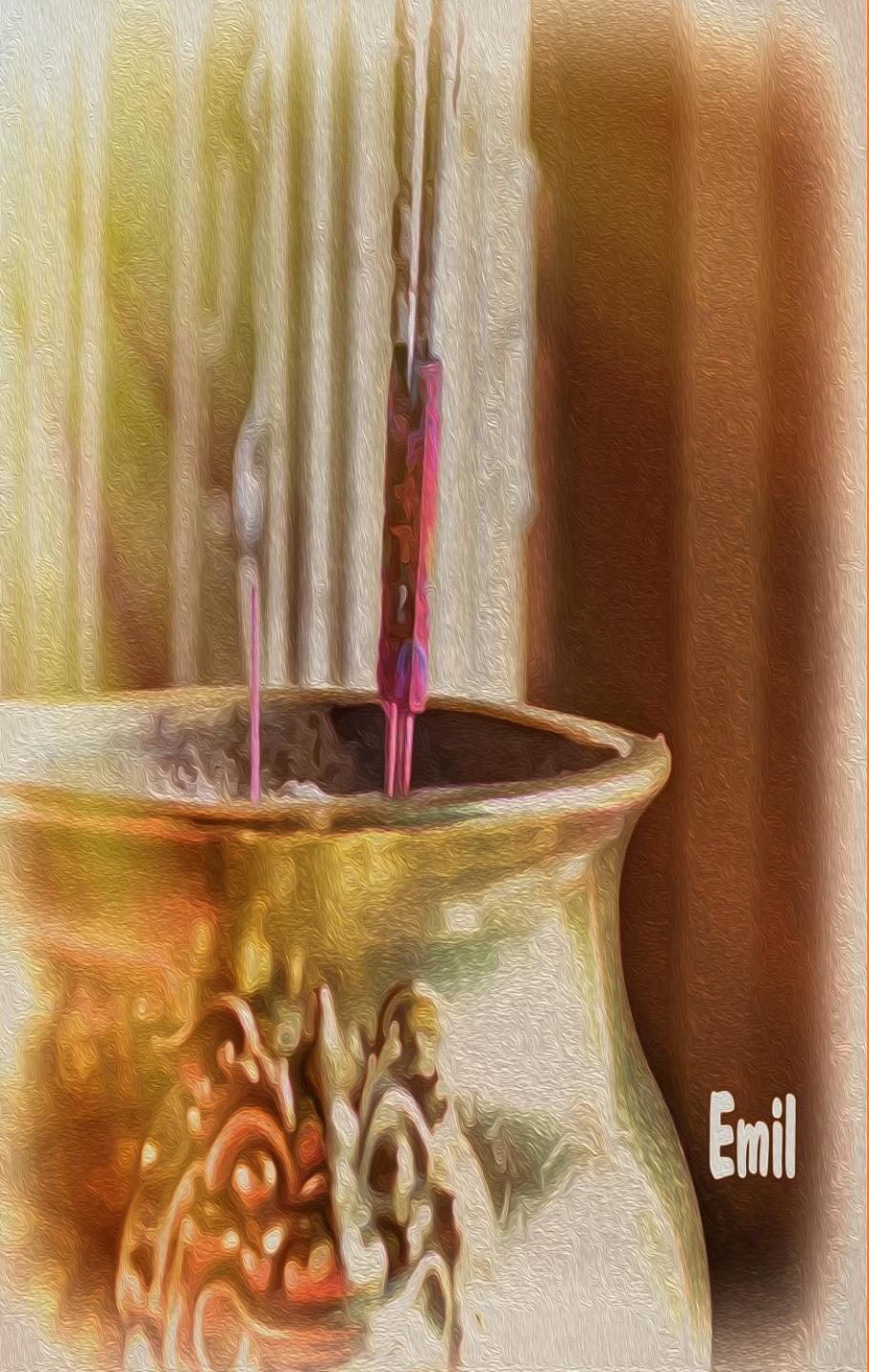
HISTORICAL TRUTHS

"This was a rich land...it was...what do you Christians call...Yes! It was Eden!"

He said that from his studies of the scrolls that they had

DISCOVERED

and found scattered about in the back reaches of the cave complex; he painted a colorful picture of a time when this desert had been a



INTERCALATED BEDS

beautiful garden and the land was rich in grains, rivers and lakes full of fish and the fields were alive with animals that no longer live. He showed me where in the scrolls that it talked of a time when

MAN LIVED HERE

in several great cities that for the most part lived in peace and everything was in harmony with nature.

AS THE SCROLLS

make no mention of major conflict, no tales great, grand armies or even, there



Emil



INTERCALATED BEDS

were no brags of conquest; we both agreed that the concept of war was rarely known and seemed that it was rarely if ever used even as the last resort and its only mentions were presented as a need to

PROTECT THE PEOPLE

From artifacts and wall murals that decorated the inner levels of the cravens; made a strong case for the fact that they had mastered

THE SECRETS POWERS

of the universe, had technologies that allowed them to travel to the most distant parts of this planet



INTERCALATED BEDS

within a blink of an eye and they were just and faithful to the ways of God. You could sense the depth of anguish the Yogi felt, the sadness in his voice registered his angered acceptance that many (most of the scientific community) would never allow themselves to accept what they have spent three (plus) years in collecting here.

“Given the extreme level of their expressed or illustrated knowledge...it will be hard for those without years of meditational enlightenment to grasp or more importantly...accept...”



Emil



INTERCALATED BEDS

History is well decorated by the passage of civilizations

THAT HAVE RISEN

and then have fallen more than once in the long history of our planet and it was so

WITH THESE PEOPLE

Their souls grew weak, they no longer held to the old traditions nor believes and the end, they even chose to revolt again

GOD HIMSELF

With their fall came wars and the invasion of other peoples who now wanted the riches of

Emil

INTERCALATED BEDS

their cities...since, they were

NO LONGER PROTECTED

by the sheer will of God.

Late into the day, we devoted our full day's effort into the further reading of the

DUSTY SCROLLS

They chronicled the fall from their grace and the decline of their once grand,

BRILLIANT CIVILIZATION

They spoke of long years of war which took a great toll on the people within the great cities and told us that it was in this age that the people were for the first!





Emil

INTERCALATED BEDS

time in their memory...truly understood suffering the

and even death

Technology that had so be such a useful and beneficial tool that they initially thought had given them enlightenment but, it was clear (at the end) they realized that it had been a demon that stole their soul and robbed them...fractured their open connection to God.

In their later days, they felt that greatest folly, greatest sin was they had turned away from the





INTERCALATED BEDS

righteous and the path of God's Will and this lead them down a path of a cruel hunger for power and comfort.

They recorded generations of

ENDLESS STRUGGLE

and in the end, it was themselves that brought about their final collapse.

To make matters worse, they wrote that what they most wished to impart to

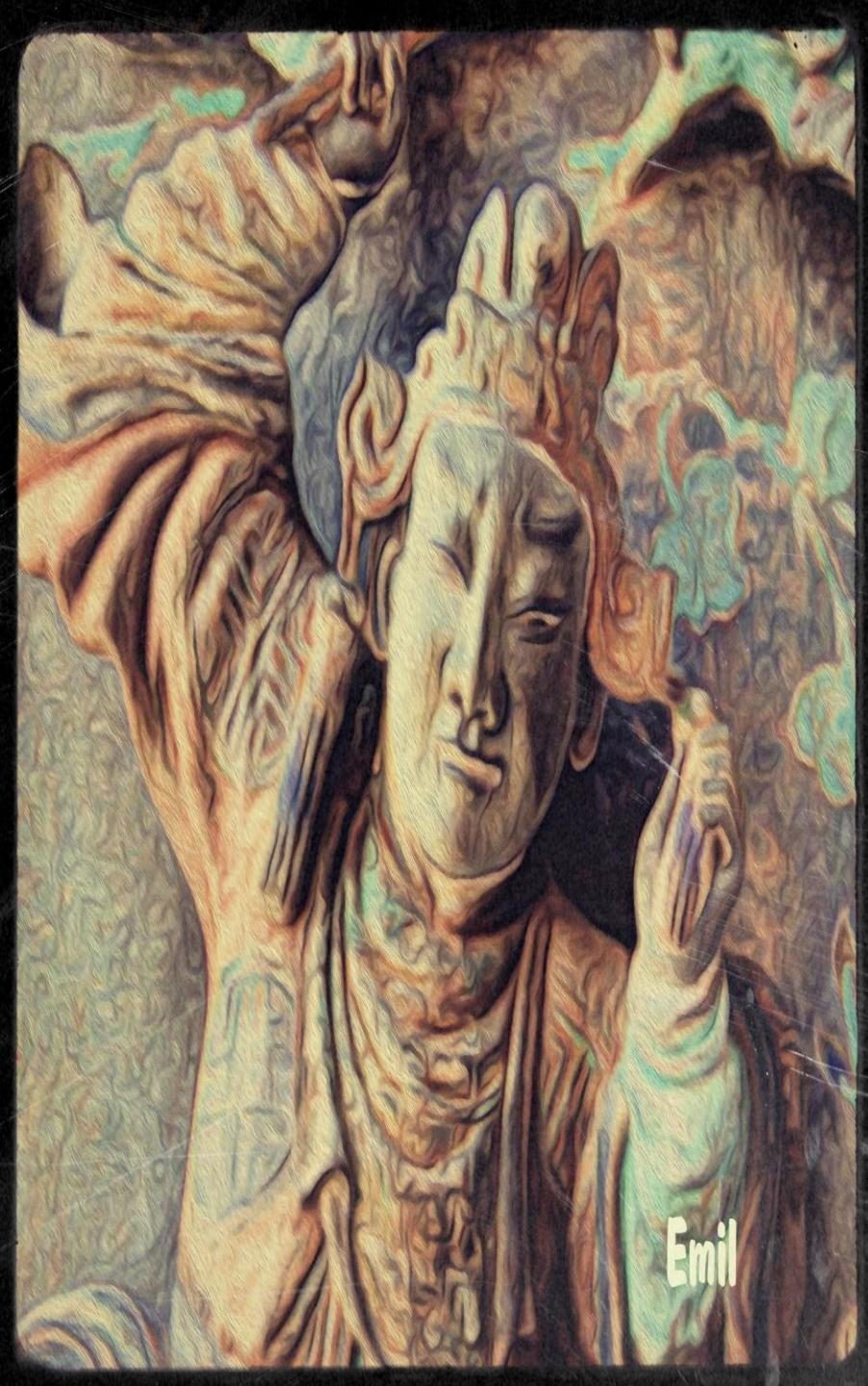
FUTURE READERS

was that God was and most likely vindictive

(I learn as much in my Sunday School Youth)



Emil



INTERCALATED BEDS

and their final warning of

GOD'S PUNISHMENT:

*"God had blinded our minds
and each generation seemed
to understand less and less..."*

Much as with our

WORLD TODAY!

At the sunset, there stood
only a few who had been
deemed worthy to care on the
legacy and to safe guard
their great secrets until
there arose a new...a wiser
civilization that will see
the mistakes made by their
ancients and use the
knowledge to live in harmony
with God.



INTERCALATED BEDS

Within this small brotherhood
were those who had sworn
faith to the old believes and
they were the called the

“TRUE KEEPERS”

of technology...all of which
they hid in the catacombs of
the scared mountains that
surrounded their

GREATEST CITY

Civilization had fallen and
men no longer had the means
to travel to distant parts
of the earth with their

TECHNOLOGY GONE

Man traveled by foot or



Emil



INTERCALATED BEDS

horseback and had been reduced to a scavenger life as they were no longer worthy of the mantle, the treasures of "Eden" where they had been

CAST OUT

Their lives were grew shorter with every extended generation and they lived on by killing, pillaging the meager belongs of their neighbors and friends.

TO THEM

friend or foe where all the



INTERCALATED BEDS

same in a world that had collapsed into Horrible and brutal death. The cult of death, the demon's whispers and encouragement became the core part of their everyday lives and nearly ended all of

HUMANITY'S FRAGMENTS

The few remaining cities now rose great walls and tried to protect their people from the vast armies of all of "Eden" refugees and stragglers who amassed in the east and south

OF THE FRONTIERS

By the dawn of the last generation, all but the greatest of the remaining



Emil



INTERCALATED BEDS

Of the old world's cities had fallen into ruin and what was left of the people and the remains of the scared technology that each city possessed fell into the open hands of these cursed,

DEMON HORDES

The few remaining cities urgently pleaded with...they called upon the brotherhood and finally offered prayers for them to come out of their

SCARED MOUNTAINS

ride to their rescue and help to overcome the massive demon hordes that rested not far



INTERCALATED BEDS

from their cities walls.
The brotherhood had sworn to
safeguard the old ways and
they kindly explained that

THE SCARED TECHNOLOGY

could not be used to smite
the enemies of the people but
could only be used for the
protection of the people.
There were long debates and
pleas that to smite their
enemies was the protection
of the people.

BUT BY THE END

the brotherhood was not
convinced even as the
southern army besieged the
very gates of the great city.



Emil



INTERCALATED BEDS

The brotherhood feared that if the city fell that technologies long lost to mankind would be left to the pickings of the victors. From the fine noted quickly scripted at the bottom of the

FINAL SCROLL

the records spoke has to how it was with the heaviest of hearts they needed to act.

SAVING HUMANITY

meant that they understood the city must be destroy. The brotherhood told the people that they had very



INTERCALATED BEDS

little time and that they must all flee...must escape...

FLEE THE CITY

out through the uncontested mountain paths that lead to the east out of the garden paradise.

“They were told to take only what they could carry and that all technologies must be left or that death would surely befall those who dared...like in your bible...turn to salt or was it ash or was it carbon soot?”

TWELVE HOURS LATER

A sudden flash and pulsation



WORSHIP THE LIGHT

Emil



INTERCALATED BEDS

of light which vibrated for several seconds through it, and the tail appeared during the continuance of the pulsations of light to be lengthened by several degrees and then again contracted."

IN A WINK...

the garden of mankind had become a wasteland...dead and

DESERTED OF ALL LIFE

In fact, it was many generations before explorers could again travel in what was now the Gobi Desert.

"Now you know what we know and I hope you sense our sense of urgency?"



INTERCALATED BEDS

The Yogi could see that this was a lot for me to absorb and as that I was even more than likely lost in

FOLLOWING THE PROCESS

“I thought that the brotherhood was committed to not killing...how they could destroy the city and kill the army at the gates...but, Digger said, they found no human remains within the city...where are the bodies of that army???”

“Yes...my son...you have listened...”

the yogi said with a smile. It seems as the yogi has pieced together that the



Emil



INTERCALATED BEDS

brotherhood keeping true to the belief and codes of their order but still the brotherhood sent a messenger to the Southern King of the seize army and

WARNED HIM

that they would destroy the city and that they must withdraw their army as quickly as they could.

“TIME IS SHORT!”

The Brothers argued and warned the southern king...

In order to prove their point, they destroyed (with



INTERCALATED BEDS

their magic boxes) the other valley cities that had been deserted and abandon after

BEING OVERRUN

Within minutes the ground shook in a mighty quake, fire, ash and smoke rose in

GREAT COLUMNS

from the distant horizon...there then came a mighty roar directly from heaven and warhorses and elephants broke in panic and ran amok in the ranks of the amassed army.



Emil



INTERCALATED BEDS

The Brother's Messenger

THEN REPEATED:

“Your time is limited! You must vacate the field or die with this great city!”

IT WAS WRITTEN

that the southern king trembled with fear and without awaiting his word, his army dropped their weapons and fled back to the safety of the south.

“THUS”

said the yogi



INTERCALATED BEDS

"There were no bodies to find...the brotherhood had done their part in accordance to their codes...twelve hours later, the great city was no more...anymore questions?"

LEGENDS TELL

us that, as the ancient technology approached the city, as it entered the

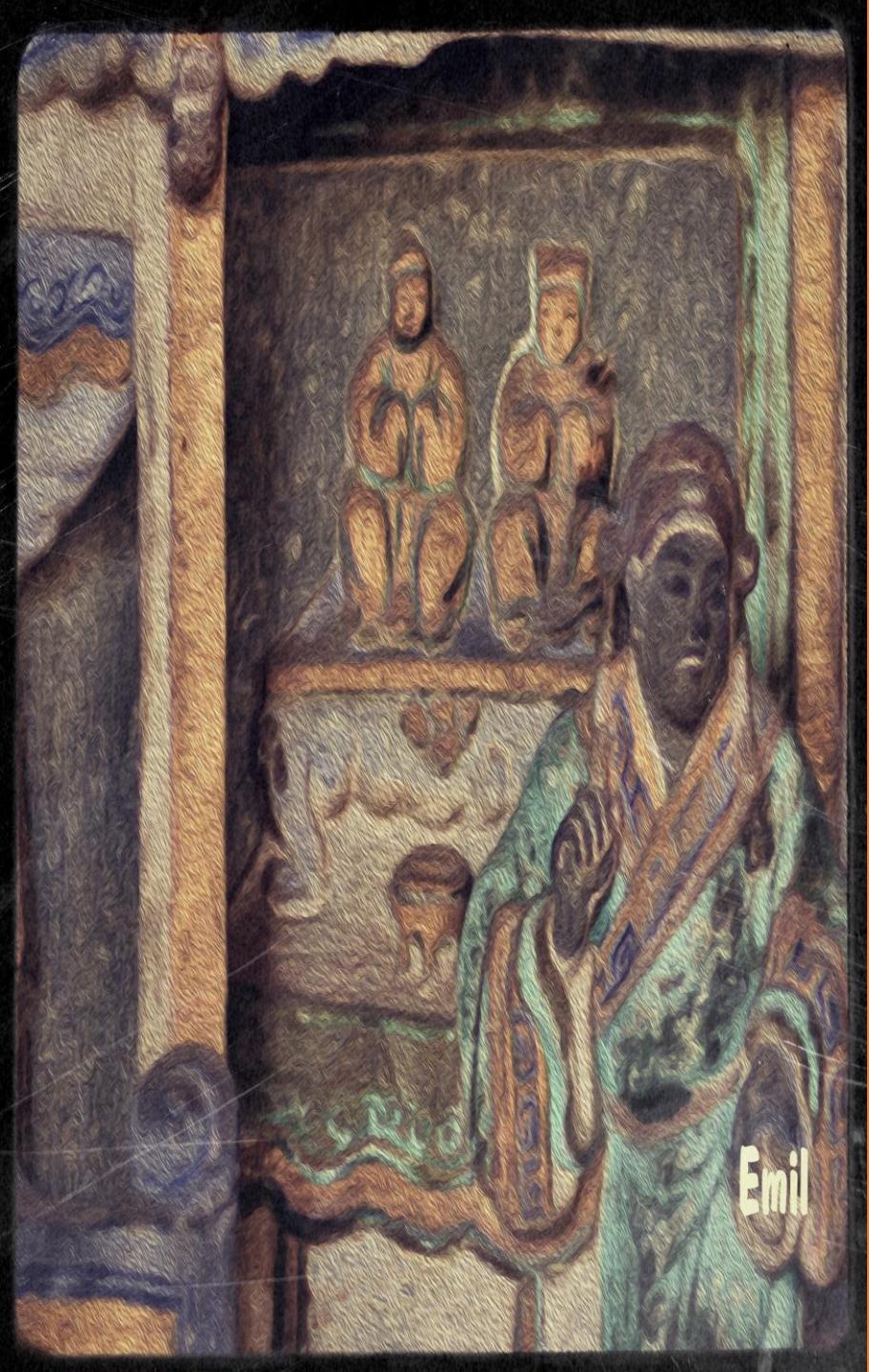
LOCAL ATMOSPHERE

and combined with it.

As it did, there came forth a world-appalling noise of thunder beyond all earthly known thunders.



Emil



INTERCALATED BEDS

There was horrible roaring, howling, and hissing noise as it shook the entire valley and then, anyone who was

FOOL-HEARTED

enough to attempt looking directly at what was unfolding: they immediately fell stone, cold blind

OR FAR WORSE

...if they were too close.

If you were close, as the Southern King's rear guard were, they blistered and had their skin rot away in blood



INTERCALATED BEDS

blisters that over took their entire bodies without warning over the following days.

As I am both well known in polite society for my disposure to both

EXTREME RUDENESS

and my God given talent to anger even a Yogi;
I interrupted the master

IN MID-SENTENCE:

“Yes, I do. I understand now about the city and some about its end but, why did the Yellow Emperor hate these people so that he would destroy all written records



Emil



INTERCALATED BEDS

*and teachings of the time
before he rose and united the
southern kingdoms?"*

*"That is a brilliant
question, youngster!"*

the yogi said with a nod.

I WAS MOST TOUCHED

to have such a learned
and knowledgeable man pay
me such respect comment.

I SMILED SECRETLY

and awaited his answer.

This was a complicated and
long story that would be
a book in itself but, the
shortened version was that
the Yellow Emperor was the

Emil

INTERCALATED BEDS

great, great grandson of that southern king and as the story goes, that king was slow to withdraw his personal guard as his greed still called and pleaded with him to seize the great city and was caught in the great fireball that laid total, shattered and charred remains of the garden homelands of the ancients who still remain and who we know as the Gobi's

GREAT UYGHURS PEOPLE

He survived as did the majority of his army but, unknown to them, they had paid a terrible price.





Emil



INTERCALATED BEDS

Coming home, they were a mere remembrance of the great warriors that marched on

THE GATES OF EDEN

The returned soldiers and their commanders were often ill without any known cause or notion other than they had been cursed.

INTO FUTURE

generations, this proved to have been true as their offspring's were runted or defective when they just didn't die at birth.

They blamed the king and made revolt against him and the

INTERCALATED BEDS

country fell into a long period of lawlessness.

For hundreds of years the world fell into total chaos and barbarism where death was much preferred over life.

The former Uyghurs never regained their direct

KINSHIP WITH GOD

as they had been cast out of Eden...naked and without means of survival.

They fell prey to the

WOLVES OF THE GRASS

plains and the few that lived, settled in the land between the great rivers and spent their wealth, fortune





Emil



INTERCALATED BEDS

and souls trying to regain

THE EAR OF GOD

The great garden was now an unpassable land of waste and deserts grew much as the wheat and grains use to.

These were said to be a land that was protected by the

DEMONS OF THE DARK

and offered death to any traveler who dared to enter. There were always those who would try as the

TALES OF THE UYGHURS

and their scared technologies lived long after they were gone. There were stories passed from generation to the!"



INTERCALATED BEDS

next and there was the tale of a brotherhood...angels who safeguarded the ancient technologies...that they had

A SECRET FORTRESS

in which they kept all of the ancient technology to prevent man from ever again

DESTROYING HIS WORLD

It was said that if you could find the fortress, you would gain the powers of the ancients and would

RULE THE WORLD

“This is what those Nazis had come to my ministry seeking”
said the yogi.



Emil

INTERCALATED BEDS

“It was then that my master introduced me to this young English soldier who had learned the ancient Uyghurs Language and had been instructed in the manner of their magic. We have spent the past ten years to reach this point and prevent the Nazis from gaining the power of the ancients!”

THERE WERE ALWAYS

those who would try as the tales of the Uyghurs and their scared technologies lived long after they were gone.

There were stories passed from generation to the next



INTERCALATED BEDS

and there was the tale of a brotherhood...angels who safeguarded the

ANCIENT TECHNOLOGIES

that they had a secret fortress in which they kept all of the ancient technology to prevent man from ever again destroying his world. It was said that if you could find the fortress, you would gain the powers of the ancients and would

RULE THE WORLD

“This is what those Nazis had come to my ministry seeking” said the yogi.



Emil





INTERCALATED BEDS

“It was then that my master introduced me to this young English soldier who had learned the ancient Uyghurs Language and had been instructed in the manner of their magic. We have spent the past ten years to reach this point and prevent the Nazis from gaining the power of the ancients!”

“Was it Colonel Churchward?” I asked and the yogi nodded. “We must take this knowledge and safeguard it as mankind is not yet ready to have such great powers...power without understanding is destined for ruination...”



INTERCALATED BEDS

the yogi seemed to **PLEA WITH ME**

*“Come with me in the morning,
there is one greater secret
that you must know...”*

and I told the Yogi that
I would be awaiting him as

“THE BHAGWAN BOB”

He chuckled.

*“In all people...the master
teaches us that the mind
of one generation precisely
repeats the minds of all
former generations; that
the very construction of
our intellectual nature
varies no more, from age*



Emil

INTERCALATED BEDS

*Passed on to the next age
more so than the form
of the body or the color
of the skin; each generation
feel the same mixture
emotions...the same thoughts,
and uses much the same
Expressions...*

*The master says that this
is to be expected, for
the brain is as much a part
of the inheritable, material
organization as is the color
of the eyes or even the shape
of the nose."*

This was how the yogi greeted
me and we started the day
with him taking me by the





INTERCALATED BEDS

hand as we walked deeper
within the darkened catacombs
of the caverns of the

SCARED MOUNTAIN

With that type of
introduction and the long
walk down the silent, empty
hallways gave me much time
to mill over what the Yogi
had asked.

Did he expect an answer?
Was this a test or was
it merely a

CONVERSATION STARTER

used in Tibet?

*“Yogi? I am at a lost in how
to respond to your morning
greeting?”*



Emil

INTERCALATED BEDS

Speaking freely is both a western person's curse and blessing as I fear not that my words and phrases would be seen as rude - that played no part in mind as I (unlike the eastern man) was born with the God given right to speak my mind...Many of my ancient have pay a heavy price in both treasure and even gave up their lives to secure for me the ability to use this right and it would be disrespectful of them not to use it freely - although there are many in my culture who disagree with this. So...as I had grown uneasy by



INTERCALATED BEDS



his continued silence while we walked down what seemed like a maze or the welcoming web of the hungry spider; it was only fitting that I speak out and seek enlightenment.

“What I want you to understand is that what was...is still and that still will always be. Does that make sense to you that times change but, the realities of the human being does not evolve nor does it change?”

The Yogi said finally breaking his long silence.

“So Darwin and those scientists have gotten it wrong?”



Emil



INTERCALATED BEDS

“What does your heart tell you?”

This was the return challenge of a Yogi that was

GROWING IMPATIENT

with a slow student.

While focusing in on the conversation with the Yogi, I had lost track of how far

WE HAD TRAVEL

which directions that we had gone, how many times we turned...was it left?

WAS IT RIGHT?

We had arrived in a giant records room with the walls



INTERCALATED BEDS

covered with historical
craving that told an
ancient history of

THE UYGHURS

“This is the Hall of the People...there is another hall of technology and yet several others which we haven’t determined if there is a theme like here...I cannot show you the Hall of Technology as it would put you in danger as there are those who have been killed by those greedy for the ancient technologies.... even now, I fear that I have put your life in jeopardy but, it is the missing piece that you will quickly see.?”



Emil

INTERCALATED BEDS

The large hall was wired with lighting from the distant generators that hummed up on the surface but, which seemed silent in the large hall.

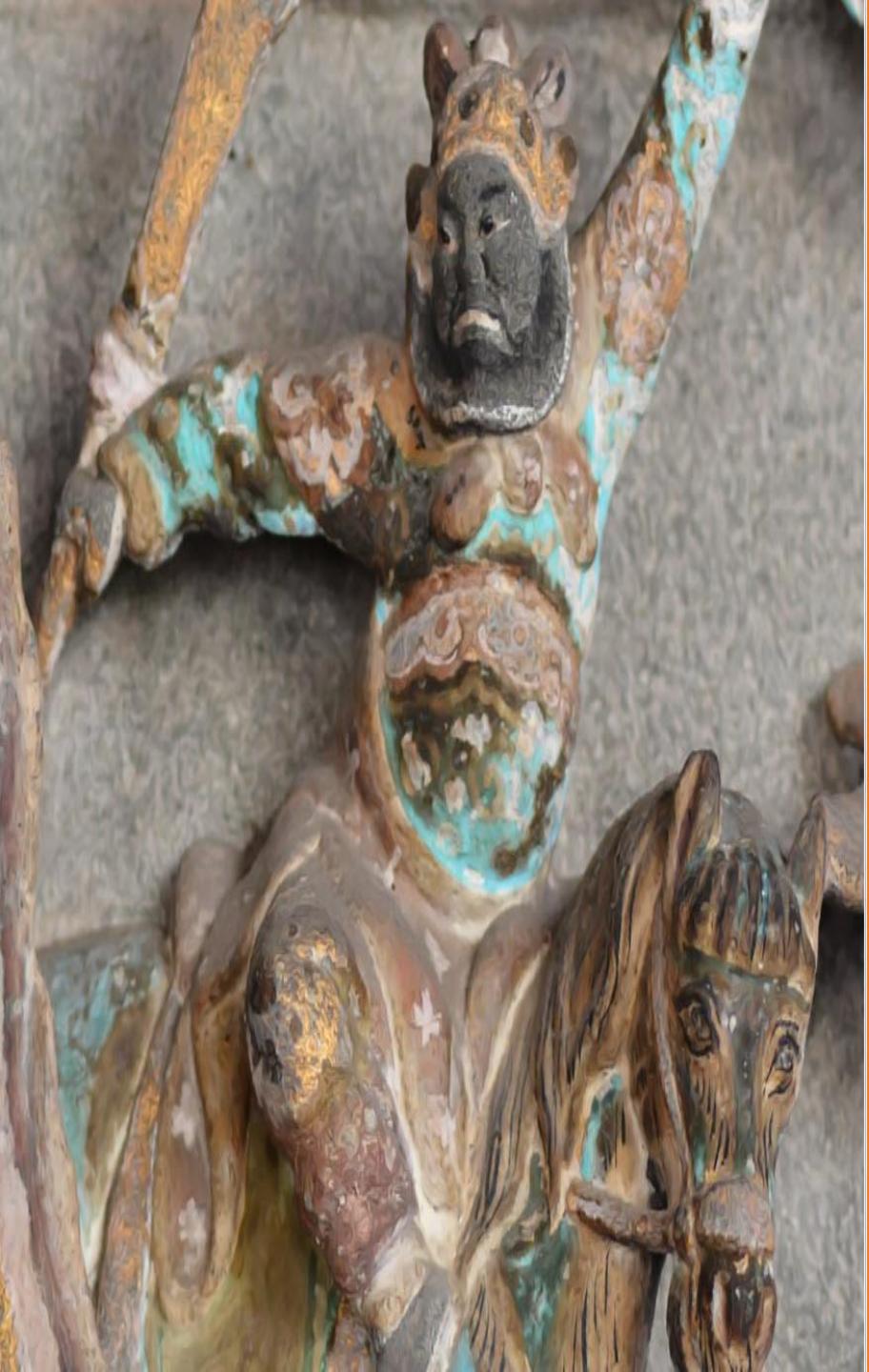
THE YOGI'S WORDS

were true...looking at the many panels and the most striking feature was the main characters, warriors, priests and madams were

ALL DARK SKINNED

This was unusual as I have been to many ancient temple and have never seen, dark skinned Chinese portrayed anywhere.





INTERCALATED BEDS

“Let me introduce you to the Ancient Uyghurs.”

The Yogi then continued to explain what I was missing in my education of

EARTHS PREHISTORY

The story was one that took us back almost a million years ago and to what the Yogi explained was the

ORIGINAL BIRTHPLACE

of mankind and that all peoples were dark skin and as they marched out of the ancestral home towards the

VALLEYS OF EDEN

we all were still dark skinned and thus so were the



Emil



INTERCALATED BEDS

original Ancient Uyghurs who

SETTLED IN EDEN

They settled and God saw that they were true of heart and God made a covenant with them to follow the true path of his righteousness and for this promise, God gave the

UYGHURS KNOWLEDGE

and use of his scared technologies and for endless ages they served as faithful caregivers of its usage...

UP UNTIL THE FALL

Other groups wandered out to different parts of the world and there they were not given



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direct presence to God and it is said, in the ancient books that the further that man fell from Eden the weaker his heart grew and the lessor his color...

“Maybe, so God could identify you at a distance?”

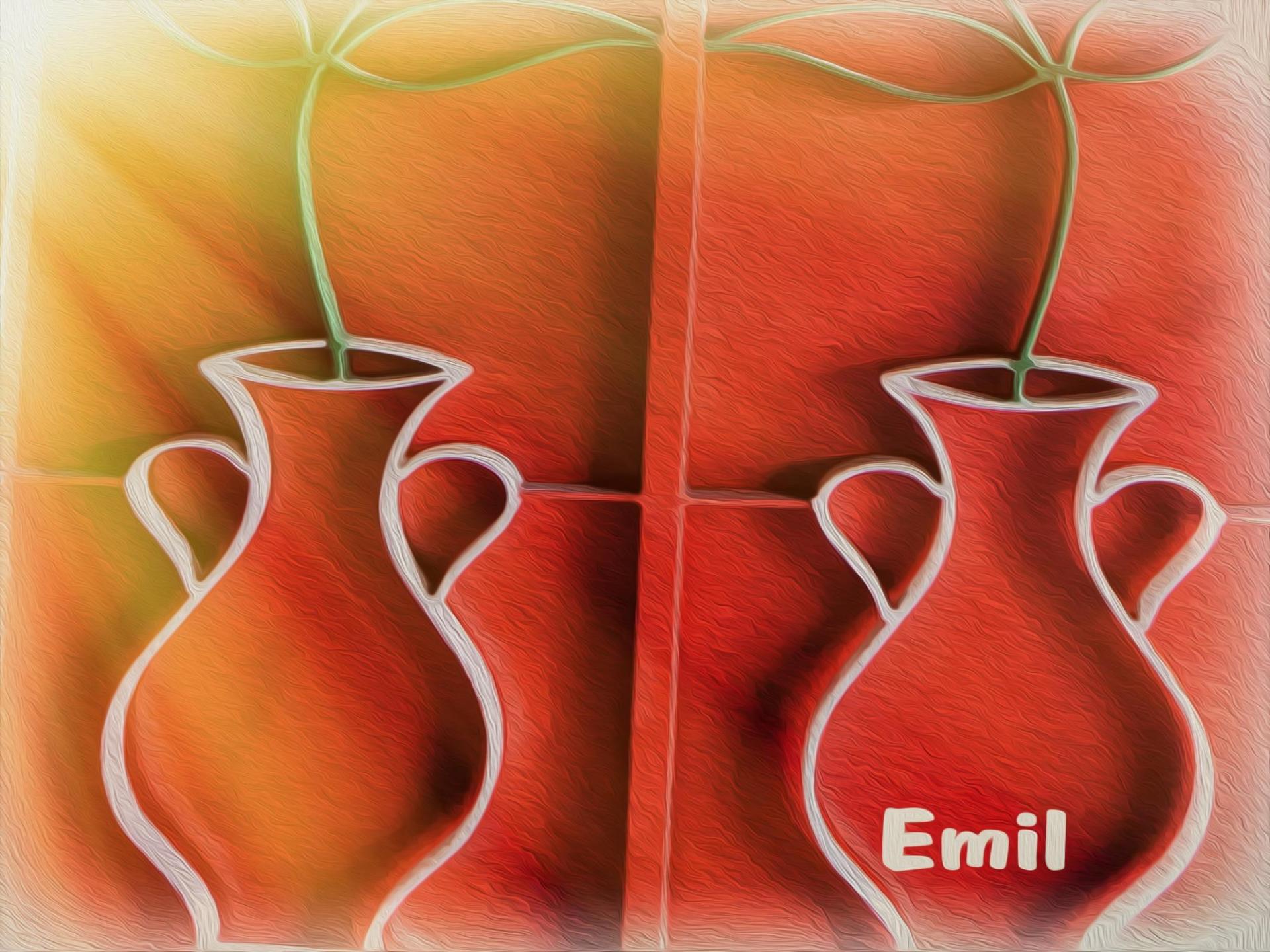
I injected as my

SMARTASS NATURE

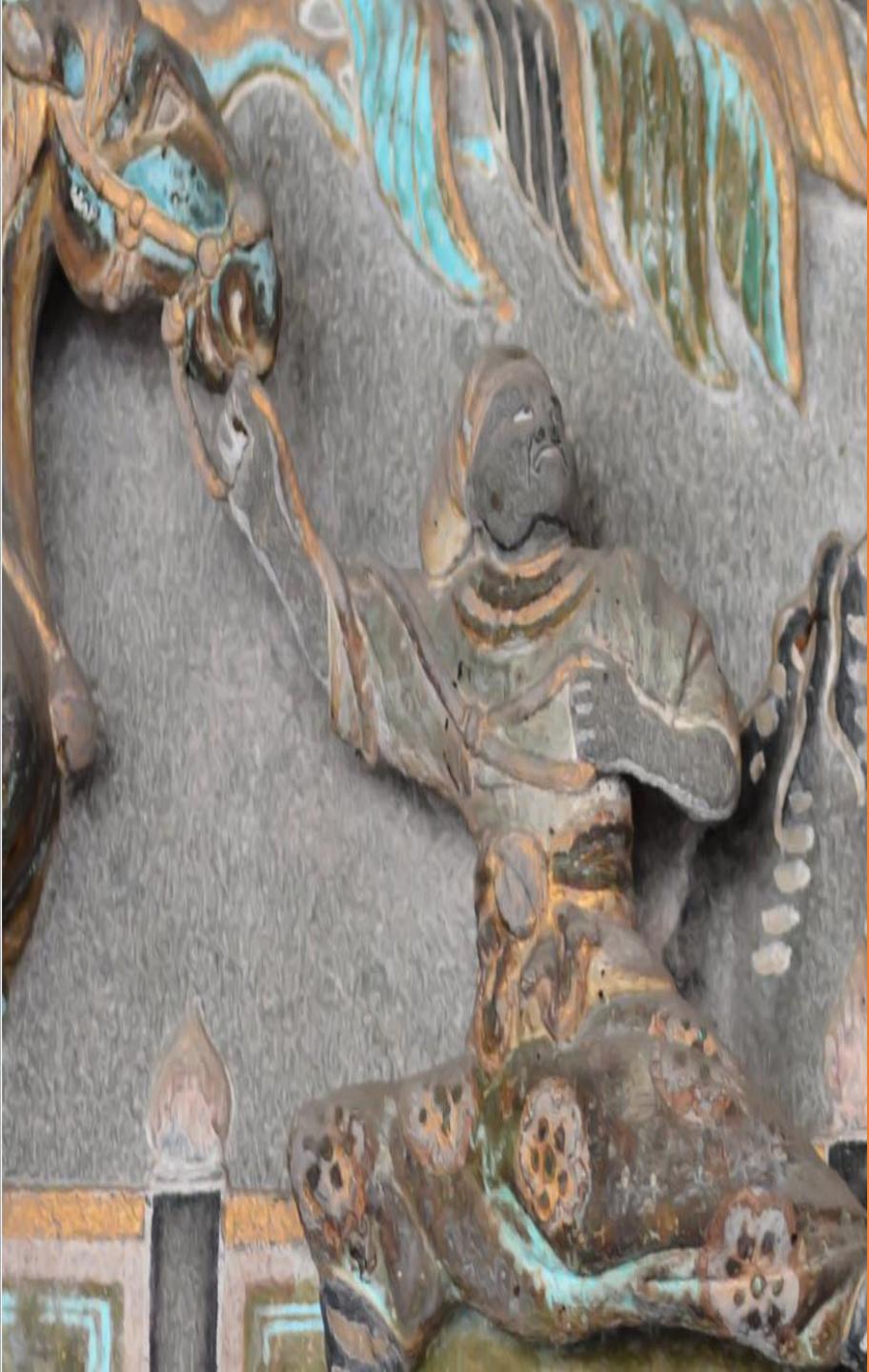
took its movement to present itself.

“MAYBE?”

the Yogi saw the humor in my comment...or so, I hope that he took it has such?



Emil



INTERCALATED BEDS

“But, this is said (in the ancient writings) to be the true representation of the different shades of people around the world, in our days especially!”

AFTER A WHILE

the Yogi put his hand on my shoulder and told me that it

WAS TIME TO LEAVE

“You now know the truth and this may be a curse as there are those who will never understand nor want this truth.”

Was the warning that the Yogi left me with as he returned



INTERCALATED BEDS

to the caverns...leaving me
a long walk across the
pathway to see if I could
catch up with Digger.

Been here for over a week now
and I have seen all that
I am going to be allowed
to see and to push it...
out here in the middle of

ACTUALLY, NOWHERE...

I am coasting upon the
professors' kindness and
appreciation for my
assistance back in Nanking
but, that was wearing

RATHER THIN

As an enlightened but still



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starving artist from a hooch
club in downtown

NANKING

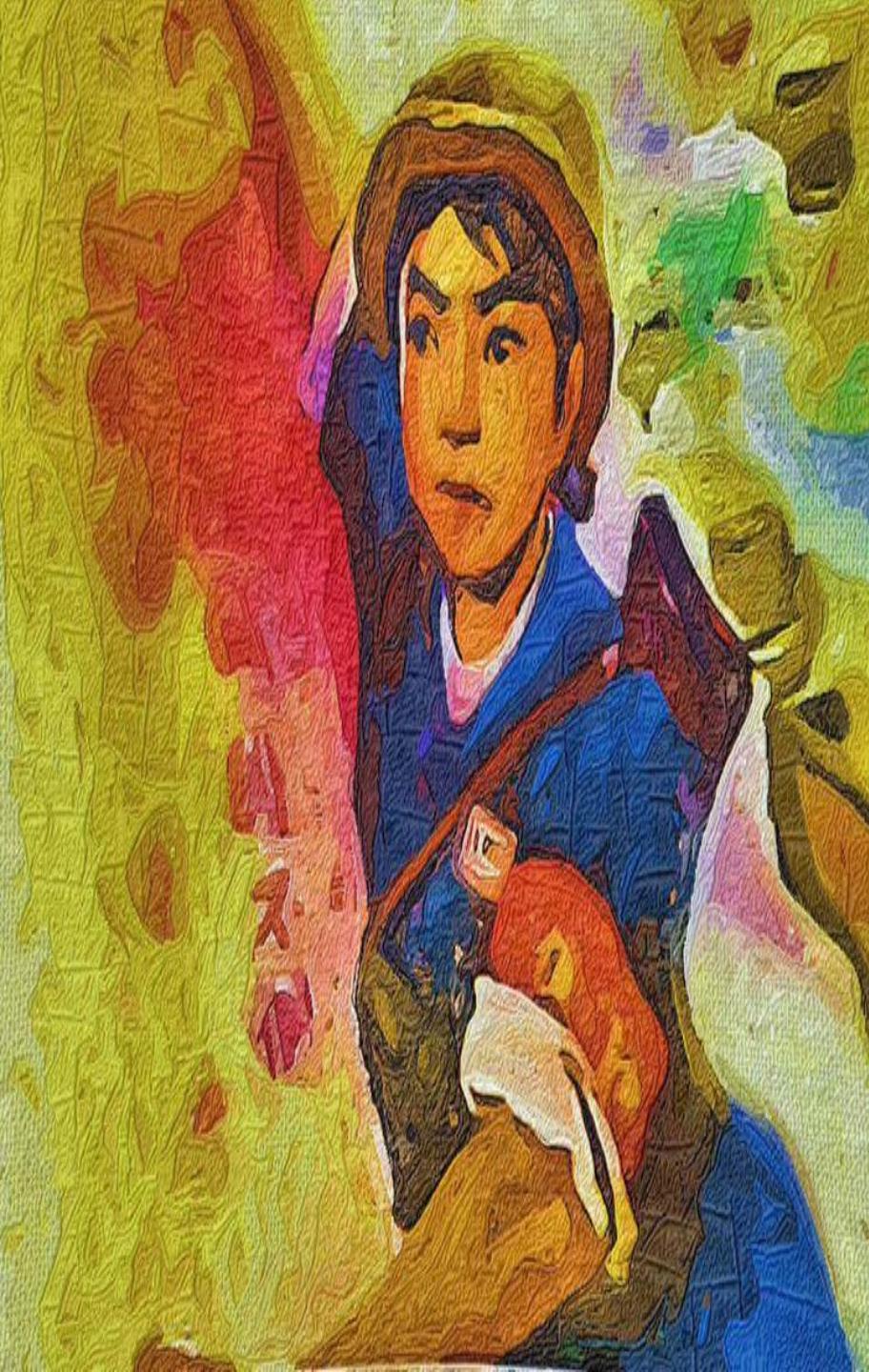
I brought nothing that they
needed to the table...nothing
to bargain with or swap for

MEMBERSHIP HERE

Besides, the wireless spoke
that the Japs were now
encamped a mere twenty miles
from the main gates of
Nanking and my mind now
turned to those that

I HAD LEFT BEHIND

Claudie was the most

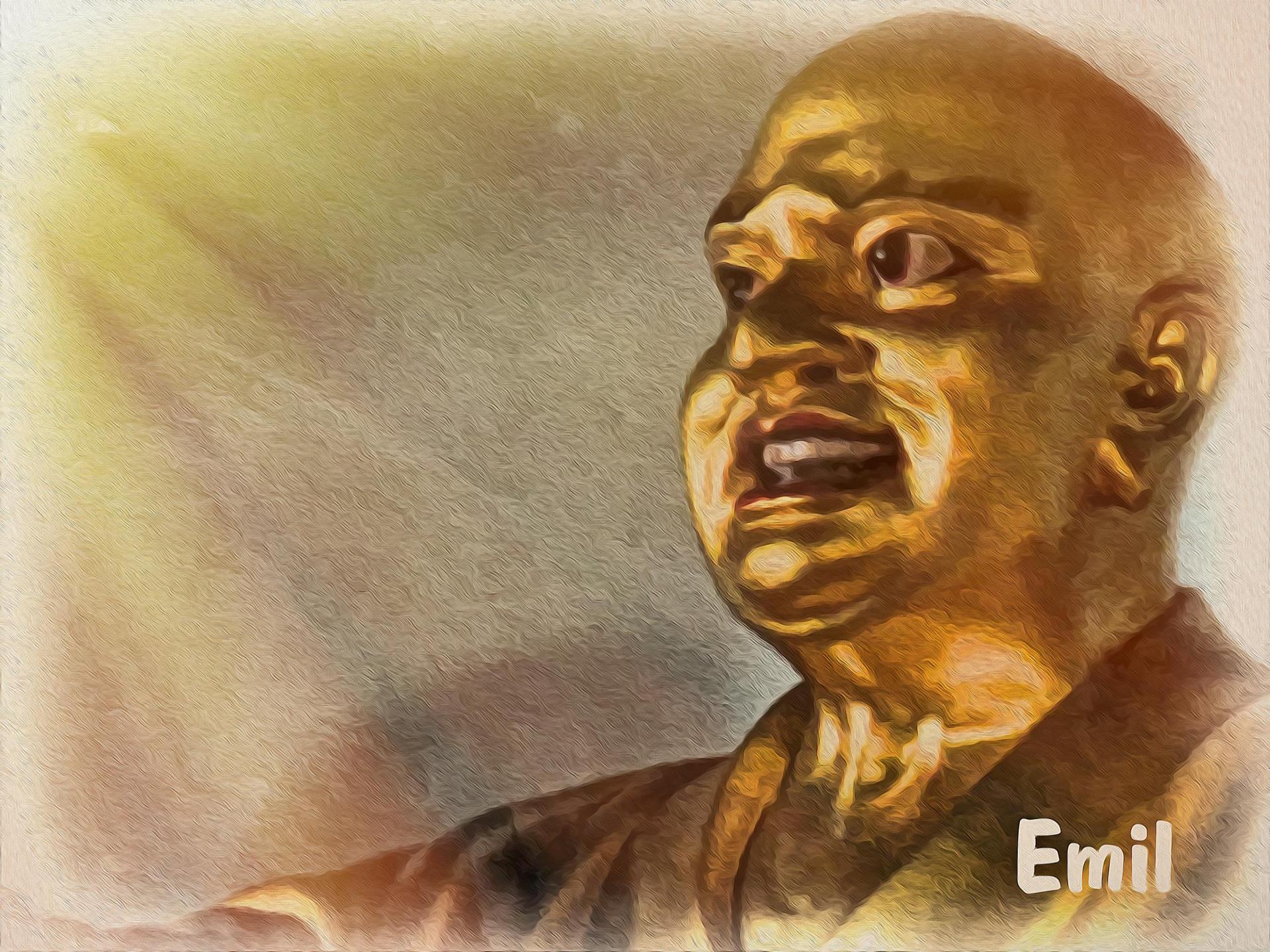


INTERCALATED BEDS

troubling, he couldn't (normally) find his way out of the bar...little-a-lone, find his way to the **BURMESE BORDER CROSSING** and even less so if he tried for French Indo-China. I didn't worry so much for Seine as he has so many connections and more importantly, he was one of those with the purest

AURA OF LUCK

that I had ever sensed...saw that when we first meet back in 1916...but, I owe him as we tugged on his aura of luck



Emil

INTERCALATED BEDS

greatly over the next years...in fact, we are here (I believe) as he got us a sick passes to stay two extra weeks in Paris just as our units were cut to shreds in the third battle of Verdun with our crazy French and English Colonels' mad charge across No-Man's Land and into the direct line of fire from the

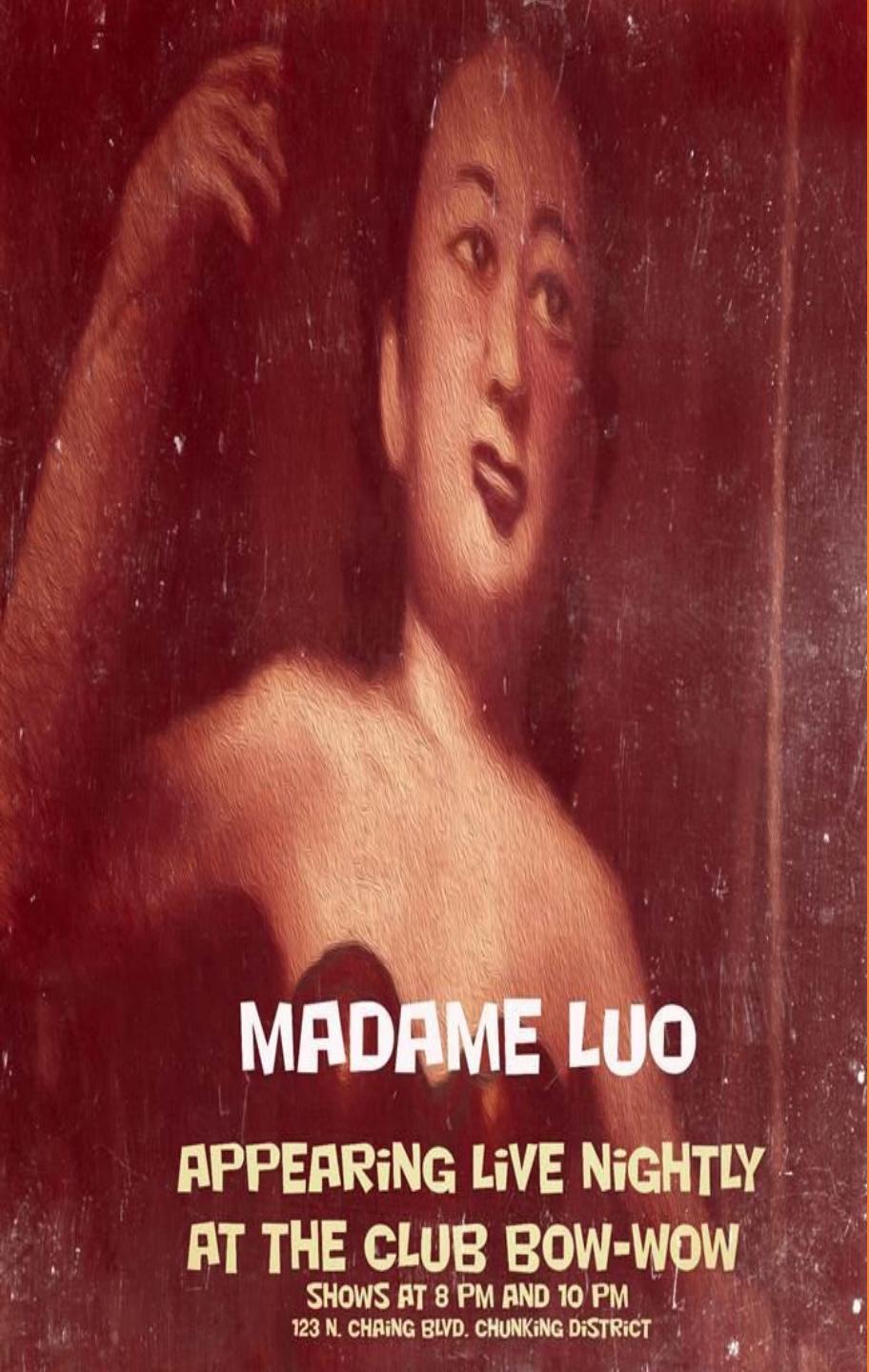
GERMAN MACHINE GUNNERS

"For God...King and Country!"

They are all dead and

THANKS TO SEINE

Claudie and I are still kicking and above ground.



MADAME LUO

**APPEARING LIVE NIGHTLY
AT THE CLUB BOW-WOW**

SHOWS AT 8 PM AND 10 PM

123 N. CHAING BLVD. CHUNKing DISTRICT

INTERCALATED BEDS

"It's time to go back!"

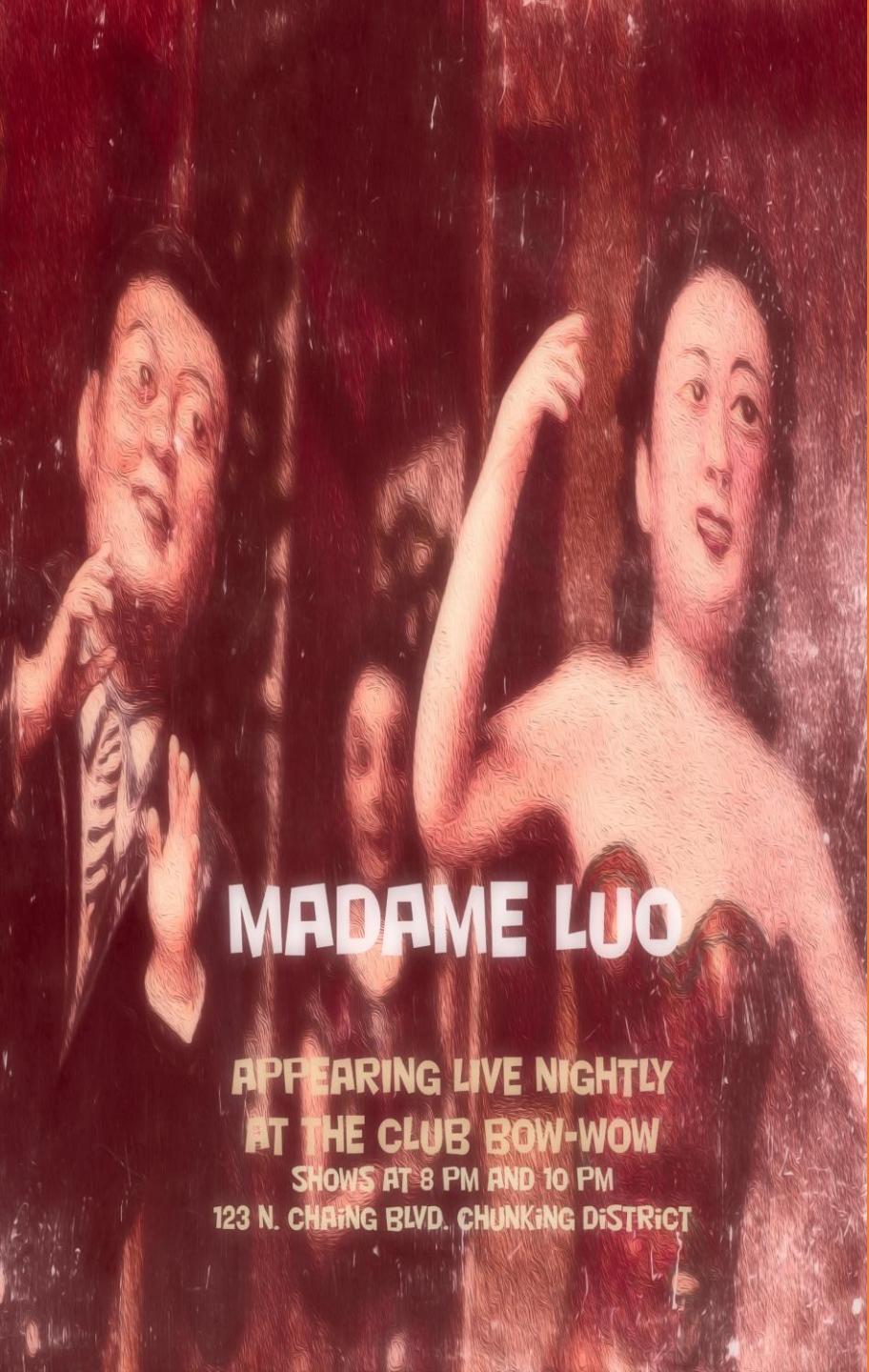
I told Professor Steiner
and they booked me on the
bi-weekly biplane and the
next day, we were flown back
to Nanking by the kind
courtesy of the

FLYING TIGER'S

Bomber Unit flight into
the main airport in Nanking.
Maybe, just maybe, someday
I will go back and seek
my entrance into the
brotherhood... maybe, myself to
become a keeper of

ANCIENT TECHNOLOGIES

Now, to make my peace with
Chef Chiang and get back to



MADAME LUO

APPEARING LIVE NIGHTLY
AT THE CLUB BOW-WOW

SHOWS AT 8 PM AND 10 PM

123 N. CHIANG BLVD. CHUNKing DISTRICT



Emil



INTERCALATED BEDS

real work.
I will write more after
we land and I have some
time to collect my thoughts
about the past several weeks.

THE YOGI WAS RIGHT...

no one will believe what
I saw and according to
the Yogi, that will be
an actual blessing and

KEEP ME ALIVE...

Still missing you!
ADO!

PORTAL TO EMIL LAND...PLZ TELEX AHEAD OF ARRIVAL



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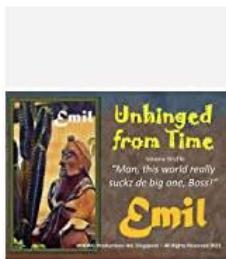
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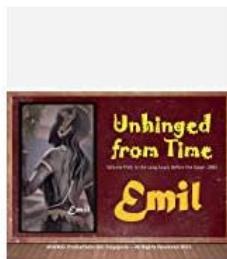
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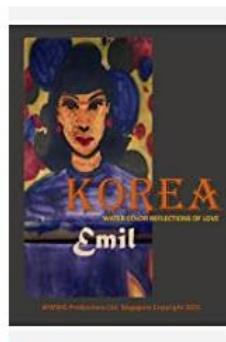
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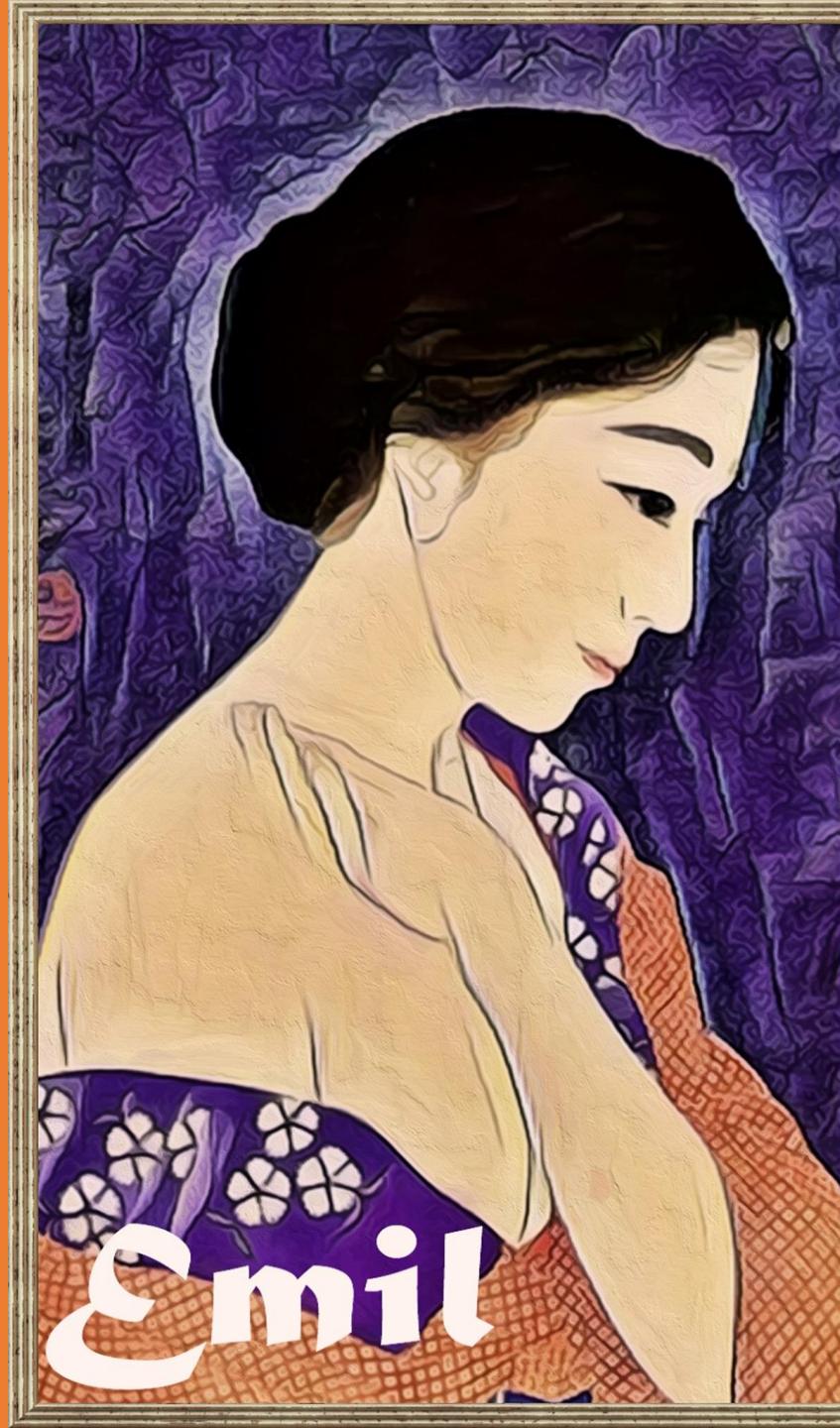
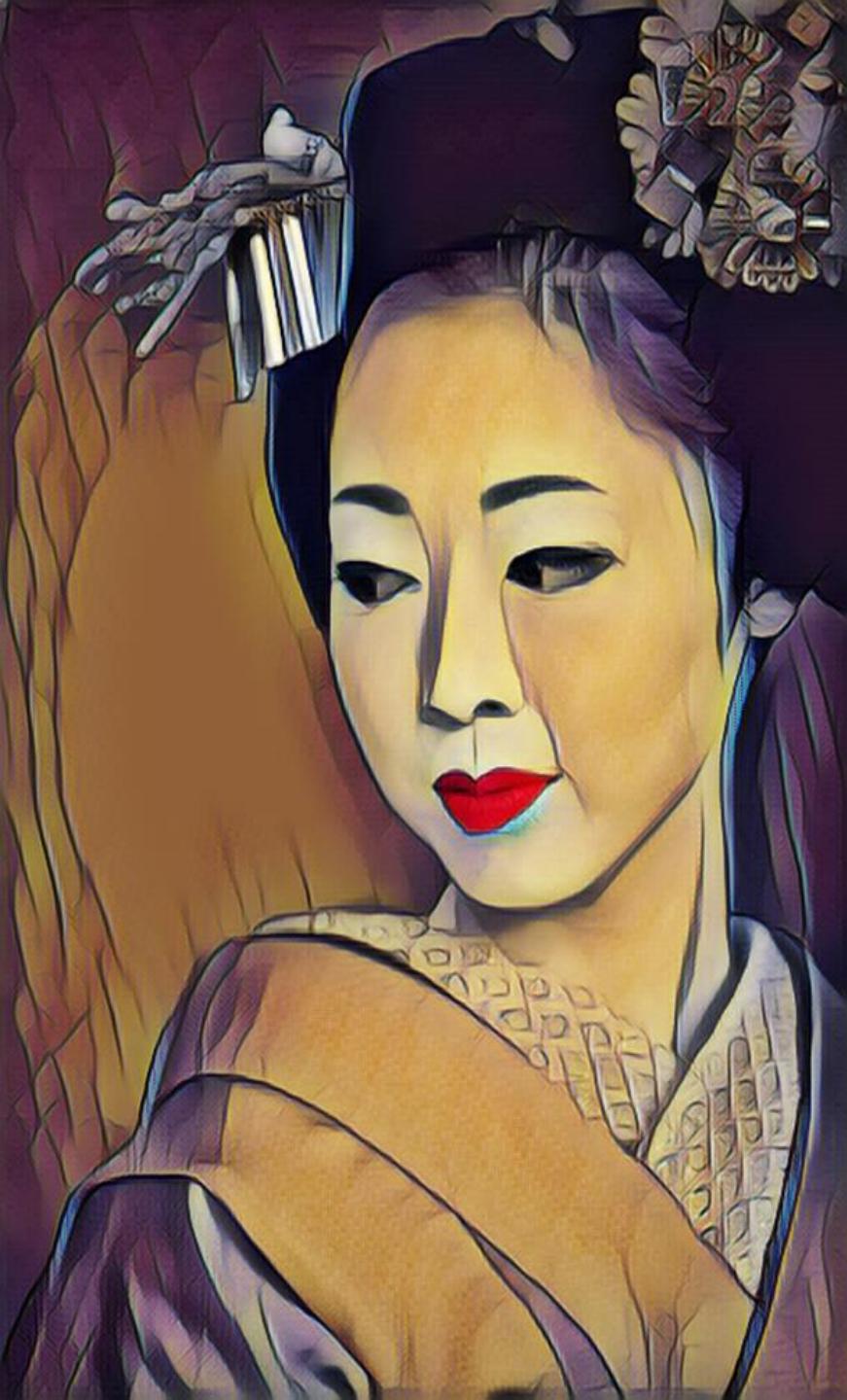
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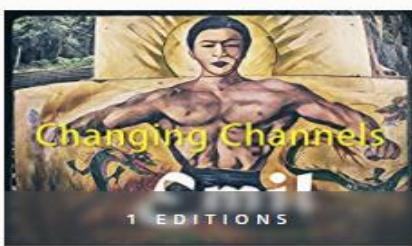
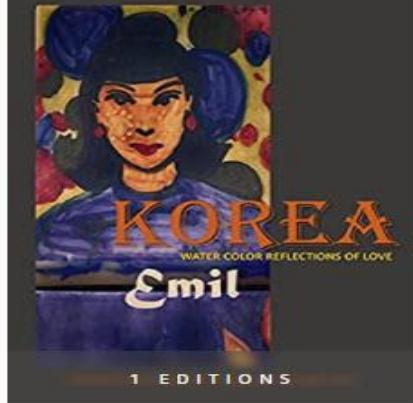
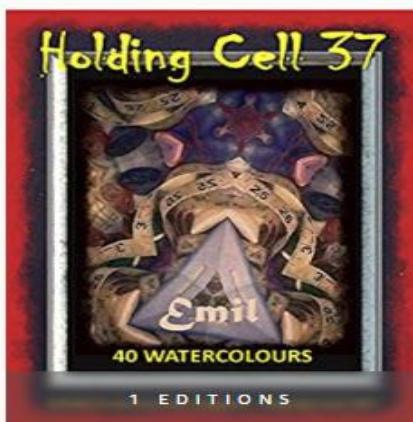
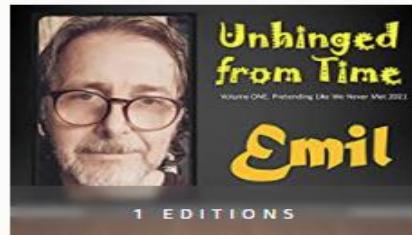
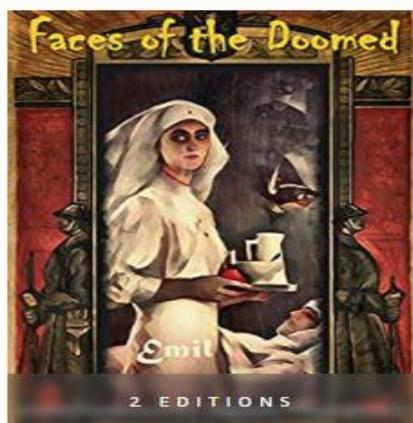
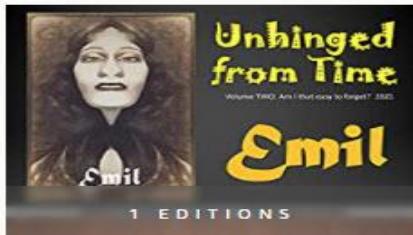
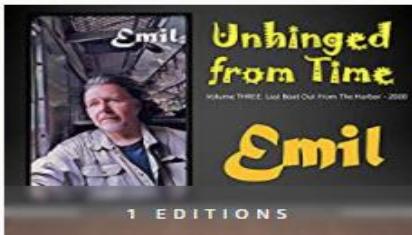
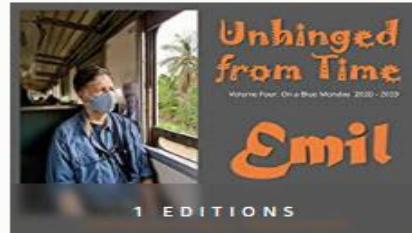
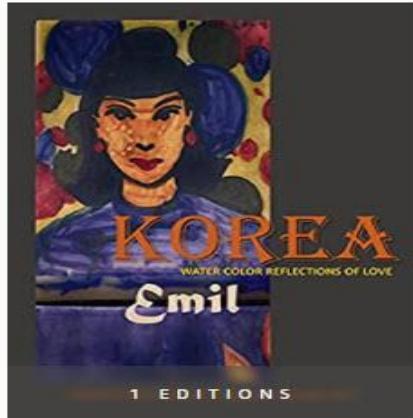
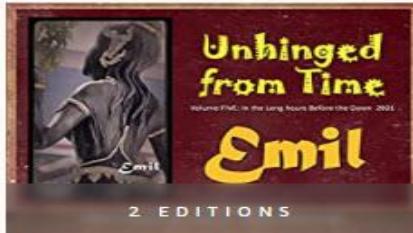
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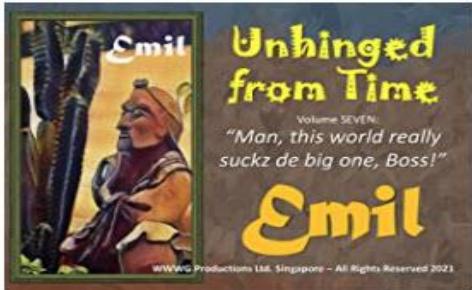
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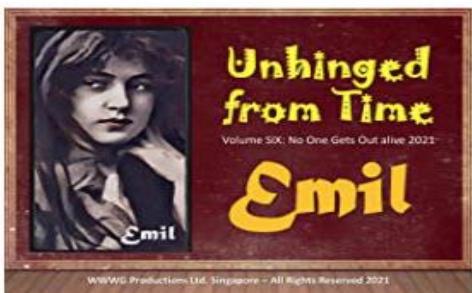
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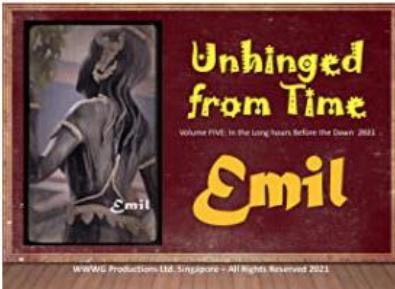
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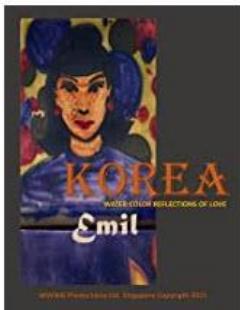
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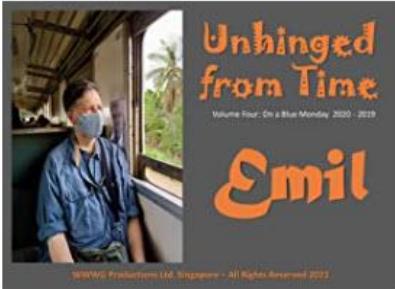
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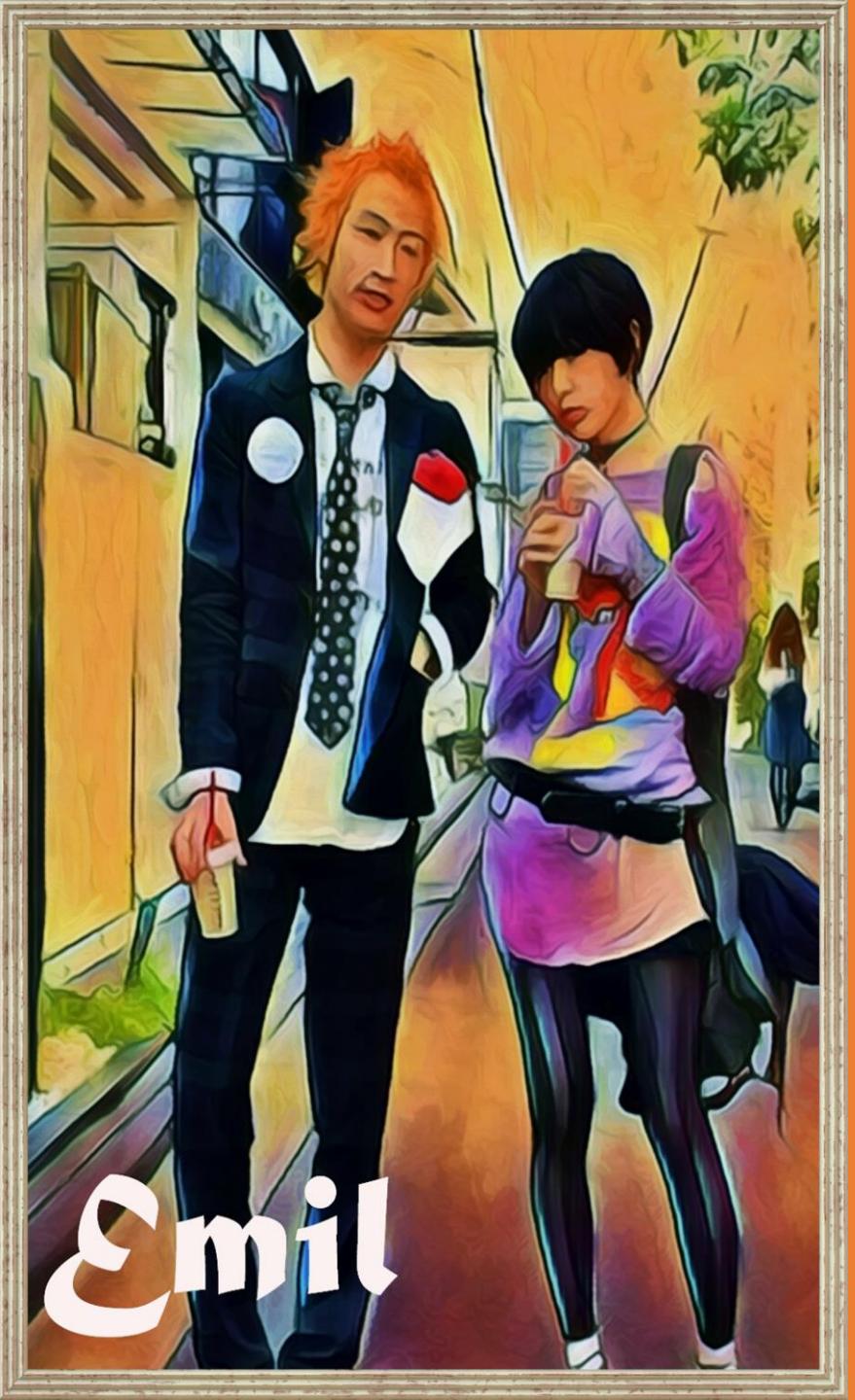
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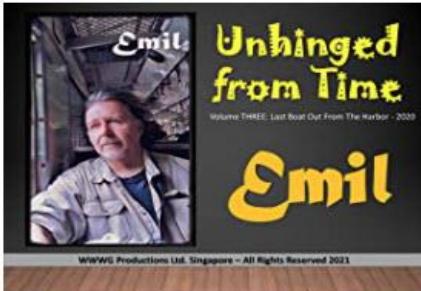
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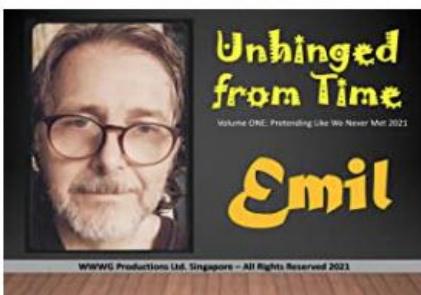
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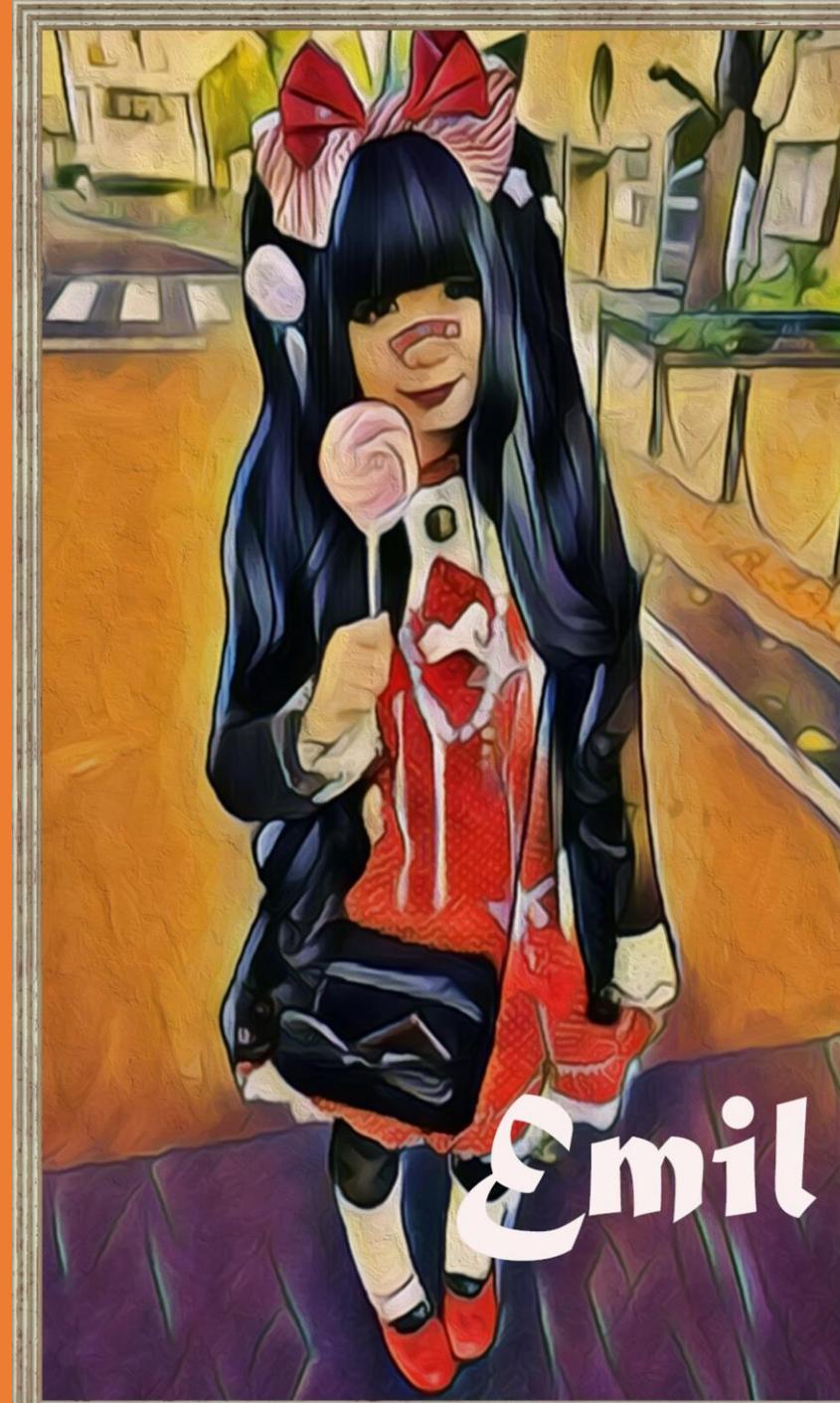
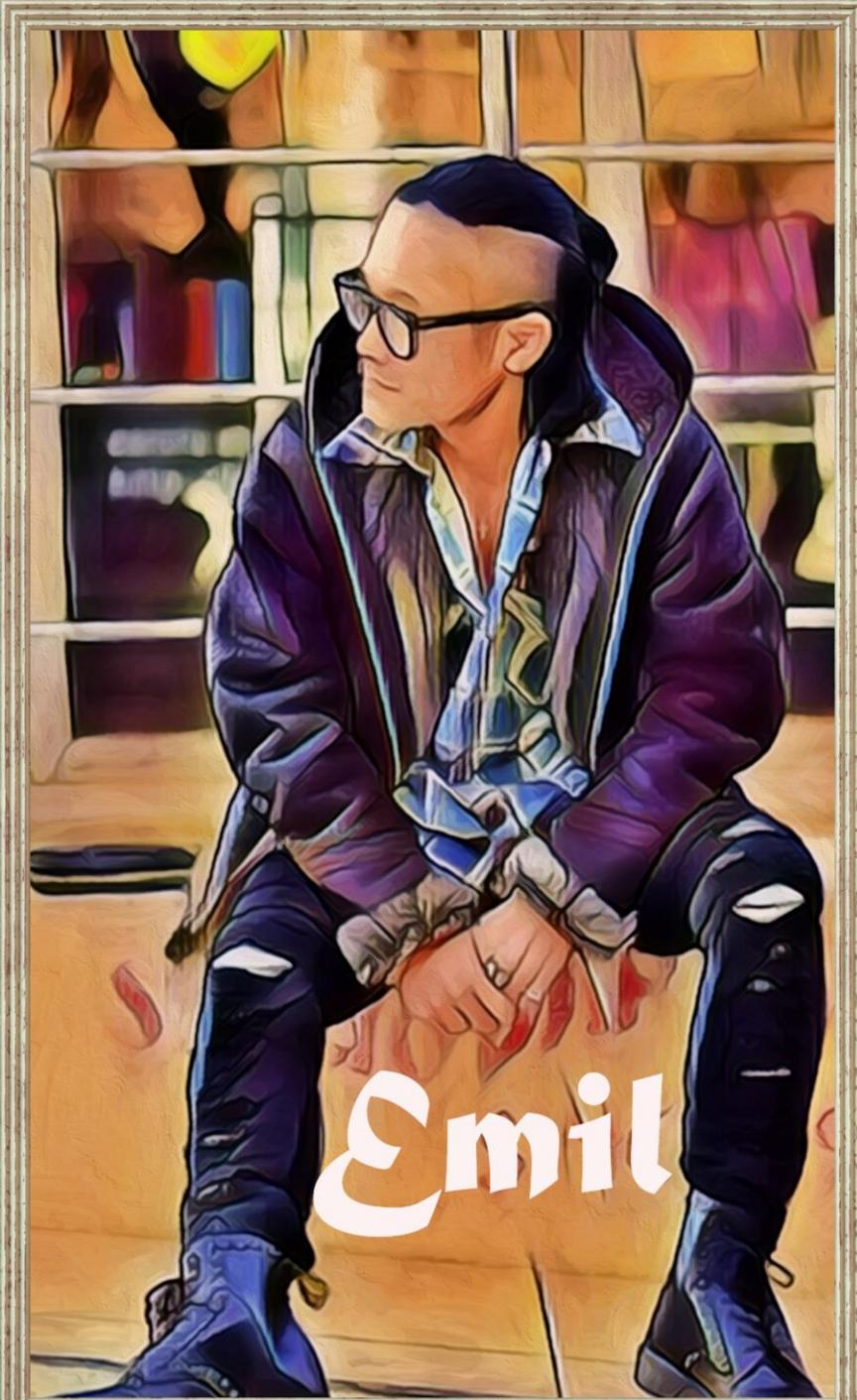
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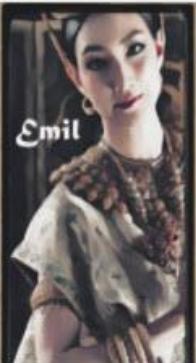
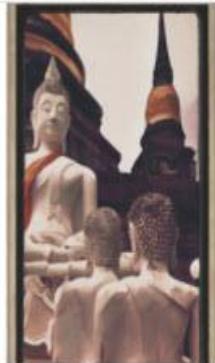


Emil West

I'm just the corporate sharecropper, the poor artist at the wrong end of the money stick!

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